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MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNT DE FALLOUX

VOL. I.

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LE VICOMTE DE FALLOUX
1837.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

COUNT DE FALLOUX

From the French

EDITED BY

C. B. PITMAN

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL
LIMITED
1888

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED,
CITY ROAD.

280.5
F2
1888
v.1

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

M. DE TALLEYRAND could not help expressing his admiration for the English diplomatist at the Congress of Vienna who was distinguished from his colleagues by not wearing any order; and so in the present day, when every strolling player who has made enough money to retire from the stage thinks that to write his "Memoirs" is a duty which he owes to society, it might be argued that the man who has really occupied a large place in the history of his time best consults his own dignity by declining to run the risk of being classed with the band of scribblers who pander to the taste for disconnected gossip and tittle-tattle which is one of the characteristics of an age which is always in a hurry, which has no time for any reading that requires steady thought and application. This is a view which has been taken by more than one prominent statesman of late years—by the Earl of Beaconsfield in England and by M. Thiers and M. Drouyn de Lhuys in France; but it is a fortunate thing for the world at large that the Comte de Falloux, who was a contemporary of all three and asso-

ciate for some time of the two last-named, did not keep to himself the rich fund of information which he possessed as to what may be called the inner history of France for twenty or thirty years.

The publication of his *Memoirs* in France, first commenced in the pages of the Catholic review, the *Correspondant*, has excited the utmost interest, as this publication has the value of what our neighbours style "actualité," for one or two of the most striking chapters in these two volumes deal with the election of Prince Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic forty years ago, with the proposals for a revision of the Constitution, with the Coup d'Etat of December, 1851, and with contemporary events in which Frenchmen see a good deal of analogy with what is going on in France at the present time. Another matter alluded to in these *Memoirs* which has excited the liveliest interest and even controversy in France is his account of the attempted fusion between the Legitimist and Orleanist fractions of the Royalist party in 1873. A reconciliation—nominal, at all events—had been effected between the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris; but there was no real harmony between their respective partisans, and the Comte de Falloux has provoked the wrath of the ultra-Legitimists—who, since the death of the Comte de Chambord, have refused to recognise in the Comte de Paris the head of the House of France, but have given their allegiance to the Spanish Bourbons—by alluding in his *Memoirs* to the somewhat equivocal

attitude of the Comte de Chambord at that period. The Comte de Falloux may possibly be regarded as not quite an impartial witness in respect to the Comte de Chambord, as he had always belonged to what was termed the moderate Royalist party, and had as far back as 1850 endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the elder and the younger branches of the French Royal Family; but one has only to mark the tone in which he writes of that prince to feel that it goes entirely against the grain with him to criticise or condemn any of his acts, and that the break-down of the negotiations upon the question of the colour of the flag in 1873 came as a crushing blow to men like the Comte de Falloux and the Duc de Broglie, who believed, whether rightly or wrongly, that the restoration of the monarchy would have conduced to the happiness and glory of France. It must be remembered, too, that M. de Falloux is able, in these *Memoirs*, to cite M. Berryer, who was the very personification of loyalty to his king and to the truth, as a witness in support of what he has to say, and I think that the impression which any unprejudiced reader will derive from a perusal of the passages relating to the Comte de Chambord, from the first interview at Venice in 1850 to the publication of the manifesto in favour of the white flag in 1873, must be that he was not only obstinate to wrong-headedness but not quite so straightforward as he has hitherto enjoyed the credit of being.

The English reader, however, will not be so much

interested in the details of all these long and intricate negotiations in which M. de Falloux took a leading part, and which he therefore relates at considerable length, as in what he has to say of his political career during the Second Republic, when he held the office of Minister of Public Instruction, and was mainly responsible for the passing of an Act nominally in favour of the freedom of education, but practically very favourable to the Catholic party. By a curious irony of fate this measure, which had been an object of intense dislike to the Republicans, and which had been repealed piecemeal for some years past, was in its entirety removed from the Statute Book just when M. de Falloux was dying; and by a more curious coincidence still, his successor at the Académie Française, upon whom, in accordance with invariable custom, devolved the duty of pronouncing a panegyric upon him, was M. Gréard, the leader of the party which is in favour of excluding anything like religious teaching from public education. For the Comte de Falloux, who was among the deputies imprisoned by Louis Napoleon at the time of the Coup d'Etat, not only found it impossible from political reasons to take any active part in public affairs during the Empire, but was in such bad health that he could not in any circumstances have stood their wear and tear. He accordingly devoted himself to the congenial duties of a country gentleman in Brittany and to the literary studies for which he was so eminently adapted. His historical studies, notably

his history of Pope Pius V., procured his admission to the Académie Française, and his friend the Duc de Broglie, who had to "receive" his successor, M. Gréard, the other day, speaking of these historical studies on France, very eloquently said:—

"Those whom he first meets are the earliest captains, knights, clad in iron, and suzerain lords of some feudal principalities; but already at the base and under the shelter of the ramparts of their castle are grouped humble corporations of artisans, small communes, towns—the first germ of that third estate which was one day to form the whole nation. The instinct of royalty made it stretch out the hand to those obscure actors who were themselves ignorant of the grandeur of their future destiny. We see already Philippe Auguste at Bouvines intrusting the royal oriflamme to the communal troops of the city of Paris. Then we have Saint Louis and his sons, the first justiciaries of their kingdom, surrounded by those councillors and lawyers who, assembled in Parliament, will bestow on France an independent magistracy and will succeed in raising the law above power and privilege. Soon after we have Charles VII. conducted to Rheims to the foot of the altar by the hand of a daughter of the people. At the first dawn of modern times we find Francis II. surrounded by all the splendours of the Renaissance and by the foundation of the Collége de France, giving speech to the freedom of knowledge; Henry IV. introducing into the Code the guarantees of tolerance; Louis XIV., escaping for a time from the incomparable brilliancy of letters and arms which surrounds him, to listen to Colbert and to give with him an impulse to that commercial and industrial wealth which was to change entirely the economical appearance of society. Lastly, we have Louis XVI., the favourite hero of M. de Falloux, who before yielding his head to the executioners had time to efface from the Code the scandal of punishment of torture and to put an end to the last vestiges of religious persecution. What a history and what a family! What a harvest of great men and great kings! What elasticity in the institution! What fecundity in the race! When one branch ceased to flourish, another replaced it full of a young and renewed sap."

M. de Falloux also enjoyed the friendship of Mon-

signor Dupanloup, the great Bishop of Orleans, and belonged, like him, to that old Gallican school which was strongly opposed to the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Here M. de Falloux came into violent opposition with M. Louis Veuillot, the able but somewhat scurrilous editor of the *Univers*, a Paris journal which was more Royalist than the King and more Papal than the Pope, though, as M. de Falloux shows in these *Memoirs*, this ardent zeal did not prevent M. Louis Veuillot from making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, or, in other words, from placing his unquestionably great polemical abilities at the service of the Emperor Napoleon for a time. The only tinge of bitterness, in fact, which is to be discerned in the *Memoirs* of M. de Falloux is in the passages relating to Louis Veuillot, but this can scarcely create astonishment among those who know how cruelly M. Veuillot himself not only attacked the views but aspersed the motives and personal character of M. de Falloux and of all who differed from him.

There runs, however, a current of kindliness and benevolence through the whole of these *Memoirs*, and there is a manifest desire to think the best of persons and to make the best of the different situations described. M. de Falloux was himself the model of charity and abnegation, and his life at home in Brittany was just what the life of a country gentleman should be, for he not only took an active part in the administration of local affairs, but farmed part of his own land, setting the peasantry an example of how to

cultivate the soil and how to breed good stock, his herd of shorthorn cattle being one of the finest in France. Moreover, he and his family devoted a great deal of time to the organisation of charitable institutions, and M. Gréard, in the panegyric of his predecessor, tells a story which shows how much he was beloved among his own people; M. Gréard says:—

"He relates in his Memoirs that on visiting Walter Scott's house he was shown the gifted novelist's study by the woman who had grown old in the service of the family. 'She seemed to answer my eager questions with visible pleasure, but soon, overcome by emotion, she paused to restrain her tears, and I cannot forget the accent with which, after some moments' silence, she continued, "He was so good to everybody;"' and he adds, 'Who would not envy that short funeral oration?' I have heard that funeral oration at Bourg d'Iré from more than one mouth. People never came away from him empty-handed. His barns and cellar contained stores always ready for those whom necessity brought to his door. Every anniversary, happy or sad, was the occasion of liberality. One day he learns that the Little Sisters of the Poor at Angers have lost by an epidemic the cow which gave milk for their inmates. He goes to the Mother Superior. He is announced as M. de Falloux, member of the French Academy. 'No, sister,' he quickly replies, 'I am only a cow-keeper, and I bring you my best milker; but in order not to disturb her habits I shall supply the provender.'"

These *Memoirs* do not of course contain much reference to this side of the writer's life, for M. de Falloux did not care to proclaim his good deeds to the world at large, but they do contain a great deal of very interesting information about men like the late Emperor Napoleon, Pope Pius IX., the Comte de Chambord, M. de Montalembert and Père Lacordaire

—at both of whose deathbeds he stood—Bishop Dupanloup, M. Thiers, M. de Persigny—with whom he had formed a very singular friendship which outlasted the Coup d'Etat—General Changarnier, and other notable Frenchmen of the period between 1845 and 1873.

I must crave the indulgence of my readers for any imperfections of style in these two volumes, for though I have carefully revised the translation, it is very probable that I may have overlooked some of the errors which it originally contained.

C. B. PITMAN.

August, 1888.

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MEMOIRS OF A ROYALIST.

CHAPTER I.

PROVINCE—FAMILY—EDUCATION.

1811—1828.

Recognising that I have no right to occupy the attention of posterity, and that I have never accomplished anything that appears to me worthy of recollection, I can say, very sincerely, that I have only put together these memoirs as a proof of my fidelity to the cause to which I have devoted my whole life, and in order to render homage to those in whose convictions, persevering struggles, and disinterested devotion I have borne my part. My party and my friends can only profit by being better known; our dear country itself has everything to gain by getting to know them better, and, as it knows them, to accord them more of the sympathy and respect which is their due. This it was which decided me to dictate these pages with all the simplicity of justice and truth.

I was born at Angers on the 7th of May, 1811.

How many changes have taken place since then! Not only have ideas been modified, but customs, the physical aspect of places, all the appliances, so to speak, and habits of life, have undergone the same transformations. The first scenes of my childhood differ from those of to-day, as much as the thoughts and examples of to-day differ from those which first presented themselves to my intelligence.

Those of my contemporaries who, like myself, were brought up in the corner of Anjou bordering on Brittany will recollect that they had then all around them a vast and impenetrable forest. La Vendée, such as the *Mémoires* of Madame de La Rochejaquelein depict it, at that time extended as far as the district of Segré, then called the Craonnais, because, before the Revolution, it belonged to the little town and barony of Craon. If any one wished to go to Angers, the capital of the province—at that time no one would have spoken of the chief town of the department—the journey, though under thirty miles, took two days. The first half was accomplished in an ox-waggon, and the travellers then stopped at Lion-d'Angers, a large village through which passed the old royal high-road to Laval. They supped at the only inn, the Boule d'Or, and slept in the only room reserved for privileged guests. This room contained four old-fashioned four-post bedsteads with thick curtains, behind which the occupants undressed and dressed. As far as possible, several friends always made this journey together, in order to secure pleasant or at all events not too

unsuitable neighbours in the unoccupied beds. After passing the night in this way, they started early on the following morning in a livery carriage, which came from Angers expressly for them. This carriage had two wheels, but also two seats, with an extra horse for the postillion—being thus distinguished from the one-horsed chaise called a *coucou*, so long used in Paris and Versailles—and it climbed slowly over a paved road, up two steep rocky hills called the *buttes de Grilleul*, which have since been well levelled, but which then were as terrible to us as if they had been mountains bordered with precipices. Angers was not reached till night-fall.

When the ox-waggon, the only mode of conveyance in all the neighbourhood of Segré, was used by the wealthy landowners, they placed arm-chairs covered with Utrecht velvet upon the straw, and put up an awning over the waggon to protect them from the rain or the sun. But this was a very luxurious way of doing it, and as a rule the people rode in on horseback with the children behind, tied to them by the waist. The waggon and oxen were also offered to the Bishop for his pastoral visits, and my childhood was enlivened by an amusing incident, one of the actors in which is still living as I write.

The venerable Bishop of Angers, M. Montaut des Iles, was staying with M. de Meaulne, at the Château de Vallière, in the parish of La Potherie, and the latter had to conduct the Bishop to our parish, that of Bourg d'Iré. Their arm-chairs were arranged on the straw,

under the awning—one for the Bishop, one for his grand vicar, Abbé Regnier, now Cardinal Archbishop of Cambrai, and the third, behind the two others, for their host. The boyish ox-driver, goad in hand, urged on the oxen when they slackened their pace, and followed them behind the hedge when the road, becoming too narrow, led through a deep puddle of water. Suddenly, when the waggon was proceeding through one of these lanes, M. de Meaulne jumped up and exclaimed, "Stop the oxen, my boy!" and then turning to the Bishop, said, "Monseigneur, you shall not leave this spot until you have changed my vicar!"

"But, my good sir, you must be dreaming; this is a very bad joke."

"No, no, Monseigneur, I am not joking, I have already asked you to make this change, and you have refused; but I consider this a good opportunity, and I do not mean to let it slip. This abbé is a very curious fellow, he is always preaching about hell, and will never promise eternal life at the end of his sermons; he gives me nightmares from which I cannot recover under twenty-four hours!"

The Bishop and Abbé Regnier made a stout resistance, but at last they were forced to capitulate. Whereupon, M. de Meaulne said, "Touch up the oxen, my boy!" and they continued their journey. On returning from the pastoral tour, the Vicar of La Potherie was appointed curé, with an exhortation to be more indulgent, and at the end of a long and in the end a peaceful career, M. de Meaulne left

the Château de Vallière to his son-in-law, M. de Rochebouët, the father of General de Rochebouët, my present excellent neighbour.

Of all the villages in the country, that of Bourg d'Iré was one of the most picturesque and primitive. The old church, very decayed, but with a Norman doorway and stone steeple, was built upon a small rock, up which its frequenters climbed by irregular steps. The churchyard surrounded the church building, and the two or three houses close by gave shelter to the inhabitants from remote parts of the parish, who, having forty or fifty *échaliers* or hurdles to climb over on their way to mass, did not care to make the journey twice a day. These hurdles form a kind of fence, made of bars placed one above the other. They are set up at the corners of the fields in such a way as to allow men to pass over but to prevent the cattle from straying. The village was reached by a well-beaten path, called *the road to mass*, which was shorter and drier than the hollow roads, and it was also called *voyette*, a survival of an old French word. But it would be more exact to say that the peasants of the Craonnais then spoke and still speak the French used by the Sire de Joinville. It is not a patois, but an idiom still containing a number of old words that have become obsolete in other parts of the country. Besides the *échalier* and the *voyette*, every field had and still has a border of full-grown chestnut and oak trees, but their number is now diminishing from day to day because we are less economical than our fathers.

The whole country not only resembles La Vendée in its outward appearance, but, like the latter, it is also the ardent and pure centre of monarchical traditions. The *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* relate that, on his return from America, M. de Chateaubriand and all the crew on board the vessel, as soon as they caught sight of the coast of France, suddenly cried out, "Long live the King!" and the same impulse was continually manifesting itself amongst the peasants of the district in which I was born. To practise the handling of a gun, to come in a body fully armed to the fête of the curé or the lord of the manor, to drink a cask of cider to everybody's health, and to end the proceedings by a shout of "Long live the King!" afforded at that time the highest enjoyment. I have no older recollection than that of my childish share in the popular cry of the country side, "Long live the King and M. de Sainte-Gemmes!" I still find eyes filling with tears at the words of a Vendean song—

"D'Andigné revoit sa patrie . . . . . ,

The Comte d'Andigné de Sainte-Gemmes, General of the Angevine Vendée, who had the honour of personally braving the anger of the first Consul, and who had for a long time been imprisoned or proscribed under the first Empire, used to come to the Château de la Blanchaye to stay with the Marquis d'Andigné, his brother, where he was affectionately welcomed with bouquets and other manifestations of goodwill.

All the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, MM. de

Narcé, de Dieusie, de la Potherie, de Villemorge, &c., were animated by the same spirit. We had as neighbour in the parish of Bourg d'Iré itself, and I may almost say next door, the Château de la Douve, inhabited by the Comte and Comtesse d'Armaillé, by their children, who were of my own and my brother's age, and by the Baronne de la Paumelière, the mother of Madame d'Armaillé. For a long time Madame de la Paumelière had inhabited the Château du Lavouër, which figures in every history of La Vendée. When the fortunes of war obliged her to leave Lavouër, she confidently trusted herself to some farmers' wives in the neighbourhood, borrowed their dress, and secretly carried food and ammunition to the *Chouans*. During three or four years of incessant peril she never encountered a single betrayal, not even the involuntary treason of a child's thoughtlessness, and only once ran into danger through an accident. She entered a field of broom, where she intended hiding two of her young children, when she suddenly found herself face to face with two Republicans who had lost their way and were seeking to rejoin their corps. To stop and take aim at her was the work of an instant. Madame de la Paumelière—I can still see her gentle movement of resignation—put her two children behind her and presented her bosom to the gun. One of the two soldiers did not fire, the other drew the trigger, but the gun missed fire: "*Allons, brigande, tu as du courage, fiche le camp.*"

In order to better protect her relatives, Madame de

la Paumelière had acquired the habit, which she retained until the most advanced age, of sleeping only during the day, and we children enjoyed nothing so much as to pass the evening with her, remaining as long as we possibly could in order to hear her relate the incidents of that terrible time. Madame d'Armaillé was, like her mother, unusually beautiful. Her voice was incomparably melodious and charming; she accompanied herself upon the harp without much skill, but with a great deal of expression, and no one could hear her sing Gulistan's *Point du jour*, some of Grétry's airs, and the Vendean songs, without being deeply moved by them. It is to her that I owe my ardent love for music.

In sight of Bourg d'Iré, and a distance of about two miles, stood the Château de Noyant; it belonged to a bachelor, an old officer of Condé's army, the Chevalier Prosper de Candé. There we found recollections of the emigration, above all an original and inexhaustible charity. With an income of twelve or fifteen thousand francs, which was considered wealth at that period, M. de Candé only occupied one small corner of his large château, used his drawing-room as a dining-room, wrote and read on the table from which the dinner had just been removed, and had only two wickerwork arm-chairs and a set of six ordinary chairs. When the convenient form of chair called an *arm-chair à la Voltaire* was invented, or to speak more correctly, revived, he resisted every entreaty from his relations and friends, who begged

him to grant this indulgence to his attacks of gout. His nephew, the Baron de Candé, ventured to order one of these arm-chairs in Paris, and sent it down to him. The case, which did not meet with a very gracious reception, was never opened until after the Chevalier's death, and the useless chair was eventually discovered in the orangery, entirely destroyed by rats On the other hand, M. de Candé never refused anything to the poor. Many times he sent away the soup or the fruit that had been prepared for him in order to give them away, even to those who did not ask for them. One winter's day he was told that a poor woman, recently confined, had no fire, and begged for a little wood. The servants were going to fetch some from the wood-pile; but, said M. de Candé, "will that wood light at once? take some out of the fireplace and be quick about it." The servant left, taking with him as much as he could carry, but he had scarcely made a few steps when M. de Candé exclaimed, "Oh, the stupid fellow, the ashes, the ashes! As if any one could make a good fire without ashes!" and seizing the shovel, he filled a basket and ran after his man with this essential addition to his gift.

M. de Candé was an accomplished horseman, a great judge of horses, and very difficult to please, being as obstinate in his objection to English saddles as he was to improved arm-chairs, and only using a saddle of deerskin placed upon a saddle-cloth of red velvet with yellow braid. Every one went out to the

front door to see him come up to the house at a hand gallop and make a bow while he put his horse through exercises that showed his fine training. One portion of his emigration had been spent in Poland, where music and dancing had charmed his youth, so that when pianos were slowly introduced into our country his old age was still re-animated by the least sound of a waltz, and, when partners were lacking, and they were rare at that time, he would take a chair in his arms and begin to twirl round in the middle of the drawing-room with the grace and elegance distinctive of the purest style of the old régime.

In another direction, and at nearly the same distance, we had an absolutely different type, M. Veillon de la Garroullaye. He was a country gentleman, passionately attached to his native soil, from which he would never allow himself to be separated. To call him a *Parisian* was tantamount to insulting him, he had never seen Paris, nor indeed have his sons. After hunting, and the conversation held with the farmers about their land, the only reading he allowed was that of the newspaper, which then arrived but twice a week—news of the King and the bulletin of the Court, placed at the head of each gazette, being the items first looked for. Perhaps an exception was made in favour of the Fualdes case, which people met from a distance of eight or ten miles to read at the house of any person who might be receiving the most complete account.

M. Veillon took part in the rising in the west in

1815, and he again took up arms at the call of the Duchesse de Berry, in 1832. He only belonged to the contemporary movement through a devotion which was so natural to him that he would not have understood that any one could abstain from it or take any credit for joining in it. His appearance, his way of speaking, and his intelligence were all so exceptional and so attractive, that I ventured to trace his portrait in a little book called "Ten Years of Agriculture." I took it to him, and flourishing my pamphlet from a distance, I said, "M. Veillon, here you are, all alive."

"Give it to me, give it to me," said he, taking my pamphlet with an indescribable gesture. "Anyhow, it is so much paper."

The portrait was thus worded: "The true countryman is at once active and sedentary; sensitive in point of honour, inaccessible to ambition, he serves his country without leaving his home. His body is robust, because his soul is peaceful. If he looks back, he will assuredly see in his track cares and troubles, but no remorse. When his days are ended, he leaves around his tomb an honourable memory and this device to his successors, 'Live working, die praying!'"

Lastly, and as though this small corner of France were intended to offer every variety of type, we had at an equal distance, in the commune of Loiré, the Vicomte de Turpin and his wife, relics of the old Court. Madame de Turpin, *née* de Bongars, displayed in her small house at La Ferté, in a tiny drawing-

room leading to a small kitchen, the manners and language of her youth. M. de Turpin, on the contrary, had become a countryman since the commencement of the present century, and had gaily embraced all the customs of his new position. He was entirely bald, and all through the summer, in order to protect himself from the heat, he filled his hat with large branches of fern, which hung down to his shoulders. Pious in sentiment, Voltairian in conversation, he was intimate with the Comte de Provence, and the only time he left La Ferté was to go and see King Louis XVIII. He asked for an audience, and when the answer did not come within twenty-four hours, he rushed early in the morning to the first gentleman of the chamber, begging him to represent to the King that he could not have the honour of seeing him if he were not received in the course of the day, having promised Madame de Turpin to return on Saturday evening to accompany her to high mass on Sunday morning, which involved a walk of two miles. Louis XVIII. had no answer to this, so he received him at once, and laughingly said to him, "Well! my poor Turpin, have you then become a choir boy?" After this he inquired whether he had not anything to ask of the King.

"Sire, you have granted all that I desire, since I see you again."

"And your nephew?"

"He is a countryman like myself, and would not leave Angers for anything in the world."

"But he has a son?"

"Yes, sire, who will enter the military schools, since that is compulsory now."

"That may be, but I should like him first to come to me, and you may tell him that he is appointed page."

"Sire, you are right, for you will never have a more faithful servant."

As soon as he was old enough, young Lancelot de Turpin was taken to Paris by his father and enrolled amongst the pages, and he was still one of them when Louis XVIII. was attacked by his last illness. One night, the old King heard some one sobbing near his bed. "Who is crying in that way?" said he. "Ah! it's Turpin! My poor child, then you love your King? Here, keep this in remembrance of him." And he gave him a ring. This ring, preserved in the Château d'Angrie, now only recalls the most painful memories. After the King's death, before entering the army, Lancelot de Turpin came to pass a few days with his parents. Noticing one of the hounds behind a railing he held out his hand to caress it. The dog was mad and bit him terribly, and this branch of the Turpins became extinct by his death which ensued.

Unity of sentiment reigned all around me, and I also found it in my home. My family had served the monarchy without brilliancy but with fidelity. Originally from Anjou, it had branched out into Poitou and Touraine, and in all three provinces it has left the

marks of a generous charity. In 1711 Angers gave our name to a public square, which still bears it, in gratitude for considerable benefits during the disasters of France at that epoch. When the Vendean army occupied Angers my grandmother received General de la Rochejaquelein at her house. She soon paid for the honour by her liberty, and died of an epidemic of typhoid and also of hunger in the Château of Montreuill-Bellay, where she had been transferred on account of the overcrowding of the prisons of Angers! She was heard to say a few moments before her death, "I feel that some soup would restore me to life."

My father emigrated at fourteen, entered the Talleyrand-Périgord regiment, took part in the siege of Maëstricht and in the expedition of Quiberon; but on his return to France with the other emigrants, under the Consulate, he found that only a very modest portion of his fortune remained to him. He then lived a good deal with his mother's brother, M. de Baracé, in the neighbourhood of Durtal. The Revolution had also thrown many other victims there. At the Château de Huillé the Comtesse de Créquy had given a home to her niece, Mlle. de Soucy, whom my father asked and obtained in marriage. The Marquise de Soucy, my grandmother, was a daughter of the Baronne de Mackau, who had been second governess to the royal children in the time of Louis XV., and Madame Elizabeth had been especially confided to her care. Her assiduous watchfulness and the tenderness of her elder daughter,

Angélique de Mackau, afterwards Marquise de Bombelles, triumphed over Madame Elizabeth's extreme hastiness, we might almost say violence, of character, and finally transformed those defects into heroic virtues. Madame de Soucy, second governess to the royal children in her turn, had brought up Louis XVII. and Madame Royale. She was sent for to the Temple when the young princess was exchanged for the hostages of Olmütz, and accompanied her to Vienna to place her in the charge of the Imperial family. Madame de Mackau and Madame de Soucy refused to emigrate in order that they might remain near the Queen. They were by her side on the 20th of June; when the 10th of August violently tore them from their posts they retired to Vitry, in the suburbs of Paris, and Abbé Edgeworth took refuge with them after the 21st of January.

My grandfather de Soucy, a colonel in the cavalry, was in command at Cherbourg, where the Duke de la Rochefoucauld had been anxious to prepare a retreat for Louis XVI. "Soucy, I rely upon you," the King had said to him, and these words were sufficient to deter him from all thoughts of emigration, a devotion which he paid for with his life.

Madame de Bombelles soon succumbed to the grief caused her by the death of Madame Elizabeth. Her husband became a priest, and until 1814 lived as a curé in Moravia, when he returned to France with the Comte d'Artois, and was made Bishop of Amiens. He had four children, whose singular destinies I shall

speak of later on, and he was very fond of relating the affront which he had received in 1814 at the Hotel de Rougé.

"Whom shall I announce?" asked an old man-servant.

"Announce the Bishop of Amiens and his children."

"Sir, I will never announce that to Madame la Marquise."

The lesson was not lost, and in future when the Bishop entered a drawing-room with his children, he amused himself by saying, "Allow me to introduce my brother's nephews to you," although he had never had a brother.

Thus my whole childhood was spent amongst persons who had only lived at the Court to make every kind of sacrifice for it, or among persons who professed and practised the same devotion, without ever having either needed or wished to know the Court.

Thus local history, incessant anecdotes, sometimes of the splendour and kind deeds of Versailles, sometimes of the trials and courage of the royal family, all went to foster the monarchical creed at Bourg d'Iré. I cannot recall these early years without finding in them the source of the inspirations of my whole life—honour before interest, patriotism personified in noble and touching figures, the heart agreeing with the intelligence and strengthening it, the soil itself speaking an intelligible, cherished language, and the native province inspiring a love as pure and distinct as that which the country as a whole can provoke.

Thus the first landscape which met my eyes, the first faces which smiled round my infancy, have retained in my heart a place that nothing has or ever can dispute until my last sigh.

After their marriage my parents came to live in Angers, in a small house close to our old hotel, which had become too large for their means, and which my father had let to the Bishop. We passed the summer at Bourg d'Iré in a very modest dwelling which was called the Mabouillère. My mother, born and brought up in the Château de Versailles until ten years old, found it difficult to accustom herself to such different circumstances, and was particularly annoyed by the name of *Mabouillère*, a thoroughly Angevin termination which appeared to her a little ridiculous. She had no difficulty in inducing my father to substitute the name of de Soucy ; but she less easily persuaded the people of the neighbourhood, who, some from habit, others through a little mischief, persisted in calling it Mabouillère, not at all to my father's annoyance. Born and growing up in the midst of this little difference, my brother and I always said Bourg d'Iré. Neutrals imitated us, and gradually Mabouillère fell into disuse. Soucy was never adopted, and Bourg d'Iré remained.

When I was old enough for school, my parents sent me as a day boy to the Lycée at Angers, where my brother, who was four years my senior, was already boarder. At first I won all the first prizes; in the following years I still had many successes, but I

always found an insurmountable barrier in mathematics. I applied myself to this study with all possible good will, and I burst into tears in the midst of my lessons at recognising that I could never understand one word of the science my masters were endeavouring to inculcate. My tastes were entirely for literature, and in course of time for oratory. I had no sooner heard a few discourses at Saint-Maurice, the cathedral of Angers, than I imagined that I had an ecclesiastical vocation, and began to compose sermons. My mother and some of her friends cut me some copes and chasubles out of some old shawls, and my schoolfellows transformed themselves into a congregation. I was, however, very timid, and those who wished to hear me could not always do so. One of the impressions of that date which I find still vivid in my memory is the alarm which seized me when, descending from my small improvised pulpit, I saw the wardrobes and cupboards open, and disclose all the Quatrebarbes, the uncles, aunts, grandfather, and grandmother of Louis de Quatrebarbes, who, anxious that his family should hear me, and despairing of obtaining my consent, had played me this trick.

When upon the point of emigrating, my father was present on his way through Paris at several meetings of the Constituent Assembly, and once heard Mirabeau, who made a profound impression upon him. On his return from Quiberon he settled in London, where he heard Mr. Pitt, of whom he never spoke without enthusiasm. My own family circle thus presented

the singular anomaly of the most passionately monarchical opinions and of a private admiration for parliamentary success and glory. The result was that my supposed inclinations to oratory were taken seriously, and it was decided that I should finish my studies in Paris. We were to lodge in the Rue Caumartin, and I followed as a day-scholar the course of lectures at the College Bourbon, now the Lycée Condorcet. I do not know how long this arrangement would have lasted, for our small means made it very difficult, if providence had not interposed.

In 1822 an old cousin of my father's, M. de la Crossonnière, who for a long time had ceased all intercourse with any of his relations or friends, died intestate. He left a large landed property, which was divided between my father and a cousin, M. de Ménage, great-nephew of Madame de Sévigné's friend. M. de Ménage's share passed to the Villebois, the Quatrebarbes, and the La Potherie families, now represented by the Comtesse Albert de la Rochefoucauld. My father's share suddenly changed our position.

I must add that M. de la Crossonnière proved during nearly the whole of his existence that avarice becomes a sensual passion, like every other passion. He had been very handsome, very dissipated, and in his regiment had incurred debts amounting to fifty thousand crowns, which his father had paid, but not without great demur. The Revolution had given him a still more severe lesson, and he so thoroughly contracted the habit of economy that he carried it to the last

extreme. He owned one hotel in Angers and a second in Paris, in the Marais quarter; he kept them only in order to avoid having to pay rent. But when he posted anywhere, a mode of travelling which the gout rendered necessary for him, he was forced to pay for his night's lodging in every inn, and this caused him an ever-recurring annoyance. He only found one means of escape from it, and this was by purchasing one house at La Flêche, another at Mans, and a third at Chartres, by putting a servant into each of them, and by lodging there gratis whenever he felt inclined to do so. His heirs were obliged to sell all these houses and to dismiss all the servants. An old lawyer, M. Roussel, who possessed, as far as it was possible for any one to do so, M. de Crossonnière's confidence, thus explained this eccentricity: "It cost him more than one hundred thousand francs, but it was money drawn from my strong box, without affecting his; he had never seen it, he had never touched it, so that he had not had time to become attached to it." In Anjou, M. de la Crossonnière possessed a beautiful old château, Plessis-Chivré; but his favourite residence was a manor of the most desolate appearance. Its court was surrounded by four high walls, all the windows on the ground floor were furnished with iron bars, and it looked more like a strong box than a house. La Lussière was in other respects a fine estate, and offered two advantages to him—that of being well looked after by the farmer and his wife, very intelligent people, and that of going to Angers

at their expense, whenever he had business there, on the sole condition of making his journey coincide with market-day. These honest people loved him sincerely, and lamented his parsimony much more on his account than on their own. They imagined they had found a remedy for it in asking the curé of Vern to preach upon avarice. The curé willingly consented, and acquitted himself excellently; but the person most interested never flinched, and was, as it happens with many other sermons, perhaps the only one who did not recognise himself. The farmer perceived this, but was not to be discouraged, and determined to see whether he could not, in his own way, succeed better than the curé. He entered his master's room one morning with a very miserable face. The latter, not accustomed to see him looking like that, exclaimed—

"Whatever has happened to you?"

"Ah! I shall never dare to tell you."

"Come, now, don't let me have to press you!"

"Well, sir, I dreamt last night that I was in hell! Oh, sir! it is abominable there—everywhere flames and tortures! I did not know what to do, when I suddenly saw a good arm-chair in a corner. I rushed towards it, but the devil stopped me, crying, 'Unhappy man, don't go there . . . . that's M. de la Crossonnière's arm-chair!' Ah, monsieur! I pray you," added the farmer, in the most sincere, respectful tone, "make the devil lie and keep out of hell!"

One of my professors at Angers had consented to rejoin us in Paris as tutor. He was a distinguished

man, who extended his passionate love for the classics to the Théâtre Français. Talma and Mademoiselle Mars were then reigning there. My tutor took me there, occasionally at first, then frequently, too frequently perhaps.

I then exchanged the love of preaching for that of tragedy. I translated my college erudition into five acts and into verse, and I learnt Corneille, Racine, and Molière by heart in preference to Homer, Virgil, and Horace.

Talma took complete possession of my youthful imagination. When I returned from the Théâtre Français, instead of going to bed, I draped myself in Roman fashion in the coverings of my bed, and I recited to myself—I could still to-day recite—almost every *rôle* of the great tragedian. Beauty of feature, beauty of voice, natural nobility of figure and posture, Talma possessed them all in the rarest degree; in him everything spoke, touched, impressed. Since then I have only met with this reunion and this prestige of all the natural gifts in M. Berryer. No accent was more heartrending than that of Orestes saying to Hermione—

> ". . . . . Quoi! ne m'avez vous pas,
> Vous-même, ici, tantôt, ordonné son trépas?"

Every note of the human voice, from the most piercing to the deepest accents, vibrated in this cry, and the entire theatre received an impression which lasted for some minutes. In his hands the most

inferior pieces appeared the work of genius. To hear one single word every one hurried to see *Falkland*, a drama by M. Laya. Listening to the account of a crime in which he at last recognised his own work, Falkland interrupted the narrator by "Hein!" a simple exclamation, which furnished Talma with one of his most powerful effects, he introduced so much remorse, apprehension, and woe into the word. His last creation was the *rôle* of *Charles VI.*, in the tragedy of M. de la Ville-Miremont, which is now quite forgotten; and no one who has not heard Talma exclaim to the Dauphin, "*Dans mes bras! dans mes bras!*" can form any idea of the striking effect of this struggle between folly and reason.

I at last began to doubt whether Talma was really an ordinary man, and I was seized with such an irresistible desire to see him, that one morning I escaped during school hours in order to visit clandestinely the Rue de la Tour des Dames, where Talma had an hotel near to that of Horace Vernet. I was admitted to his presence without any difficulty, and once there all I could do was to burst into tears. Talma reassured me, and questioned me with extreme gentleness. When he had drawn from me the avowal that I was there simply to look at him, he said to me, "My child, I have received a great deal of homage, but I assure you that yours has quite touched me!" He then offered to give me tickets every time I wished to go and hear him. I replied that I could pay for my place, and that my parents never refused

me anything in that way. He kept me with him a long time, questioning me about my studies and warmly encouraging me to work well. Some days later he resumed the part of Ducis's *Macbeth*, and my mother took me to the first representation. The tragedy ended, a comedy was played, but I found it so impossible to listen to anything after Talma that I begged to go away at once. My mother at first refused, but when I insisted she gave way. We were waiting for a carriage in the vestibule, which was empty at the moment. A man was also waiting, carefully wrapped in a large mantle: he recognised me, approached, and embraced me, saying, "Well, my little friend, were you pleased this evening?" It was Talma. My mother's surprise and my embarrassment may be imagined. Then I had to tell the whole truth, and though my mother scolded me she eventually forgave me. Very shortly afterwards Talma died.

Paris, with the exception of the Théâtre Français, never dazzled me at all. I deeply regretted Angers and Anjou. I entertained both fear and distrust of the Parisians, and I became intimate with only a few of my school companions, such as—

Léon de Miramon, whose heart was full of great courage and great affection, and who lost his life through these two qualities, for he sacrificed himself to save one of his young cousins who was drowning in a part of the baths in Auvergne.

Eleuthère de Girardin, now Abbé de Girardin,

the ardent promoter of many charitable works in Paris.

Elzéar de Vogüé, a true southerner of a very original turn of mind. At an early age he had a great desire to marry a young girl, pretty and well born, but without a dowry, and I said to him, "You are heir to a peerage and a great fortune; your father will never consent to the marriage."

"Oh, I have a plan; it is infallible. I will ask my father's permission to travel in the East; he will certainly not refuse, and I will write to him from Constantinople, 'My father, I am hopelessly in love with one of the Grand Turk's daughters, and I intend to marry her.' He will make me come back at once; will indignantly point out to me that a son of the Crusaders, of Simon de Montfort's companions, could not ally himself with a Mahommedan wife. I will end by saying to him, 'I will give it up, and I consent to marry Mademoiselle de X——.' You can see at once how pleased my father will be."

He did not, however, carry out this romantic resolution, but married one of his cousins, Mademoiselle de Vogüé.

Charles de Morny, brought up by the paternal care of the Comte de Flahaut, completed our little circle. He was not studious as a pupil, but was very amiable as a comrade.

My personal success decreased a little for lack, I believe, of severity in my scholastic rule; my first prizes in the provinces dwindled to "honourable men-

tions" in Paris. I was only once admitted into the general competition, and then I did not gain any prize. They allowed me to complete my course of rhetoric and philosophy in a single year in order to gain more quickly a diploma as bachelor signed Vatimesnil. From that time I contracted a habit which was quite incompatible with any serious or durable work. I neglected everything that cost me an effort. I never really studied anything, but only allowed full play to that facility which deceives oneself and others by complacently pausing at anything that pleased me. M. de Maistre said, when speaking of moral progress, "That which costs nothing is worth nothing." This is equally true of literary progress. I did not know it then, but I have realised it since, when it was too late.

CHAPTER II.

LAST YEARS OF THE RESTORATION—FIRST YEARS OF THE JULY REVOLUTION.

1828—1834.

While at college, or even when leaving it, one has only reflected opinions, and I do not claim to have been any exception to this rule. Like all those by whom I was surrounded, I thought that in a conflict between the King and the Chambers the last word should belong to the King; but the more profound my conviction on this point became, the more surely a certain instinct of common sense warned me that care should be taken to avoid carrying this prerogative of the Crown too far or exercising it too lightly. The debates in the two Chambers were followed by some of my comrades and myself with passionate attention; we were assiduous in the perusal of the newspapers, and I am still quite sincerely convinced, even to-day, that if time to handle the affairs of the kingdom had been given, in their turn and place, to the younger members of the monarchical party, it would have proved itself very patriotic, even very liberal in its royalism.

We were all sensitive to the reproach most unjustly levelled at the Restoration of being too grateful towards those foreigners who had reinstated the Bourbons in France. I remember that in rhetoric we were given as a theme for amplification a report from M. Hyde de Neuville, then Minister of the Marine, to the King, of Lieutenant Bisson's heroic self-devotion in blowing up his ship rather than surrender it to the enemy. The report, eloquent, full of emotion, ended with these words: "A noble heart has ceased to beat and France boasts another hero!" I undertook to prove to my professor that the minister would have been better inspired had he said, "A noble heart has ceased to beat and France has lost another hero!" maintaining that our sailors, our soldiers, and ourselves would have done quite as much as Bisson under the same circumstances. I cannot know how far I might have come short of this had the opportunity occurred, but I assert that at that time I did not yield to any idea of boasting, but that I expressed a very sincere feeling equally shared by the majority of the rhetoricians, who warmly applauded me.

I remember also that, in the disastrous rupture which took place between M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Villèle, we generally sided with M. de Chateaubriand. It is true that we were not in a position to sift the question at issue, but we thought, or rather we felt, that M. de Chateaubriand was one of the jewels of the Crown, and that the lustre of royalty

would be diminished if he were detached from it. We had already sufficient feeling in the heart and clear-sightedness in the judgment to understand that M. de Villèle's policy, whilst perfectly honourable, and very skilful from a business point of view, did not take the higher aspirations, or at all events the imagination, of the country sufficiently into account. I have since heard it said that M. de Villèle's system too nearly resembled the household of an old husband and a young wife; we had not discovered the expression, but we instinctively realised the fact.

We did not take into account the political prudence which prevented him from promoting, by too many new works undertaken in Paris, a sudden increase of the working population, but we were struck with the languishing state of all public works and by the saddened aspect of Paris. The Place Louis XV. was still a vast sewer, the Champs Elysées a deserted promenade, the Plâce du Carrousel, from which scarcely one or two windows of the Louvre could be seen, was obstructed by small streets, sheds, and miserable houses, just as when Marie Antoinette lost her way for more than a quarter of an hour between the gate of the Tuileries and the Quay, where the carriage was waiting to take her to Varennes. In one of M. Scribe's vaudevilles, the title and subject of which I have forgotten, I can only recall one scene between a patron and his protégé. The patron said, "My friend, what can you do well?"

"Alas! nothing."

"Nothing! Oh, then I can arrange something for you; I appoint you workman on the Triumphal Arch at the Barriere de l'Etoile." And the public, impatient to see the completion of a monument raised to the memory of the Grand Army, burst into applause.

I mourned too sincerely for Talma to enter at once the camp of romanticism. I was too much engrossed with Augustus, Nero, Joad, and even Manlius or Sylla to enjoy immediately and unreservedly the language and attractions of *Hernani*. I devoted myself to a work which then appeared to me triumphant, to prove to my friends that M. Victor Hugo's drama was devoid of originality, that his leading ideas were borrowed from the old repertory, and that the poet was not up to his usual standard except in a few lines more lyrical than dramatic, like the following, indelibly engraved upon my memory.

"Tu dis vrai. Le bonheur, amie, est chose grave,
Il veut des cœurs de bronze et lentement s'y grave;
Le plaisir l'effarouche en lui jetant des fleurs,
Son sourire est moins près du rire que des pleurs."

Thus there were at that time some moderate men in the realm of literature as well as in that of politics, yet enthusiasts rendered all conciliatory doctrines difficult to maintain.

The house in which I felt myself most at home was the Hôtel Castellane, where I found a friend, Henry de Castellane, a little younger than myself, but very advanced as regards the natural distinction of his

mind and the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived. The aged Marquis de Castellane had belonged, before the Revolution, to a cavalry regiment of which my grandfather was colonel. He had retained a very affectionate recollection of the Marquis de Soucy, and I benefited by it. His receptions fully proved that under the Restoration no invincible incompatibility existed between ancient and modern France.

The fashionable district now occupied by the Rue Tronchet and the Boulevard Malesherbes was quite deserted before 1830. The wood trade occupied it almost exclusively, and one was surprised to come across, in the midst of these forests, converted into wood for fuel, a few fine hotels, such as the house belonging to the Marquis d'Aligre, in the Rue d'Anjou, the hotel Rohan-Soubise, in the Rue de l'Arcade, where the Marechal de Soubise had received Louis XV., and at the angle of the Rue des Mathurins an hotel with terraced garden, then occupied by the Marquis de Castellane. He had first married Mademoiselle de Chabot, the Duc de Rohan's daughter, and his second wife was another Chabot, the widow of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-d'Anville and aunt of Cardinal de Rohan, who died Archbishop de Besançon. M. de Castellane had by his first marriage an only son, afterwards a marshal of France, and this son had four children, the eldest of whom was brought up by his grandfather and grandmother. I became his intimate friend; he was passionately fond of reading, and to him I owe my first and deep im-

pression of the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg.* His grandparents greatly enjoyed the cultivation of the mind which they had carried themselves to a very high point. Madame de Castellane had learnt Latin with her brother, the Duc de Rohan, whose tutor had been a friend of J. J. Rousseau, about whom we never ceased questioning her, and M. de Castellane retained, at his advanced age, an incomparable memory. No one could repeat more naturally or with more vivacity lines from Molière, Corneille, and above all from Voltaire. He was fond of telling us how, when spending a few days in the Château d'Acosta with the Prince de Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, an elocutionary contest between them filled the whole of one evening. When he had retired to his apartment after midnight M. de Castellane heard a noise, half opened his door, and perceived Madame de Staël in the corridor knocking at M. de Talleyrand's closed door.

"Do you really think that Castellane recites poetry better than I do?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Prince de Talleyrand with his customary *sang-froid*, and without opening his door. "You write the poetry and let Castellane recite it."

Such was the ardent enthusiasm for literature at that epoch.

M. de Castellane had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and although faithful to the Right, he had been in communication with several members of the Left, of whom he spoke with much

impartiality. At first he sat next to a Breton deputy who could only speak his native language with facility, saying *Eutru* for *Monsieur*. "I cannot accustom myself," said M. de Castellane, "to a neighbour who calls me Eutru, and I shall change my place." The Restoration had nominated him to the Chamber of Peers; when a sitting excited attention every one eagerly crowded round him to hear his account of it. The few survivors of the eighteenth century displayed great attachment to him. On this account and also on account of the Auvergnats (for M. de Castellane annually passed some months in Auvergne), MM. de Montlosier and de Pradt were assiduous in their attentions to him—M. de Montlosier more impetuous than eloquent, the Abbé de Pradt more shrewd and more moderate.

The former Archbishop of Malines made with good grace a public apology for his past. It was more difficult to interrupt him when upon this subject than to start him on it. I have seen him at table hold his glass with one hand and signify with the other that no one was to speak before he had finished what he had to say, which, however, no one cared to do, for he spoke brilliantly. I owe him some acknowledgment of a generous action. Soon after 1830, Abbé Châtel, the ephemeral founder of a so-called French Catholic Church, came to offer him a high dignity in his new religion. Abbé de Pradt rejected the offer with indignation and went in the evening, much affected, to relate the scene at the Hotel Castellane.

"I have never realised the errors of my life more bitterly," said he, before us all, "and I have never paid for them with a more cruel humiliation."

I owed to other family recollections an acquaintance which, though it did not lead to friendship, was of no little service to me. My father during the emigration had served with the Périgord regiment. In Paris he rejoined his old colonel, the Duc de Talleyrand, by whom he was very cordially welcomed, and he would occasionally take me of a morning to see the old duke during his dressing hour. M. de Talleyrand was the accomplished type of the great noble of former times, his Christian name was Archambaud, and in his youth he was called *Archi-beau*. In his old age he might have retained the nickname, as his features were remarkable for their perfect regularity, and no one could add more charm to the most exquisite distinction. He liked to receive at an early hour, robed in an ample white dressing-gown, making his valet powder him whilst he talked, a habit which much prolonged the operation. His attachment to the King, Charles X., dated from the time when they were dandies together, and he never lost an opportunity of avowing his entire fidelity, not however without blaming, in the most respectful terms, certain designs or certain counsels of the Court. At his house one often met his brother, Comte Bozon de Périgord, extremely deaf and very asthmatical. One day King Louis XVIII. asked him, "Bozon, how is your wife?"

The Comte de Périgord, never doubting that the King was inquiring about his cough, replied, "*Ah, sire! elle m'a bien tourmenté cette nuit!*" His brother often joked him about this mistake.

I happened to be present one morning when a very different question arose. The Comte de Périgord impetuously entered his brother's room, with every symptom of violent irritation. He had been present on the previous evening at a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, where the Extreme Right by abstaining from voting on the municipal law had caused the fall of the Martignac ministry. No words can express the warmth with which he described the sitting to his brother: "We were there, five or six of us"—and he quoted five or six of the greatest names in France—"we shouted to the Extreme Right, 'But vote! for Heaven's sake vote!'" And M. de Périgord repeated the cry like a deaf man, but also like a man of great heart and great sense. Alas! why was not this cry heard either by the King or by his friends? This scene struck me by its vivacity; the memory of its recollection moves me now, by once more proving with what imprudence certain Royalists went out of their way to hasten all those catastrophes which their duty, and assuredly their intention, would have led them to avert.

Abbé Grégoire was elected in 1819 in the department of the Isère, owing to the help of the Extreme Right; and owing to the same help the Ministry of MM. de Martignac, de la Ferronnays, and Hyde de Neuville

was overthrown. The logical consequence of these two actions was the Polignac Ministry, and Prince Polignac's Ministry led to the fall of the Restoration! Is it quite certain that we are now much more advanced and much wiser than we were in 1819 or in 1829?

My grandmother de Soucy had remained with Queen Marie Antoinette during the odious days of the 20th of June and the 10th of August, together with the Princesse de Tarente and the Marquise de la Roche-Aymon. This circumstance procured me admission to the Hôtel Crussol. The Duchesse d'Uzès, née Châtillon, was sister to the Princesse de Tarente, whose last days, so many years later, I was to chronicle in the "Life of Madame Swetchine." I could then observe how many degrees of human pride exist, and how utterly inexhaustible it becomes in its gradations when it degenerates into vanity. The Duchesse d'Uzès let us see very clearly that, in her view, her husband, the first duke and peer of France, had made, in wedding her, a most flattering marriage. All the frequenters of the Hôtel Crussol were aware of this weakness, and I can still see the look that was exchanged between those present when the good duchess informed us of the marriage of her grandson, Hervé de Rougé, with Mademoiselle de Pastoret, the Chancellor's grand-daughter. "Madame de Pastoret came this morning," said she, "to ask my consent and I found in her all the amiability that I had been led to anticipate. She spoke of the Châtillons with excellent taste, and I was much touched by it."

The tragedy of *Louis IX.*, by M. Ancelot, caused her a very different sensation, because in it Châtillon is not represented as sufficiently faithful to the King. "M. Ancelot at least makes him return at the end," said some one wishing to defend the poet. "Sir," replied the Duchesse d'Uzès with extreme vivacity—she was then at least eighty years of age—"Châtillon had not left, it was unnecessary for him to return," and she found, in defence of her glorious ancestor, an energy that amounted to eloquence.

M. Brifaut had fully gained the affection and the confidence of the Duchesse d'Uzès. His conversation, his talent, his existence, everything in him revived the eighteenth century. This was also his favourite epoch in the history of France.

He would have liked to have lived then, as he declared to whoever would listen to him, because, in his eyes, that was the epoch of the real triumph of French genius from one end of Europe to the other. Like many of his retrospective rivals, M. Brifaut had readily exchanged theatrical success for that of the salon. He was one of the oracles of the Faubourg St. Germain; he enjoyed it without elation and without malevolence, taking nothing seriously except political opinions, retaining in all things moderation, tact and loyalty. He was a very shrewd observer, and a very reliable friend; he excelled in elegies and short royalist poems; from these he derived easy triumphs, always disinterested, as much so under the Restoration as under the government which succeeded it. He very

rarely left Paris except for a few summer excursions to the châteaux, where the neighbouring scenery most resembled Paris. He was, to his great distress, a witness of the July revolution, and when after three days' tumult most people donned, either through prudence or through enthusiasm, some token of the victorious colours, M. Brifaut refused to make any demonstration of the kind. One evening, returning to his house in the Rue du Bac without a tricolor ribbon in his buttonhole, he was rudely accosted by a workman, who said to him: "Citizen, why do you not wear the insignia of liberty?" "Why, my friend, to prove that I am free!"

If, to-day, his three volumes of poetry were re-read, not one single bitter or intentionally unjust word would be found in his political poems; his conversation always bore the same character. I saw him one day disputing with a young Orleanist, the Comte de ———, who was talking and gesticulating very fast; in a few minutes M. Brifaut's interlocutor had made a hat fly and knocked over a small table. "Since you insist upon hearing my opinion, sir," M. Brifaut then replied, "my advice is that you should be charged to overthrow the Government;" and so he put a stop to his adversary's petulance, who, being very well bred, burst into a laugh and held out his hand.

I must not quit the salon of the Duchesse d'Uzès without rendering her a last token of gratitude. The good duchess was full of affection for my mother, and of indulgence for me. M. Brifaut, who twenty-five

years later received me into the French Academy, undertook to express the sentiments of the hostess in a quatrain. Blotting pads were then a very recent invention. Until that time, every writing-table was supplied with a wooden bowl of more or less elegance, filled with golden powder or blue sand, with which the writer sprinkled each page before passing to a second. The Duchesse d'Uzès having invited us to dinner, my mother found under her table-napkin a blotting pad which I still use, on the first page of which was written by M. Brifaut in the name of the Duchesse d'Uzés—

> "Aimer est ma coutume, et séduire est la vôtre,
> J'ai toujours de ces dons préféré le premier ;
> Mais, en vous connaissant, je voudrais essayer
> Ou de vous prêter l'un ou de vous ravir l'autre."

The Marquis de Montchenu was present at this dinner, and the guests vied with each other in begging him to recount to them his sojourn at St. Helena, where he had resided as royal commissioner to keep watch over the Emperor. At that period people regarded themselves as free to admire or to render justice to Napoleon, without any hesitation or thought for the future. The Empire was spoken of as a poetic legend of the past. This was the act of an anti-Bonapartist Béranger, but still it was Béranger.

But whilst leading at an early age, at an even too early an age, an over-worldly life, I never lost sight of a career for which I felt great inclination—diplo-

macy. I qualified myself for it under the direction of one of the professors of the school, M. Bugnet; I studied English, German and Italian with additional attention, because my chances had increased through the appointment of the Prince de Polignac to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. My grandmother had been intimate with his mother before the Revolution, and this circumstance secured for me a most encouraging reception.

The Prince de Polignac accepted power with very English notions; he did not consider himself to be at all an absolutist, nor did he wish to be one. His dream was to found a parliamentary aristocracy, and to raise the influence of the peerage, as compared to the Chamber of Deputies. His first appearance at the tribunal was depressingly mediocre. He was absolutely disconcerted by an opposition of which he had not calculated either the extent or the intensity. From that moment he enfolded himself in a mysticism which I shall have an opportunity of alluding to later on. At the same time, he declared himself opposed to all favouritism, particularly in the diplomatic career, for he was very anxious about French greatness and flattered himself that he could raise its external prestige. A school of young diplomatic aspirants was founded in connection with his Ministry, and I received a promise of admission on the first promotion. The pupils were obliged to pass an examination upon all international treaties and upon everything which could be called diplomatic

knowledge. M. Mandaroux-Vertamy, an eminent lawyer and an exceedingly honourable man, a native of Auvergne, like the Prince de Polignac, was the organiser and perhaps the inventor of this new institution. It never had the time to begin working. This was not the only deception of that epoch. The Court, usually very cold and very monotonous, became very animated on the arrival of the King and Queen of Naples, the Duchesse de Berry's parents, who were conducting their daughter, Princess Christine, to Spain, where she was to share the throne of Ferdinand VII. Fresh confirmation of Louis XIV.'s policy was drawn from this marriage, and every one was pleased to witness the brief meeting between the two sisters, to whom everything seemed to promise the highest destinies. The Duchesse de Berry was the most popular person of the Royal Family, and Paris willingly associated itself with this family festival, which was for me the first and last glance at the splendours of the Court. For a moment I found myself close to Charles X. when at the Duc d'Orleans' ball. The old King was walking on the terrace of the new galleries, and I gathered from his gesture towards a brilliantly starlit sky that he was speaking of the favourable circumstances under which our fleet was then sailing towards Algiers.

The first representation of the *Muette de Portici* was given on this occasion. In this piece M. Scribe and M. Auber had apparently only sought for pretexts for Neapolitan costume, scenes, and songs. The

favourite airs from this opera greeted the King and Queen of Naples wherever they appeared, until they served as a provocative and accompaniment to the revolution in Belgium. These contradictory recollections are henceforth so blended in my memory that I have retained an invincible antipathy for the airs of the *Muette*, and it would be impossible for me now to hear this opera again without being reminded of other scenes very different from those passing on the stage.

When the Prince de Polignac's Ministry suddenly appeared in the *Moniteur*, some people were seized with great uneasiness, others with great hope. The deception of the public, at the end of a few weeks, was expressed before me in very just terms by the elderly Princesse de la Tremoïlle. "It seems to me," she said, "that I am invited to a great spectacle, that the curtain rises, but that the actors do not appear." The people who were alarmed and impatient all gradually calmed down; the country returned to its business, the world to its pleasures, and for my part, when I had supplemented my preparatory studies by the spring fêtes of 1830, when the King and Queen of Naples had left Paris for Madrid, I went and joined my father at the baths of Aix, in Savoy, where he was seeking to cure his gout. I saw the Alps for the first time, and explored the surrounding mountains with delight. Amongst other excursions I visited the grotto of Chatelard, which like many other things excites less curiosity by itself than by its difficulty of

access. I often went to contemplate the Cascade de Grésyf, where twenty years before Queen Hortense had seen the Comtesse de Broc, her lady of honour and her friend, disappear. She caused the following inscription to be engraved upon the rock, where it can still be read: "You, who visit this spot, advance cautiously towards the abyss. Think of those who love you!"

We had the good fortune to number M. de Lamartine, who had come to Aix partly for the waters, partly as a tourist, amongst the companions of our sojourn at Aix. With him we crossed the Lac de Bourget to visit the Abbey de Haute-Combe, the burial-place of the Princes of Savoy. Could any one find himself on this lake with M. de Lamartine, on this lake which inspired him with his most beautiful meditations, without asking him to recite some verses? We did not fail to entreat him, but it was in vain; he gracefully but obstinately refused, and during the crossing chiefly occupied himself with a fine greyhound which he has mentioned several times in his works, and which by its movements and its intelligent looks seemed to respond to all the conversation which his master made for him.

The King of Sardinia was then residing for a short time at Chambéry, and had come on the same day to render his pious homage to the Abbey de Haute-Combe. King Charles Felix was elderly, bent, and powdered, and his habits, like those of the Queen, were always very simple. Nothing in his appearance or

in his character could lead any one to foresee the adventurous reign of his successor Charles Albert. We solicited the honour of being introduced to the King and Queen, and it was accorded without any difficulty. They were then out for a walk, and we were conducted into their presence almost without being announced. We found them seated in two large arm-chairs in the midst of a field. The spot was well chosen for the enjoyment of a magnificent panorama; but the Queen was suffering from tooth-ache, and a very modest screen in faded torn paper was placed behind her chair. This apparition of a patriarchal sovereignty is blended in my memory with the sorrowful tidings of the July revolution.

We learnt through the papers the grave events which responded to the promulgation of the Ordinances, for at that season of the year none of our friends inhabited Paris, and the officers of the guard, who were very few, on account of the leave granted for election purposes, found themselves engaged in action, and had neither time nor thought for writing. For my part, I venture to say that my youthful indignation was entirely patriotic. I had enough common sense to understand that King Charles X. had not chosen either the most suitable men for such a contest nor the best means of defence; but nothing would have forced me to admit that the King's abdication was not a sufficient expiation, nor that any social progress could be inaugurated by the proscription of a child, whose education left free scope for

just ideas and legitimate hopes. After an interval of fifty years I am better able to appreciate those opinions which differed from my own, but I still persist in my first judgment. I divide the responsibility of error more equitably between the instigators and the instigated, but I persist in thinking that we all came short in 1830 of a great interest and a great duty: the Right by too much dread of liberty, the Left by failing to restrain their impatience or their passions, and by refusing to secure, at the price of a little patience towards an aged king, the durable and henceforth certain triumph of representative government. This great problem was tossing about, confusedly perhaps, but still fervently in my heart, and I can affirm with the most perfect sincerity that the shipwreck of my personal hopes had nothing to do with the vivacity of my impressions or my regrets. The destiny of my country alarmed me too much for my own future to appear worthy of consideration. I also anticipated at first the possibility of a speedy reaction. I entreated my father to allow me to hasten to Anjou to join there the populations of the West, who were certain to call for and avenge Henri V. My father replied that he would not oppose the accomplishment of such a duty if Charles X. appealed to the fidelity of France, but that I must, until then, rely upon his experience that a serious insurrection did not appear probable, and that he would restrain me by every means in his power from having anything to do with a rising which could serve no good pur-

pose. The more anxious I appeared to return to France the more my father considered it advisable to gain time. He prolonged his system of treatment and returned through Switzerland, but this short delay sufficed to prove to me that the July insurrection had enthroned a government and developed an order of ideas with which I must reckon in quite a different way from what I had at first anticipated. My intelligence felt itself vanquished before my devotion could make itself heard, and from the time that I returned to Paris—my father always keeping me a little separated from the West—I placed myself in active communication with those men who still nourished the hope of a Royalist revenge.

The Marquis de Coislin, an old friend of my family, a Breton by origin and an Angevin by his marriage with Mademoiselle de Colasseau, a peer of France, a general little known in the army but a chivalrous gentleman, much beloved and much listened to in every department of the West, had promised me that nothing should be attempted without my receiving notice at the same time as his sons, who had been my friends from childhood.

In the meantime I devoted myself to a drawing-room war, a war which, in France, frequently precedes more serious conflicts, or consoles those who cannot undertake them. The latter was my case, and my tribute was never lacking for any man or any work of the opposition. I believe, however, that I can honestly declare that I never lost my respect for the

ancient house of France. The insulting language employed at the time always shocked me, and I never used it. The maximum of my protest against Louis Philippe when on the throne was continuing to call him the Duc d'Orleans and his son, the new Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Chartres. The clergy had been requested to chant *Domine, salvum fac Ludovicum Philippum*, which the bad taste of the times first converted into *Philippe-pomme* and afterwards into *Philippe-poire*. Louis Philippe gave pet names to his children, and the Duc de Chartres was therefore impertinently nicknamed *Grand-Poulot*. All these expressions were much used in the drawing-rooms and châteaux where the *Mode* and the *Revenant* indulged sometimes wittily but always very violently in this style of polemic. I should have been much astonished had any one then spoken to me of fusion; but in any case my Royalist instinct alone would have restrained me from these personalities.

Nothing in the world would have induced me to enter an Orleanist drawing-room, but I had a few glimpses of the party on an absolutely neutral ground, the Austrian Embassy.

The Countess Apponyi, née Nogarola, not only possessed exquisite grace of manner, she had in the same degree benevolence of heart. She had, so to speak, three countries: Vienna, her adopted country; Verona, her cradle; Rome, her first home as an ambassadress; and with indefatigable good nature she made herself the elegant commissioner of all three. A trous-

seau, or *corbeille*, were not considered in good taste in two or three capitals unless, if they had come from Paris, they had been inspected and approved by the Countess Apponyi. She had, in fact, a sort of a second mission of her own. I saw her again at an advanced age, passing a few days in Paris on her way to London, where her son was ambassador. Her sitting-room at the hotel, continually filled by the élite of society and by the élite of the Paris tradespeople, presented a unique spectacle. She displayed equal emotion at the remembrance shown by one and the other, received from and addressed to them all affectionate expressions which had nothing trite about them; and when in extreme old age she passed away at Pesth, the same respectful homage and the same universal sympathy accompanied her coffin, even as they had constantly attended her during her life. All the more credit was due to her for the kindness she lavished upon others because her health was very delicate; her great height made her extreme thinness more apparent, and it needed all the distinction of her features, all the soft brilliancy of her eyes to enable her to retain her charm under conditions so unfavourable to any one else. The entertainments at the Austrian Embassy lasted over the winter and were prolonged until the last days of spring; they were exceptionally brilliant and had a distinct character of their own. It was then the only house where all opinions met without coming into collision, so completely did each person feel that any act of bad taste would be both ungrateful and out of place.

The Duc d'Orleans and the Duc de Nemours, both very courteous and very brilliant, were assiduous in their attendance, and the regrettable scenes which sometimes took place at the English Embassy never happened there. The Countess Apponyi was also an admirable musician. No one who has heard her sing Beethoven's *Adelaide*, accompanied by Rossini, could ever forget it. Her son Rudolph Apponyi, brought up in Paris, possessed all the good qualities belonging to such a family and such a school; our mutual affection, commenced before 1830, was never disturbed by any political events nor diminished by any absence. In our youth he had spent some weeks with us in Anjou. He returned there after an interval of forty-seven years, and we flattered ourselves that we should celebrate fifty years of friendship, when his death, as firmly Christian-like as his life had been, separated us for the last time, or rather gave me the signal and the hope of a final and lasting reunion.

Great reverses should at least enlighten those upon whom they fall and draw them together. Exile involves in itself such profound sadness that it ought at least to effect the cessation of hatred and the end of discord as some sort of consolation. However, this is rarely the case, and the little Court of King Charles X. made no exception to the common rule. The King refused to make any armed attempt at a restoration, only building his hopes of a return upon a distant future and upon his grandson.

The Dauphin never emerged from his pious resigna-

tion, but the Duchesse de Berry endeavoured by every means in her power to induce them to listen to other counsels. But even the friends of this princess could not agree between themselves upon the opportune moment, or the choice of the political ideas to which they would do best to attach themselves. Some of them, true to the spirit of the Ordinances and to the tendencies of the "Ultras," as they were then called, considered themselves freed from all obligation towards the Right and the modern liberties which had failed to preserve the inviolability of the throne. Others wished to give a younger programme to the youthful sovereignty of Henri V., and went so far as to inscribe monarchical liberty upon his flag. The former had the Duc des Cars and the Maréchal de Bourmont for leaders. The others went to confide their ideas to M. de Chateaubriand, M. Berryer, and M. Hyde de Neuville, who received them rather with the idea of bringing them to reason than of entering into their plans. The bolder spirits carried the day with the Duchesse de Berry, and the Vendéan expedition was resolved upon, with what results I need not describe. I found myself kept aloof from it, quite contrary to my expectation and wishes. The Marquis de Coislin was one of those who, having accepted a command in the West, disapproved of the hour chosen and predicted a fatal issue. He was one of those who replied to the Duchesse de Berry, "We offer you our own lives, but we cannot lightly dispose of the lives of those who have placed their trust in us. We will not

transmit orders of which we cannot loyally accept the responsibility." The carrying out of the enterprise was then scarcely commenced, except in a few places where devotion had not received any counter-orders, or else, having received them, attributed them to felony and chose to ignore them.

M. de Chateaubriand played an active part as a pacificator in this passing crisis. He has given a detailed account of it in his *Mémoires*, where he brings forward M. Berryer's intrepid intervention, whose great qualities of mind and heart I from that time learnt to appreciate. I was a close witness of the narrow, ungrateful, and sometimes jealous violence, which unceasingly pursued him, even in all the brilliancy of his services, and I swore an attachment to him which has been the torch of my whole political life.

M. Berryer's generous magnanimity equalled all his other qualities. Nothing was more unjust than the expression used in certain Royalist groups, "Berryer is only the barrister of his party." M. Berryer was a Royalist not by profession or by calculation, but in the plenitude of his convictions. He threw into his creed his whole heart and whole reason from the very first. For forty years he was without respite and without reserve the inspiration and the life of the Legitimist party. He would have secured the success and the greatness of the monarchy if God in His impenetrable decree had not condemned the monarchy itself to a fatal blindness. No one knew

better than M. Berryer himself the distrust and calumnies of which he was the object. He was never for a single instant discouraged nor damped by them. And this striking feature of his character was revealed to me as far back as 1832 by unexceptional evidence. When the Duchesse de Berry was arrested at Nantes, in the house of Mademoiselle de Guiny, her correspondence was seized. It was full of outrageous denunciations of M. Berryer, and M. Thiers thought it would be useful to communicate them through an official medium to the man who could not fail to be cruelly wounded by them. M. Berryer took the letters from the hand that presented them, coolly looked through them, and said to the messenger, who probably expected some other answer, "I need not read any more; the men who wrote them are too frank to have hidden their dissent or their blame from me. I must prove to them that they are mistaken, and you may feel sure that I shall not fail to do so!" This was M. Berryer all over. The Duchesse de Berry's expedition in 1832 had the usual fate of all badly-planned designs, and dealt the last blow to the men who were expecting their triumph from it. It was said that in La Vendée the monarchical flag ought to be raised and supported—it was La Vendée which succumbed to the pretensions that had been placarded in its name far more than that they had been planned by that region; for with very few exceptions the judgment of the Vendéan leaders was in conformity with that of the political

and parliamentary Parisians. The country itself was materially modified at the same time that it was vanquished. The government of July could not remain under the dread of an incessant menace, and skilful precautions were taken. The Restoration, which was much less of a party government than it was accused of being, had in La Vendée rather merited the reproach of ingratitude than anything else. Nothing exceptional, nothing even equitable had been accorded to this heroic district. It had not received any favour in the distribution of the State funds, the princes had rarely or very rapidly visited it: its agriculture languished and its means of intercommunication were more neglected, more defective than in any other part of France. The new government saw that it would be dealing a decisive blow at the spirit of insurrection if it opened, so to speak, the departments of the West, and no longer allowed one single point to remain inaccessible to the action of military force. Royal roads, departmental roads, parish roads, were promptly voted and made after strategic plans. Markets and every commercial facility were lavishly granted out of distrust as they had never been by favour. The modern spirit, which formerly had been ineffectually imposed upon La Vendée with iron and fire, had been repulsed by her with unparalleled energy. From 1832 it was offered to her in the form of an increase of well-being and riches. The reception was no longer doubtful; military La Vendée became and remained a magnificent souvenir.

During the Duchesse de Berry's captivity at Blaye, the Royalist society resolved to wear mourning and to deny itself any entertainments. The Faubourg St. Germain, which was then a power, proscribed all balls, and only allowed itself *routs*. The entertainments called by this name were not very favourable to conversation; however, French wit, incapable of idleness, devised the idea of rendering them a means of doing honour to the authors then in fashion. The Vicomtesse de Noailles, who inhabited the Hotel Beauvau, since transformed into the Ministry of the Interior; the Duchesse de Rauzan, daughter of the Duchesse de Duras; the Comtesse de Chastellux, her sister-in-law; the Marquise de la Bourdonnaye, daughter of the general who was deputy of the Morbihan; the Duchesse de Maillé, who gave a real renown to the Château de l'Ormoy, and who played Molière's repertory in a way to make the Théâtre Français turn green with envy — bid against each other for the guests borrowed from Madame Émile de Girardin's salon: Eugène Sue, M. de Balzac, and M. de Sainte-Beuve became the lions of the winter of 1833.

Eugène Sue affected very aristocratic manners; he assumed the most fashionable dress, the most studied attitudes, and no one would have divined, from the diamonds in his ample cuffs, the future author of the "Mysteries of Paris."

M. de Balzac was very heavy, very embarrassed, and but for his intelligent look nothing in his conversation would have indicated his genius with the

pen. One evening the Vicomtesse de Noailles thought that she would show him off by asking him to improvise a story. Every one present hastened to form a silent circle around him; he declined, but no one believed in his modesty, and every one persisted in the request. At last he opened his lips and commenced by describing a desert island, which at the same time he suddenly peopled with a crowd of inhabitants. The listeners exchanged smiles, and, noticing this, he began to laugh good-humouredly and stopped short, the attempt being never recommenced.

M. de Sainte-Beuve displayed little taste for *routs*, preferring afternoon calls, where he could choose his interlocutors more easily and remain master of the conversation. This dull winter was ended by the painful despatches from Blaye, and the following winter the drawing-rooms returned to their usual pleasures, and speedily forgot their temporary guests. Eugène Sue abandoned himself without any transition to a demagogic public and passions; M. de Balzac retained on his palette several of the colours borrowed from the Faubourg St. Germain in 1833; M. de Sainte-Beuve, gladly consenting neither to be classed nor unclassed, remained the unrivalled critic of books and manuscripts, his favourite companions. The salon of Madame Émile de Girardin alone survived all these changes; admission to it was eagerly sought, and it was worthy of its position. It was neutral but not indifferent ground, where poetry and prose, politics and romance, met together and clasped hands.

M. de Girardin, whose character had nothing magnetic about it, was not, however, any such obstacle to success as might since have been imagined. He effaced himself considerably before his wife, and had, also, several natural allies in the aristocratic world. His father, General de Girardin, son or nephew of the Marquis de Girardin d'Ermenonville, was grand-equerry and rather in favour under the Restoration. He squinted shockingly, and once, upon asking the Prince de Talleyrand, "How are affairs going on?" he received this answer: "All crooked, as you see!" General de Girardin, without reflecting upon the responsibility he was incurring, brought up this son under his own name in one of the colleges of Paris. When the young man was old enough to enter the world, the Marquise de Girardin, born Vintimille, repudiated this adoption, which could not possibly be legal and, in order to get out of the difficulty, the General offered the young man a considerable fortune. He replied with stubborn pride: "Your name, or nothing!"

Negotiations were then commenced; several friends, amongst others the Marquis de la Bourdonnaye, interested themselves in this delicate business, and conceived a very affectionate esteem for the youthful Émile. Poverty voluntarily accepted soon became the excuse for a series of bold speculations, which were not always equal in nobility to the original starting-point.

"I am refused a name," said he; "be it so, I shall

find the way to conquer one which will open every door to me!"

He was in this state of fervent illusions when he met Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, and endeavoured to supplant a great number of rivals in her favour. Madame Gay by her opinions belonged to the Royalist society, and had even been intimate with General de Girardin at a former date. When her daughter Delphine displayed the first gleams of her genius, the Court took such warm interest in her that the King and the Dauphin expressed a desire to hear the youthful Sappho, as she was then called. Her success was so complete that the King, contrary to his custom, congratulated her with so much warmth that for a few days people believed there was to be another Maintenon. This whispered report was not of long duration, but Mademoiselle Gay remained the object of much homage, and when M. de Girardin announced his marriage it provoked as much jealousy as surprise in very different spheres. Madame de Girardin's poetry, separated from the fascination of the writer, has lost a great deal of its charm, though several of her small comedies remain masterpieces, and the first rank would still be accorded to her if the brilliancy, the warmth, the natural wit of her conversation could be preserved and transmitted. Royalist society was still deeply moved by the captivity of Blaye, when the Duchesse de Berry's marriage with Count Lucchesi was abruptly and officially announced. Incredulity reigned at first, and the report gave rise to several

challenges; but when doubt became impossible, the irritation in some quarters and the sorrow in others were indescribable. The Royalist party had hitherto been spared any such trial, but they bore it well; and after surviving defeats, spoliation, and scaffolds it withstood a humiliation in some respects more trying, their vigorous constancy receiving no little consolation from a fortuitous circumstance. M. de Chateaubriand, who under the Restoration had fed too freely upon the enjoyment of revenge, felt bound in honour to prove after the revolution of July that he at last raised his soul above all personal feelings. He was faithful through honesty and pride as others were through affection and temperament. A defeated and captive mother re-awakened the faith of his youth, and he uttered before King Louis Philippe, and for King Louis Philippe's own ear, the cry, "Madame, your son is my king!" He made this the title of a touching pamphlet, which was brought before the tribunals and the trial attracted all political and literary Paris when the startling despatch arrived from Blaye.

M. de Chateaubriand's first movement was to refuse to appear; he does not say this in his *Mémoires*, but I had proof of it through an accident which left no room for doubt.

The first President Séguier, to whom I had the honour of being related, was an original personage full of wit. To all the ways of the old Parliament, to all the traditions of the old style, he united very modern opinions and epigrams. His hotel in the Rue

Pavée-Saint-André-des-Arts, at once gave an idea of its master. The first thing which met the eye was a picture representing Chancellor Séguier in full costume and in full state; and under this solemn image of the seventeenth century moved the most animated and militant object of our own epoch, the first President himself. His son, Armand Séguier, resigned himself to the magisterial career during his father's lifetime, and afterwards took up his vocation as savant, which made him one of the most distinguished members of the Institute. His daughter, Irène Séguier, had married Baron de Brandois, a former officer of the guard, very pious and very royalist. I confided my ardent wish to Madame de Brandois, and she obtained a formal promise of a special ticket from her father. A day or two before the date fixed for the trial, she told me, whilst expressing the sadness so generally felt, that her father had just been informed that M. de Chateaubriand had resolved not to appear before the Court. At the same time an exclamation from M. de Chateaubriand was repeated which clearly expressed his first impression: "Do you wish me to appear, in order to hear myself called the *Georges Dandin* of the legitimacy?" And he also allowed a quotation from Molière to escape him which betrayed his irritation still more clearly.

But M. de Chateaubriand was not the only one summoned to appear at the bar. The newspaper *La Mode* was implicated in the same prosecution. M. Alfred du Fougerais, a young and very distinguished barrister,

was to defend Vicomte Walsh, the manager and chief editor of *La Mode.* A rumour was also whispered of M. Berryer's intervention, and this sufficed to make me deeply regret the tickets that Madame de Brandois had given back. I confided my disappointment to a member of the bar, since appointed to the magistracy, Alphonse de Baillehâche, who advised me to borrow a barrister's robe, and facilitated the accomplishment of this petty offence by giving me his arm as I entered the court and making me sit next to him.

M. de Chateaubriand appeared and M. Berryer pleaded. M. de Chateaubriand has done himself a great injustice in his *Mémoires* by the way in which he has abridged his account of this trial. He only speaks of himself and of the Attorney-General Persil; what he says is quite correct, but then, it is not all. He does not pay sufficient homage to M. du Fougerais and, by an inexplicable omission, passes over M. Berryer's speech in absolute silence, although on that day he won one of his most splendid triumphs. The *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* are perfectly veracious in representing the Attorney-General as embarrassed, fatiguing and insulting, without being vehement. "You come here to gain popularity," cried he, "but you are careful not to show yourselves to the people, for they would tear you to pieces." M. Berryer, who had been retained for the defence, rose leisurely, like a man who wished to restrain and overrule his first emotion, and fixed his eyes upon M. Persil with an expression of even more sorrow than indignation; he

replied in a tone that can never be either forgotten or described, "Did I hear correctly? What! I am in the Palace of Saint Louis, himself called the great justiciary of his kingdom. We have, you assert, advanced from century to century in the path of justice and liberty, and to-day, when men of conviction and honour are brought before you, you, a magistrate, rise up and say to them, 'Descend into the street; you will find assassins there who will answer you.'" Nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the audience at these words; he never cooled during the remainder of the speech, which continually reached the same height and was crowned by a verdict of acquittal.

As soon as the acquittal was known the crowd made a rush toward M. de Chateaubriand and M. Berryer. One of the first at the head of this throng, I had the pleasure of finding M. de Chateaubriand clinging to my arm to avoid being thrown down, receiving this ovation with unfeigned simplicity and an evident wish to escape it. "I don't like this crush, I don't like this crush," he said, without knowing me, as soon as he could breathe a little. "I must beg you, sir, to lead me quickly to my carriage." I therefore aided him to elbow his way through the crowd; but on reaching the steps he was greeted by acclamations still more numerous and above all still more noisy. "Long live M. de Chateaubriand! Long live the liberty of the press!" cried the people with frenzy. When I had succeeded in hoisting him into his carriage they wished to unharness the horses, to draw

it themselves, but M. de Chateaubriand, with his head out of window, cried in a supplicating voice, "Don't do anything of the kind! you don't know where I live! It's very far away, very far away; it's impossible!" At last his coachman obeying his orders started at a rapid trot towards the house of retreat of Marie Thérèse, followed during some minutes by a demonstration, the object of which had certainly not promoted it. The carriage disappeared in the distance and as my small share in the triumph was over, I started for home, my heart and mind quite full of all that I had heard and seen. I was, in fact, so full of it all that I forgot to return the barrister's robe which I was wearing. I followed the *quai*, and I do not know when I should have found out my absence of mind if I had not been recognised and warned by Alexis de Pomereu, who was also leaving the court. But I retained not only the robe that I had usurped but I had also a large portfolio under my arm which belonged to M. de Chateaubriand and contained his papers concerning the trial. Unable to run after him, I went to the Marie Thérèse hospice the same evening, carrying the precious portfolio with me. My name, when announced by the servant, was quite unknown to M. de Chateaubriand, but as soon as he recognised me he warmly held out both hands, crying "Madame de Chateaubriand, here is the young barrister of whom I spoke just now and who rendered me such great service in the crowd." Madame de Chateau-

briand also made much of me, and from that day I was received by them both with a kindness which never diminished.

M. de Chateaubriand went to no expense in his receptions, but he was simple and genial. His affectionate politeness gave a value to the few words he uttered. He loved and encouraged youth, and seemed happy in his ardent sympathies, never affecting either showy attitudes or speeches. He never asked a question, but when anybody put one to him he answered politely and relapsed into silence. The subjects of conversation appeared indifferent to him. I have heard him discuss the various pastrycooks of Paris and the varieties of small cakes for half an hour, in order to please a companion who was very learned on the subject.

It was always Madame de Chateaubriand who introduced or aroused the piquant element in the conversation. She said to me one day, "M. de Chateaubriand is so stupid that, if I were not there, he would never speak evil of any one." She was delicate and rather reclined than sat in a very deep arm-chair, which she shared with a magnificent Angora cat which had been given to her by Leo XII., during the embassy at Rome, and which sometimes lifted its head above its mistress's shoulders and sometimes lay upon her knees. She was certainly not inimical to goodness, as she sometimes liked to make it appear. Still, it is easy to conceive that she did not have a soothing and pacifying influence upon

her husband's mind, which was all the more irritable because his irritability was so much concentrated. Madame de Chateaubriand's sincere piety had no scruples in this respect, because it was not for herself, but for M. de Chateaubriand that she roused herself, whether in good or evil fortune, in power or in disgrace. Her mind, always very active, was sometimes very brilliant, and most of her words struck home, while there can be no doubt that if she had employed, in order to soothe M. de Chateaubriand, the same energy which she used to avenge him, she would have rendered great service to France, to him, and to the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe.*

The reprisals against the Duchesse de Berry's expedition were much more active and much more durable in the provinces than in Paris. I was struck by this when I revisited Anjou; several of my neighbours had been obliged to expatriate themselves, having been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment *in contumaciam.* The smallest villages received a garrison. Bourg d'Iré also received one, which was installed in the Château de la Bigeottière, the former home of the Montmorencys, where the Comtesse de Laval received her cousin Fénelon. At Noyant M. de Candé's château was thought vast enough to be converted into barracks, but in order to overcome the resistance of the owner it was necessary to subject him to a siege. When M. de Candé was informed that a detachment of infantry would be sent to him, he sent for two slaters and ordered them to go up to

the top of the château and take the tiles off at once. The soldiers forced the men to discontinue their work, by firing at them. M. de Candé then had recourse to another expedient; he replaced the intimidated slaters by masons, and every door which could put him into communication with his garrison was walled up, as well as most of the windows. However his natural kindliness soon got the better of him, he gradually entered into conversation with the officers and soldiers when he met them outside the château, passed fruit and game to them over the improvised barriers which represented his protests, and when the hour of pacification sounded their parting was that of true friends.

General Clouet, formerly General de Bourmont's aide-de-camp at Waterloo, and still under his orders in the rising of 1832, remained hidden in a farm in Brittany.

He was a very tall powerful-looking man, and to render his disguise more complete he took an active share in the work of the farm. His fellow-labourers became intimate with him, and one of them confided to him one day his great distress because he could not marry the girl he loved for want of a dowry.

"Your confidence touches me deeply," replied General Clouet, "and I am going to prove it to you. I am condemned to death for having fired on the blues. A sum of money is promised to whoever will give me up. I give you my secret; you can now make your fortune and marry whom you like."

The young man leant upon his spade and looking

steadily at him said, "Sir, one sleeps longer than one lives, and I would not give my share of Paradise for the largest fortune in the world!"

They both resumed their work, and the story did not come from General Clouet.

I had myself personal knowledge of an admirable type of man, the last vestige of the vanished past. Father Guinehut, still wearing the round hat, the long hair, the short breeches, and high gaiters of the first companions of Bonchamps, came to visit Madame de la Paumelière, his old acquaintance, or rather his old friend. The following are, without any alteration or comments, the words in which the veteran of the first risings of the West replied to our eager questions:—

"Every one was reliable and faithful at the Chaperonnière. I could answer for my servants as for my own children, and M. de Cathelineau would not have perished had he not in his kindness resolved to save my life. The Marquis de Civrac, M. de Cathelineau, and M. Moricet had, at the Chaperonnière a hiding-place which had saved many priests in the old times without ever being discovered. These gentlemen were at table with us, when one of my sons, who was on the watch during the meal, ran in, saying, 'Here are the blues!' The three gentlemen at once rushed into their retreat, and a detachment of soldiers who were patrolling the country followed closely upon their heels. 'Look here, Father Guinehut,' said the officer, addressing me, 'you are an honest man. You

do not wish this war to go on without rhyme or reason, own frankly that you have given refuge to several of the former chiefs.' 'If you believe that they are in my house you have only to look for them;' for I wished neither to betray them nor tell a lie. With this answer they were about to retire, when a soldier caught sight of the *Quotidienne*, which M. de Civrac had forgotten in a corner. 'Ah! ah! Father Guinehut, this tells more than you will!' 'What, sir! a newspaper; is it not a liberal one? Cannot I have a newspaper like every one else?' 'Ah! it's your paper; very well, read it to us then.' And as I did not know how to read I was much confused. They then commenced to hunt all over the house, forcing me to walk before them to open the doors. When we entered the hayloft I at once noticed a bit of straw, that had been caught in the trap-door of the hiding-place, and was sticking out of it. I went over to that side of the room, and with an indifferent air placed my foot upon the straw. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'all is well.' But the officer, getting angry because nothing was found, said to me in a rage, 'Now, you old Chouan, this comedy has lasted long enough. Show us your hiding-place; if not we will shoot you, set fire to your hayloft, and in a few hours there will be nothing left of you or your farm.' At this threat I was a good deal troubled. I said to myself, 'The farm is not mine, have I any right to allow it to be burnt if I can help it?' but I answered the question myself by saying, 'My master is a

Royalist; if he were here he would do as I am doing. Besides, when they have killed me, that will satisfy them, and then perhaps they will not set fire to the house.' I then said to them, 'Sirs, you are masters here, shoot me when you please.' They then made me fall upon my knees, put the muzzle of the gun to my mouth, and broke the tooth which is missing just here. But this all took place within a few steps of the hiding-place; the gentlemen heard it all, and unfortunately they determined to sacrifice their lives to save mine. They raised the trap, crying, 'Don't fire! don't fire!' and they all three appeared before the astonished soldiers. 'Fire on the Chouans!' commanded the officer, but the soldiers not obeying him at once, he snatched a gun from their hands and fired upon the nearest of the gentlemen, who fell dead. This was M. de Cathelineau. A cry of horror escaped from the soldiers. M. de Civrac and M. Moricet were taken prisoners."

Through respect for the French army I shall leave the name of the officer in oblivion. I will only add that he was expelled from his regiment, and died soon after his shameful exploit.

This painful state of the country found a faithful echo in my heart. Nothing was more agreeable to me than to seek out and to soothe, since I could not do more, the misery inevitably produced by this crisis, for many of the peasants had been compromised by their own attitude or that of their children. The language of the Craonnais people has always been

very dignified, for it has always been very Christian. I asked a farmer one day, a métayer, as we called those who give half of the crops to the owner instead of paying rent, how his family had fared during my absence. "Ah, sir," he replied, simply raising his eyes to heaven, "God has gone shares with me like my master; I had six children, he has taken three."

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

1834—1835.

Unable henceforth to study Europe as a diplomatist, I resolved at all events to visit it as a tourist. I also determined at the same time that I would pay my respects to the exiled royal family and thus judge for myself, so far as the opportunity was granted to me, what might be anticipated from the Duc de Bordeaux's natural qualities and education. I passed, almost without stopping, through Belgium and Holland, went up the Rhine as far as Mayence, and reached Prague by way of Frankfort.

The capital of Bohemia cannot fail to strike the eye and arrest the attention with its magnificent panoramas, ancient monuments, historical souvenirs, libraries, its statue of Saint Nepouski upon the Moldau, and the Wallenstein Palace.

All this was part of my programme, but my first thoughts were for the Hradschin Palace, in which the House of France was receiving hospitality. How my heart beat as I crossed the threshold and mounted the empty staircase guarded by two Austrian sentinels.

The Hradschin is an immense edifice, maintained with the habitual simplicity of the Austrian Court, and reserved by the imperial family for its visits to Bohemia. ' King Charles X., the Dauphin, the Dauphine, the Duc de Bordeaux, Mademoiselle, and their few courtiers seemed almost lost in the innumerable passages of this vast palace, rarely inhabited and very barely furnished. However, in the evening the King's drawing-room, where every one assembled, assumed a thoroughly French aspect. The old monarch retained his serene affability; one felt that the misfortunes which had befallen him had not altered him in any way, and that he thought that no one could have done better nor acted differently. He saw Frenchmen with pleasure, but without emotion, and it was hard to say whether we were contemplating an admirable example of religious resignation or a character a little too much disposed to indifference. The Dauphin was taciturn and sad; one could see that behind the natural respect which he paid his father there were signs of painful struggles and anguish.

The Dauphine without comparison was the one who had most to complain of from our country, and she was also without comparison the one who loved it the most. Her questions and answers always referred to our country, and she pronounced the name of France with an indefinable accent. Her eyes, always red, would at times be suddenly lowered over her wool-work, and her voice, naturally loud and almost rough, would die away in an unfinished phrase, while

tears which she would not allow to fall filled her eyes. As to a complaint, as to a bitter word on any subject, never! Her head was never quite raised, her face never quite illumined by a ray of light except when she spoke of the children. By this name she referred to her nephew and niece, who on their side displayed a filial tenderness towards her. Every evening the King played whist with Cardinal de Latil, the Duc de Blacas, and Prince Louis de Rohan, who had settled in Bohemia since the July Revolution. If necessary, the Dauphin took the place of any one absent, but when free he preferred playing chess.

Charles X. was a bad player and frequently lost his temper; but his partners were used to him and did not mind. More than once I heard the Duc de Blacas reply coldly, "When the trick is ended your Majesty will see whether you are right." The Dauphine occupied herself with all the persons assembled in the drawing-room, made the young princes give an account of their studies, and visibly exerted herself to show them off before strangers. When the children had retired she loved to talk about them. The King ended his whist about ten o'clock and graciously dismissed his guests with a few words, every one rose, the Dauphin left his game of chess unfinished, and the Dauphine folded up her needlework. This was called etiquette at Hradschin; it might also be called innate respect, a respect without effort and without reserve.

On Sunday I had the honour of being invited to the King's Mass. The cathedral is much older than the palace. After passing through the long wings of the château I reached a spacious pew facing the high altar, and took a seat behind the royal family. I can assert that in this small group the prayer for the King was the prayer for France; no one would have even conceived the idea that these two interests could be separated.

On the morrow, I witnessed an unusual excitement in this rarely excited colony. Charles X. announced his intention of inviting two Jesuit fathers to assist Baron de Damas in the Duc de Bordeaux's education, and this news produced a storm. M. de Damas, who had proposed the arrangement, defended it with calm obstinacy. M. Barande, a very distinguished pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique specially entrusted with the Duc de Bordeaux's scientific education, took an opposite view, and so did M. de la Villatte, formerly an officer of the royal guard, who, through loyal devotion and a wish to preserve an unbroken watch over the life of his young prince, had accepted the title of First Groom of the Chambers. This position, relatively inferior, did not detract anything from his purely military dignity. The Duchesse de Goutaut, having said to him before me with reference to some topic or other, "You may feel sure, Monsieur de Villatte, that I have a great esteem for you," he replied, "Parbleu, duchess, I should think so!" The former governess to the royal children, who was

still governess to Mademoiselle, loudly expressed her alarm at the King's new resolution and did not scruple to appeal to every French person who came to Prague. The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, in attendance on the Dauphin, whose son, Agénor de Gramont, was brought up with the Duc de Bordeaux, also opposed the project. The Dauphine was silent, at least in public, but the opinions of her *entourage* were divided. The Vicomtesse d'Agoult and the Comte de Bouillé agreed with the Baron de Damas. The Comtesse de Bouillé and Abbé de Moligny, the King's almoner, were supposed to hold a different opinion, and at all events refused to express any ostensible approval. The King himself never alluded to it, nor did he allow any one else to speak of it in his drawing-room. One day, however, I heard him say to Prince Louis de Rohan, whom he had drawn on one side, "Reassure yourself, reassure yourself. When God recalls my grandson to France the French people will not split hairs with him to see if a Jesuit is concealed inside one of them!"

In spite of his unalterable confidence in the decrees of Providence respecting his race, the resistance or the silence of the small Court at Hradschin at last troubled the King. The Duc de Bordeaux had nearly attained his fourteenth year, which was to be his year of majority, and the Royalist party were preparing to celebrate this event. Some only sought in it an opportunity for a demonstration; others wished to make it mark still more distinctly

the abdication of Charles X. and his son; others, again, wished to prove that the Prince having nominally terminated his education, the presence of the Jesuits would be superfluous. M. de Chateaubriand, who took an active part in these questions, refers to them in his *Mémoires*. For my part I only heard what was generally discussed, and knew nothing of what passed in secret conclave.

However, the demonstrations in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux's emancipation becoming more marked, the King suddenly resolved to free himself from them by taking his grandson to Buschtiehrad, a dilapidated and dull residence ten or fifteen miles from Prague. At the same time the Dauphine left for the Carlsbad baths. All receptions were suspended at Buschtiehrad, and I only had the honour of being admitted to take my leave. I have found an account of it in one of my letters to M. Brifaut, letters which he had the kindness to preserve and which have been restored to me by his heirs. After describing the Duc de Bordeaux's appearance, the gentle beauty of his looks, the sound of his voice, the charm of his natural vivacious manner, I added: "One cannot lavish too much praise upon the care with which he has been brought up, and all that is needed to make this education produce its full fruits is the influence of a distinguished tutor. He is a diamond in the rough!" The Duc de Bordeaux lunched at noon, and my audience was fixed rather before that hour.

"You have come from Prague," he said to me,

"and must be hungry, so you shall lunch with me, or else I shall be deprived of one half of your visit, which I do not wish to be!" He then took my arm and led me to his little dining-room, making me sit down by his side: "As you are going to see my aunt at Carlsbad, on your way to Vienna," he continued, "you can tell her that you left me quite well, but that I miss her a great deal. I have made a sketch of the house she is living in, which I will show to you that you may recognise it as soon as you arrive."

Some allusion was made to Auvergne. "That is a country where Monseigneur has many friends," I observed.

"There is a very good specimen of them," the Prince rejoined, pointing to M. de la Villatte.

After luncheon a bunch of lilies of the valley was brought to him, and I made some remark upon the white and green, which were then the Royalist colours.

"Well, I decorate you with my order," he replied, and he took a few sprays from his bouquet and placed them in my button-hole. A little later I was present at the riding lesson, and towards four o'clock in the afternoon, I returned to Prague, my heart full of emotion and hope.

At Carlsbad I received the Dauphine's commissions for Vienna, not without being questioned at some length about my visit to Buschtiehrad.

At Vienna my first visit was to M. de Montbel,

the ambassador *in partibus* of the exiled monarch. An intelligent faithful servant, he had precisely the one merit most pleasing to princes, a superficial aptitude, which was nevertheless sufficiently general to apply itself a little to everything, and to solve small difficulties in such a way as to lead any one to suppose that he could also solve great ones. His varied knowledge placed him in a position to keep up a conversation, when those greater than himself were glad to be silent or to avoid some embarrassment. Incapable of anything like mean or dishonest servility, docility came easy to him; he practised it as a duty, and did not seek either in his conduct or in his judgments for an independence which princes do not like and which true courtiers never allow themselves. During the eleven months of the Polignac Ministry he had been entrusted with three different portfolios in succession, that of Public Instruction, that of the Interior and that of Finance, and he had not been either very much above or below the average in any of these three posts.

When I arrived he had just published a *Life of the Duc de Reichstadt*, a singular subject for such a sincerely Royalist pen, but to which he devoted himself unhesitatingly because he believed he could find two advantages to his cause in it—first, that of displaying its generosity, and secondly that of proving what entire faith might be reposed in the future of the monarchy freed from all fear of a Bonapartist resurrection.

M. de Montbel was good enough to welcome me most cordially, and with affectionate solicitude gave me very useful advice as to my sojourn in Vienna, interspersing his hints with many amusing local anecdotes. His devotion was as disinterested as it was loyal, for, not receiving any salary, he lived in a modest apartment on the third floor, looking over the small Hohenmarch Platz. One day when he had several visitors in his drawing-room, he drew me to the bow window to say a few confidential words, and, whilst listening to him, I watched the people passing through the square. M. de Montbel noticed this, and stopping in his conversation said, "Do you see, among all these people on the move, those two men, of whom one is standing quite still, whilst the other is speaking. You may be sure that they are two Germans, of whom one is waiting for the verb." This expression struck me as a shrewd description of Germany and the Germans. Their language is a reflection of their character, and their habits are a reflection of their language. Fénelon, alluding to and perhaps satirising to some extent the methodical regularity of the French language, thus analysed it: "One always finds first a nominative substantive, leading its adjective, as it were, by the hand. Its verb is never far behind, followed by an adverb." In German the opposite course is followed, the verb always comes at the end of the sentence, and the necessity of waiting for it of itself prevents any precipitation or mutual interruptions, for one cannot

guess the thoughts of the interlocutor from his first words, as in French. M. de Montbel's witty observation thus warned me, from my first appearance in Germany, of the care with which I must guard myself from the vivacity and volubility natural to my fellow-countrymen.

I was also introduced to Viennese society by my uncles, the MM. de Bombelles, and by the Apponyis, who were then on leave in Vienna. My ambition was to be introduced to Prince Metternich, and I was much surprised when I first saw him, to find how different he was from what I had always fancied. Having always heard him spoken of in Paris as the supreme representative of retrograde ideas, I had credited him with a face and figure to match. I fancied him as wearing short breeches, his hair powdered in a pigtail, like the portraits of Frederick the Great. Prince Metternich was on the contrary one of the handsomest and most elegant men of his time. He still retained all the deference for fashion which is compatible with the gravity which was the distinctive mark of his character, as of his conversation. He always spent the summer at Hitzing, a small village between Schœnbrunn and Vienna, where he led a very simple life in a country house of equal simplicity. He only received here his family and most intimate friends, and when invited to dinner there I had the good fortune to be seated close to the Prince himself at table. His appetite was prodigious, and he disposed of immense slices of rye bread during

the meal. M. de Metternich very amiably suited his conversation to my age, and spoke to me of his own youthful recollections with much spirit and *bonhomie*. Silvio Pellico's *Prisons* had just appeared, and made a great stir in Europe. I did not dare allude to it, but the Prince spoke of it first. He placed himself upon the defensive, without any bitterness: "It is not all false," he said, "but it is all exaggerated, and I will give free permission to any one to visit the dungeons of Venice and Spielberg." All I said in reply was to speak highly of Silvio whose volume I had devoured.

"Signor Pellico may be an honest man," he replied, "but what he asked us to do was to give up Italy. Could I propose this to the Emperor in order to please a few men who would certainly not have enriched Italy as we enrich it every day?"

I was unable to discuss such a subject freely with a personage like Prince Metternich, and I must also own that apart from the sincere emotion which the sufferings of Silvio Pellico and of Maroncelli had excited, the cause of young Italy did not appear to me in a very favourable light, and I only saw in these abortive plots the revolutionary struggle of the carbonari against the old European order and against the Church.

The Princess Metternich, née Comtesse Zichy, was the third wife of the great Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. He had first married an Austrian, then an Englishwoman whom he met in Italy, and lastly this

young daughter of a great Hungarian house, who perhaps justified the union more through the brilliancy of her beauty than through the diplomatic assistance which she could lend to him in his public capacity. Her sister, the Princess Odescalchi, also lived at Hitzing. She was not nearly so beautiful as the Princess Metternich, but Viennese society usually credited her with mental superiority. Two daughters of the Prince de Ligne, the Countess Palffy and the Baroness von Spiegel, were also numbered amongst the residents at Hitzing. For me, all these people were great evocations of the past, and I contemplated rather than looked at them. But I lost one of my favourite illusions, which was the conviction that the sovereign houses and aristocracies of Europe were profoundly legitimist. Nothing could be further from the reality. My first disenchantment in this respect took place in a journey between Prague and Vienna, when travelling with young Count Kalckreuth, son or grandson of the field-marshal of that name, who had played an important part at the head of the Prussian armies opposed to Napoleon. But while I had my doubts about Prussia, Austria was, I had fancied, above suspicion. Not only were the freest expressions used about Charles X., the Ordinances, and the July revolution in the Viennese drawing-rooms, but I was able to discover, without the least effort of sagacity on my part, that the sovereigns and Courts of Europe had brought back from Paris in 1814 and 1815 susceptibilities and jealousies which neither the mutual interest nor common mis-

fortunes of sovereigns had dispelled. The fact of Louis XVIII., when at the Tuileries, having to pass before all the foreign kings in order to reach his own table remained an indelible grievance. This recollection, which embodied many others, struck me from the very day of my entrance into Austrian drawing-rooms. I could see at the same time that the regret felt for the Duc de Reichstadt was not due solely to the melancholy destiny of the young Prince. A pacific Napoleon, who would put the Austrian system into force in France, was an ideal about which no great secret was made.

The only salon in which I found pure French royalism was that of the Countess Batthyanyi. The mistress of the house had but a flicker of life sustained through the most devoted care. Not only did she never leave the house, but her guests were only admitted to her presence after having passed through three drawing-rooms, to make sure that they would not bring in any of the exterior air with them. Countess Batthyanyi had married a second husband, who was a Piedmontese, Count de Villette, but she never bore his name, because the marriage, if officially announced, would have deprived her of a considerable dowry. The concealment was not, however, made with intent to deceive any one, and the Batthyanyi family acquiesced in it, with full knowledge of its reason. Countess Batthyanyi had with her a niece, the Countess Nina Gygrai, a remarkably interesting and distinguished young person. Her special mission was to detain

visitors in one of the two first drawing-rooms, and not to allow them to approach her aunt until they had been well impregnated with the atmosphere rigorously prescribed by the doctors. Count de Villette also occasionally played the sentinel, but with many gay jokes. I heard him say to his wife one day, "Take care, my dear, our neighbour is opening his window," and he showed her through the double casements of the drawing-room a window being opened on the opposite side of the street. An intimate friend of "the Batthyanyi," as they called her in Vienna, was a Landgravine of Furstenburg. She was eighty-two years of age, and still wore a kind of hoop-petticoat and high-heeled shoes, an instance of the old régime surviving intact.

The surest means which young people have of pleasing the old is to show them attention; for my own part this attention never cost me an effort; I found in it a pleasure and a study; I listened to these representatives of bygone times as though I were turning over the pages of a book. At an early age I formulated a maxim for myself which I recommend to my young readers, if I should have any: "Qui s'ennuie s'accuse" ("To bore oneself is to accuse oneself"); and long experience has proved to me that the maxim is a just one. There is not a single person from whom one may not derive some profit, without any skill except that of kindliness or curiosity, and I can assert that, thanks to this simple receipt, I have never bored myself. With the Countess Batthyanyi

and the Landgravine of Furstenburg my method needed no effort of my own to make it work, for I had in them a treasure-house of curious recollections. I soon owed them more than passing enjoyment, for to them is due one of the most profound and most salutary impressions of my youth.

Countess Batthyanyi had been intimate with the Comte de Maistre, and I was in the full tide of enthusiasm for the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*. I first of all obtained some echoes of this celebrated talker, after which I was shown several of his letters, religiously preserved, and lastly I was allowed to read the funeral oration of Eugène Costa, then unknown in France. This description of an accomplished young man attracted me as a model example, and I begged Countess Batthyanyi to allow me to copy the precious manuscript, in order that I might make it my perpetual guide. My emotion, my promise to copy it all at once without losing a minute, all was in vain. "I have never been separated from this manuscript," she replied obstinately. "I could never expose myself to the inconsolable grief of losing it through some unforeseen accident." However, my passionate desire touched the Comte de Maistre's friend, and at last she said to me, "Well, copy it here in my presence!" I joyfully agreed, and during a whole week I went and passed an hour at the foot of her sofa until my copy was completed. From that day Eugène Costa became my friend, my guide, and my second elder brother, and I cannot find in my youth a single

worthy impulse or salutary resolve which he must not have the credit for. I owe him still more. To my love for the Comte de Maistre, to my worship for Eugène Costa, is due the place that was soon after accorded me in Madame Swetchine's maternal affection. I cannot therefore quit the Countess Batthyanyi without completing the sketch of her household.

It had been already remarked during my sojourn at Vienna that the quarantine exacted in the first drawing-rooms was prolonged beyond the usual time when M. de Montbel found himself alone with the Countess Nina Gygrai, and a reciprocal inclination was speedily foreseen.

M. de Montbel had several children, the eldest of whom was already serving in an Austrian regiment, but the young Hungarian, brought up by elderly people who made life very pleasant to her was easily touched by M. de Montbel's noble qualities and did not refuse her consent.

At the moment of the nuptial benediction being given, every one present was much astonished, when M. de Montbel, kneeling at the foot of the altar, rose, turned towards his bride and solemnly exclaimed, "Nina, swear to me that you will love me eternally!" He received no answer and knelt down again, but when this strange incident was related to Countess Batthyanyi she appeared much disturbed by it. "Bah! bah!" said the Count de Villette, "do not trouble yourself about it. These old Frenchmen have ideas of gallantry that would never enter any other man's

head." This explanation was accepted or apparently accepted, and the newly married couple prepared for their departure for Prague, where Madame de Montbel was to be presented to the exiled Court. Her terror was indescribable when, half way on the road, she saw her husband open a portfolio, draw from it some letters which the imperial family and Prince Metternich had confided to him for the Royal family, break the seals and read them with feverish agitation, broken by incoherent words. Madame de Montbel could no longer blind herself to the sad truth. She was taking back a man stricken by mental derangement to a Court where she herself was unknown.

The Dauphine, who was the first to be informed of this terrible situation, at once displayed the most touching kindness towards the unfortunate young wife; she undertook to give the opened letters to the King, and behaved like a mother to the poor girl who had then no other protection. The King's doctor soon expressed himself sanguine that it was only a passing attack, and as a matter of fact assiduous care and delicate sympathy so far restored M. de Montbel to health that, after a few months he regained for the rest of his life his natural state. Madame de Montbel did not so easily recover from the frightful shock, and she passed away soon after, gently, angelically, as she had lived. M. de Montbel was married a third time to the daughter of M. de Montaignac. She had assisted in the education of Mademoiselle.

I reached Italy by way of Gratz and Trieste.

Venice had been too much praised to me, some representing it as a sudden apparition from the bosom of the ocean, others as an immense shipwreck, miraculously upheld in the water. I arrived there by sea, and the city appeared to me without relief, as though standing upon a mound, of which it apparently formed part. On leaving the steamer, I found all the hotels crowded, and my guide, going to the nearest in order to get rid of my heavy luggage, took me on foot through the Queen of the Sea. I followed him for three-quarters of an hour without catching sight of either water or boat. This proved to me what all sensational accounts disguise, viz., that Venice could be traversed in every direction through streets which only differ from our own by their narrow depressing similarity.

Once settled in my hotel, I instantly sent for a gondola, and from that moment I was enchanted. I went over all those palaces so full of poetry by their architecture, by the display of every art, by their great names, and still majestic in their mourning. I then went and sat in the square of Saint Mark to read the Italian and French papers, and the first news I read in one of the Italian sheets was that M. de Chateaubriand was in Venice. To procure his address and hasten to him was the work of an instant.

M. de Chateaubriand received me with his usual kindness. The Duchesse de Berry, transferred from Blaye to Naples, had summoned him to Venice to

accompany her to Prague; he had been waiting for her some days. The following morning I found him impatient and morose, he had received painful letters from Paris and little encouragement in the advices from Prague. The Princess had not given any sign of life. He did not conceal his anxiety, and asked me to come and see him again towards the close of the day. When evening came he asked me if I would consent to sacrifice my sojourn in Venice to him, and upon my eager acquiescence he begged me to go by the shortest road to the Duchesse de Berry—who, there was reason to suppose, was then at Florence or Ferrara—and to tell the Princess that he found it impossible to wait for her indefinitely. I went at once to Ferrara, and from my first inquiries learnt that the Princess had arrived there on the preceding evening. She had taken care to send a messenger to M. de Chateaubriand, who would no doubt arrive very shortly.

It was evident that embassies were not my strong point. I had the consolation of visiting Tasso's prison with the captive from Blaye and the author of the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. The account and the results of this voyage may be read in the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*.

My mother and brother had preceded me to Florence, where I soon rejoined them. After devoting a fortnight to Tuscany, we arrived in Rome at the commencement of October, that is to say at the time when the last splendours of nature and innumerable

pilgrimages presented Rome under her most favourable aspect. Every morning a sun which had lost nothing of its brilliancy shone upon numerous groups of peasants from the mountain, who came in families to accomplish their devotions in the Eternal City; they filled the streets with their picturesque costumes, halted before the Madonnas, sang in chorus hymns accompanied by rustic instruments, went in crowds to the Villa Borghese, and there danced their salterellas in the midst of a circle of foreigners and Romans, from which neither priests nor monks were absent, thus preserving in these pleasures, at once popular and pious, the serious character which at that date distinguished everything in Rome without exception.

Gregory XVI., the last Pope who received and transmitted intact the temporal inheritance of the Sovereign Pontiffs, had been on the throne for a few years. A Camaldulite, he retained under the tiara the costume, simplicity, and austerity of the cloister. His features were commonplace, but his expression was benevolent and shrewd; etiquette reigned in his antechamber but disappeared in his presence, and when kneeling before this old man one felt oneself rather at the feet of a father than of a sovereign. The welfare of foreigners in his States preoccupied him a great deal; he carefully enquired after them, and even asked about their amusements, particularly about music, of which he spoke as a connoisseur. An expression of his was quoted which well describes the Rome of that time and her charm. At farewell

audiences he usually asked: "How long have you been in Rome?" If the reply were, "A month or six weeks," he said "*Adieu;*" but if it were "Six months," he said "*Au revoir!*" thus marking the true character of Rome, for her greatest attractions cannot be enjoyed at the first glance, nor in a single day.

At our last audience we presented him with so large a basket of rosaries, which we wanted him to bless, that he exclaimed with a laugh, "Good gracious! how did you get that here?" We replied that our servants had carried it to the entrance of his apartment. "Are they also from your good Vendée?" he asked; "then you must call them in; I should like to bless them as well as you." He then sent for them, questioned the man and his wife with great affability, without appearing to think that he was setting the example of an equality of which Christianity was the first revelation, and is still the sole example.

Rome being the most illustrious theatre of all ages, one cannot visit it without the aid of the historians of every century. Tacitus, Livy, Sallust, Muratori, Botta, Sismondi, Ampère, and all the annalists of the Papacy, become there the traveller's handbooks. Nothing can be neglected, not one step is without interest, everything should be examined upon, above, and below the ground. From the height of Saint Peter's dome to the depths of the catacombs all is enjoyment and instruction.

At that date, Roman society, like the Pontifical Court, still retained unbroken its traditional character: magnificent architectural proportions for its palaces, in their interior great wealth of pictures, statues, medallions, very little furniture, and a negligence, often carried to extremes, with respect to all that concerns what we now call comfort; while the lack of proper superintendence often went so far that the most magnificent staircase was not so clean as the street, because it was treated with less ceremony.

The principal Roman house, and the one most open to foreigners, was then the Massimo Palace. The Princess Massimo was a Princess Christina of Saxony, and Prince Massimo, when a foreigner asked him if he were quite certain that his family descended from Fabius Maximus, would wittingly answer: "I cannot really tell you, but it has been said so for the last two thousand years." Visitors only reached the master and mistress of the house after passing through a suite of drawing-rooms, scarcely lighted, with a single lamp in each; and the semi-darkness of this long approach reminded one of the severity of an ancient feudal possession where there is no need to make any display.

The Under Secretary of State was Cardinal Bernetti, very Austrian in his policy, very French in his conversation, very Italian in his witty good-humour. At the news of the abrupt landing of the French at Ancona in 1832 he uttered this first cry of indignation: "Since the time of the Saracens we have never

seen anything like it!" And he was inexhaustible in imprecations of this nature. The French Ambassador was ordered to make an official complaint about it. France was then represented by the Comte de Saint-Aulaire, who brought to the fulfilment of his mission all the feelings of a Christian and the consideration prompted by the most exquisite politeness. However, he was obliged to use the language of reproach and even of threats; whereupon the Cardinal interrupted him by this unlooked-for ejaculation: "I understand you, sir. You have come to warn me that if you are not pleased with the Holy See you will do us some bad turn. Well, I can give you warning for warning. To destroy the Holy See is more difficult than you may think at Paris; we cardinals have been trying to do so for some centuries, and we have never yet succeeded."

Cardinal Bernetti had as competitor for the Secretaryship of State Cardinal Lambruschini, nuncio in France at the time of the July Ordinances, who shortly after this succeeded him. The two men resembled each other in their tendencies, but were absolutely dissimilar in their demeanour.

One of them was vivacious even to petulance, and the distinctively Italian word *desinvoltura* might have been invented for him. The other carried his coldness of language and dignity of manner so far that he was positively rigid. Bernetti did not receive the priesthood until the later years of his life. Lambruschini had never known any but the ecclesiastical

state, and had edified Genoa, his native country, as Archbishop before being called to a political career. Neither of them belonged to the Italian aristocracy, and both of them, each in his own way, paid great deference to the advantages of good birth, an infirmity of the Italian mind.

Variety in unity was the striking feature among the members of the Sacred College, and it might be said of most of the cardinals, "The stockings are the same, but the sleeves often differ." Cardinal Micara was the most original figure in this great assembly. His Capucin's robe, his long beard, his proud and noble head attracted the eyes of all foreigners at the pontifical ceremonies. He was well known to be perfectly at one with his friend Father Ventura in boldly advising the anti-Austrian policy which was to be championed openly at the death of Gregory XVI., twelve years later. The future Cardinal Mastaï, afterwards Pope Pius IX., was as yet only Bishop of Imola, but he was already known for the innovating tendency of his ideas. Gregory XVI. had noticed him, and said of him with his indulgent smile, "*In casa Mastaï, anche il gatto e liberale*" ("In Mastaï's house even the cat is liberal"). The Pope's palace, the seat of the Inquisition and of the Index, was moderate and almost reforming in its aspirations. Father Butaoni and his first assistant, Father Modena, both belonging to the Dominican Order which had the monopoly of these functions, welcomed foreigners very cordially. Father Modena, a very brilliant talker,

improvised sonnets in French as easily as in Italian, and he dubbed his visitors "*Mon cher*" the first time they called on him, not through vulgar familiarity, but out of sincere cordiality, as I can vouch for.

One Roman custom, which certainly contributed to give rise to unjust prejudices against the morals of the Roman clergy, was the adoption of the ecclesiastical costume by many of the lay officials.

The Minister of War, for instance, who was called the Minister of Arms, had the rank and dress of a prelate. The holder of this post during my visit to Rome was very attentive to a young Frenchwoman who did not speak any Italian, and some one expressed astonishment at this assiduousness on the part of a man who did not speak French. "It is true," some one said, "that he always speaks Italian, but he has got the translation before his eyes."

For me the principal attraction of the foreign colony was the short appearance of Comte Xavier de Maistre; I should rather say of the French colony, for who could possess more of the French language and genius than the two Comtes de Maistre? Comte Xavier de Maistre was accompanied by his sister-in-law and his two nieces, both worthy of their father, one of whom was often called "*Ma pensée*" by Comte Joseph de Maistre. Both of them eventually were married in France, one of them to M. Terray, great-nephew of the celebrated minister of Louis XV., the other to the Marquis Eugène de Montmorency, brother of the Duc de Laval, to whose title he soon after

succeeded. M. de Montmorency, already close upon sixty, was very pious; he was not content with hearing several masses every morning, he liked to take part in them. It was asserted in Rome that he gave a few pence to the choir boys to give him up their place in the church where the festival of the saint of the day was being celebrated with most pomp. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that his charity equalled his piety. He related to us one day his first and original interview with Madame de Staël. He said that, "While staying at Geneva I thought it my duty to pay my respects to my cousin Matthew's friend, and I begged a resident at Geneva to introduce me at Coppet. Madame Staël said to me, as she received us, 'I am much indebted to *Corinne*, which no doubt inspired you with the idea of consoling an exile.' 'No, madame, no; for I have never read *Corinne*.' And as Madame de Staël could not conceal her surprise, I added frankly, 'I am going to astonish you still more; I shall never read it, and I wish that every one else would imitate me in this respect. How many disorders would have decreased if romantic literature had never existed.' Madame de Staël replied, 'Are there not gifts from God the use of which is compulsory? Those who are endowed with imagination should no more refuse to use it than you, born a Montmorency, can help being chivalrous and courteous.' 'All comparisons limp,' replied the Marquis, unwilling to understand the lesson or to show he felt its force. 'I cannot help being born a Mont-

morency, whereas those whose fingers itch can prevent themselves from giving way to the craving.'"

I should have liked to ask M. de Montmorency how his Geneva acquaintance took this unexpected dialogue, but I did not venture to do so. I was bolder on the subject of Louis XVII., who was one of his habitual preoccupations.

"Can you tell me, sir, where he is?" I said to him one day.

"If I knew where he was I should not believe it," he answered with a resolute air. "Everything about him must remain mysterious until the hour of his accession."

He then described, with what was probably unconscious humour, that the different interests of the house of Bourbon would be easily reconcilable with this certain resurrection.

"I myself advised the Duchesse de Berry to hold herself in readiness to marry Louis XVII. 'But you would then deprive the Duc de Bordeaux of the throne,' replied the Princess. 'No, madame, no; Louis XVII. will not deprive the Duc de Bordeaux of any of his rights. He will never have any children.' 'I will not accept such a husband as that.' And this reply from the Princess," added the narrator, lowering his voice, "left a very painful impression upon me."

The Italians are marvellously skilful in their contrasts, and one may say without irreverence that the Holy Week and the Carnival are two popular events, the people taking an unanimous share in the solemni-

ties of the Church, the Church taking a very cordial and open part in the enjoyments of the people. The Roman carnival is a folly, but a folly so infectious, so captivating, that the coldest and even the most disdainful allow themselves to be drawn into it.

Reigning potentates, Roman princesses, the diplomatic corps, more particularly the Neapolitan Embassy, were the first to descend into the arena; every class jostles, pushes, pelts one another with flour from head to foot, without a single accident or a single quarrel, and if an awkward blow be given, it may be said without fear of a mistake, "That's a foreigner."

When Shrove Tuesday came the popular ardour for the games so nearly over redoubled, and on that day only they are prolonged through the evening by the light of *moccoletti*. But at the moment when, amid this fantastic illumination, these thousands of will-o'-the-wisps were running, skipping and howling, presenting an indescribable spectacle, seven o'clock struck from the bell of the Capitol. The senator's state carriage then drove off, giving the signal for a general retreat. Instantly the tumult ceased, the assailants ceased their mimic combat, the lights were extinguished, the windows were closed, and the masks retired in groups without the interference of a single police agent. Darkness once more reigned in the Corso, which became silent as usual, and the churches filled in preparation for the Lent about to commence. I do not believe that this

curious mixture of folly and decency, of familiarity and respect, of unlimited liberty and voluntary docility, is possible anywhere but amongst the Roman population.

This was one of the attractions of Rome, the Government was proud of it, attributing the propriety of these popular amusements to its protective indulgence. The bell from the Capitol only rang under two circumstances—to warn Christians that the Sovereign Pontiff had rendered his soul to God, or to announce the day of national rejoicing. Such customs are only possible amongst a people filled with a faith as naïve as profound. The very nature of the labour even which is most honoured amongst the Roman people invites and leads them to dignified habits.

Naples and Rome, although so near together, are absolutely dissimilar. In Naples nature seems to be ever in holiday attire, under a sky brilliant in splendour by day as by night. The people live almost exclusively for the pleasure of living in easy comfort, without taxes, almost without labour. In Rome the natural effects are magnificent also, but of a graver character. There, men love repose, but not idleness. Unity reigns on all sides without imposing a narrow or tyrannical yoke. All classes of society occupy themselves with the same ardour in excavating, disinterring, reviving the smallest vestiges of antiquity, all the change made being to surmount a few pagan monuments with the cross. Thus it is that we find,

even in the midst of a great capital, not only a population without a mob, but a multitude wonderfully well-educated, any unit in which, if questioned as to antiquity, the middle ages, or modern times, would be able to give a concise and correct answer—a multitude dignified and calm, with noble faces, reflective expressions and generous impulses. When Princess Marco-Antonio Borghese, née Talbot, died so prematurely and in the full exercise of that ardent charity which had made itself felt throughout Rome, the funeral car was unharnessed on the threshold of the palace, and drawn by men to the Santa Maria Maggiore. Prince Borghese was anxious to know and to thank those who had proposed this touching demonstration, but when he applied for their names, the answer came, "Tell the Prince that it is the Roman people." Anywhere else this answer would have seemed theatrical or false—in Rome it was the terse expression of the simple truth. Cardinal Lambruschini showed me one day the petition of a man who asked for a decoration because he had made twenty-five *corpus domini*, which meant that he had escorted the procession of the holy sacrament twenty-five years. In this peaceful kingdom the greatest display of military force always took place at these religious solemnities. Rome did not count or enter an appearance in European conflicts, but the people lived free and happy under the Pontiff's paternal government, of which Chateaubriand said, "He is the only sovereign who is a blessing to his subjects." I left Rome with deep

regret, but I found some consolation in the fortunate coincidence of travelling in company with Marshal de Bourmont. We passed through Italy and went to Geneva, where his family awaited him, and this pleasant tête-à-tête lasted for twenty days.

The old and picturesque Château de Bourmont was about fifteen miles from Bourg d'Iré. Of the Marshal's five sons, one, Amédée, had met with a glorious death in a skirmish between Staouëli and Algiers; another, Charles, was one of my lifelong friends. He made me his representative during this journey, remaining behind himself to take possession of Farnese, a beautiful estate near Viterba, which the Marshal had just acquired with exemption from all treasury charges, by Gregory XVI.'s special order. After the sad ending to the Duchesse de Berry's expedition, M. de Bourmont, accompanied by his four remaining sons, all equally devoted, equally soldierly, placed himself at the disposal of Don Miguel, the claimant to the Portuguese crown. General Clouët and a few Frenchmen joined them, believing they could serve the Legitimist cause in this way. They at first obtained some success, but Don Pedro, openly supported by England and by the July Government, finally triumphed. Marshal de Bourmont, defeated in Portugal and proscribed in France, came with several of his companions-in-arms to request the Roman States to extend to him that hospitality which had never repelled nor humiliated any one. The man who, in Algeria, had accomplished the work in which

Charles V. and Louis XIV. had failed, presented a combination of the most singular and attractive contrasts. He was very impetuous and very gentle, very loyal and very shrewd, very fond of his military career, and very modest in his tastes, indolent, negligent, so long as it was not a question of duty, intrepid and indefatigable when the bugle or the voice of honour made themselves heard. A curious page of contemporary history had come under my eyes, and I felt its value. Informed of my habit of keeping a daily journal, my travelling companion easily recognised my respectful curiosity and amused himself by satisfying it with extreme kindness. Our retrospective review commenced by the great wars of La Vendée, in which he had taken a very active part, and we then passed on to his captivity in the citadel of Besançon. "We had obtained, my comrade and I," he said, "permission to fence within the interior of the prison, instead of taking the walk which was strictly forbidden us. We broke our foils, sometimes accidentally, sometimes on purpose, and whenever we did so we managed to keep some small pieces of iron. With these we contrived to make a hole in the wall through which, after many hair-breadth escapes, we at last made our way out. Once at liberty," added M. de Bourmont, who spoke slowly, picturesquely, and with evident scruples about exactitude, "the most difficult part was accomplished, but still I felt that I was not yet safe. Daybreak was near, the alarm would be given, and a man in town dress wandering alone at this hour in the middle

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of the fields—for M. d'Andigné, M. de Suzannet, and I had been careful to separate—could not fail to be immediately suspected and arrested. I did not know what expedient to try, when I heard a man advancing on the high road behind me with hurried steps. I slackened my speed, to enable me to open a conversation with him, and just as he was about to pass without paying any attention to me, I said to him—

"'You seem a good walker, sir, and so am I; if you like, therefore, we will see which of us two can do the distance quickest.'

"'With pleasure,' he rejoined, 'but you will be clever if you can beat me.'

"I began by boldly and advantageously supporting my bet, but as I had not been in the habit of walking for some time, I soon found myself in a perspiration and out of breath, so I decided to change my plan.

"'Sir,' I said, 'I have a secret to confide to you.'

"'If you have a secret, keep it to yourself. In these times it is not well either to confide or to receive secrets.'

"'That may be,' I said, 'but I cannot resist taking you into my confidence.'

"I then named myself, and described the danger of my situation without reserve. He seemed at first very disturbed, then touched, and after a visible effort ended by saying to me—

"'You have not misplaced your confidence. I am a bailiff, and I am now going to a village sale, but my clerk is not with me. You shall take his place, and

then I will send you in a light van to one of my friends with whom you will have nothing to fear.' "

M. de Bourmont acquitted himself of his duties as a bailiff's clerk as well as he could, and in a few days found himself safe from all pursuit. I asked myself with some anxiety whether I could without offence open the subject of Waterloo, but M. de Bourmont began it himself as though gratified to explain the matter. "I never for one instant," he said, "thought of re-entering the service for the 'Hundred Days.' I had proved this by ostensibly voting in the negative on the additional articles. But through accident I met Fouché, then Minister of Police, and he took the initiative in an interview which decided me. 'The Emperor is mad,' he said, 'and we cannot allow him to plunge France once more into the abyss. The army yielded to its first excitement, but it now understands that patriotism should be stronger than an ill-timed enthusiasm. The Marshals themselves daily repeat this language to me, and they will find a way of ending this terrible adventure before Europe has rendered it irreparable.' " Fouché confirmed his statement with names and facts which convinced M. de Bourmont that by resuming his post as Lieutenant-General he would contribute to a peaceful and rapid settlement. But Europe armed more rapidly than had been expected, the army and its chiefs were less shaken than Fouché had supposed, and day by day M. de Bourmont found himself drawn nearer to the fatal alternative which was destined to

weigh upon the remainder of his career—either to separate from his brethren in arms under the most regrettable circumstances, or combat to the last the King's allies, who also called themselves the allies of France. As to having parleyed with Blücher and Wellington on the eve of the battle, as to a shadow of indiscretion which could have aggravated the situation of the troops from whom he was about to separate, M. de Bourmont repelled the idea in words and with proofs which scattered every accusation to the winds. The day when he consented to open his heart with regard to this cruel episode, he was long and visibly moved by it. Towards the evening we had a small mountain to ascend and I proposed walking up it. He consented, and forthwith the current of his thoughts changed, he stopped from point to point saying, "Here is a good strategic position; here men and artillery could be stationed." His military instincts overcame painful recollections, and his mind regained its equilibrium. Moreover, this pleasure of improvising plans and imagining battles was renewed several times in the course of our journey, and made me feel to what a degree a soldier's passion was innate in M. de Bourmont.

I witnessed a touching meeting between the Marshal and his family, and I then proceeded straight to Anjou, impatient to impart to sympathising listeners my hopes of Prague and my impressions of Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

1835—1836.

The habits of the English aristocracy are very different from French customs. In England people spend the winter in their country houses, and the fine weather in London. Consequently, I started for England in the beginning of the month of April. There, as elsewhere, perhaps more than anywhere else, I felt the study of places would be incomplete without the study of men, and in order to enter at once that political circle into which I wished to penetrate, I took with me several letters of introduction, among them being one for Mr. Bellew, an Irish member of Parliament, and another for General Alava, the Spanish Ambassador.

General Alava had been the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camp during the war in Spain against the Emperor Napoleon. In a cavalry charge, a curious wound had rendered him, to use his own expression, a useless husband, had set him at variance with Madame Alava, and had forced him to exchange a military for a diplomatic career. He had many

friends in France. In England, the Spanish Chapel served as a parish to a great number of Catholics, and the old General enjoyed doing the honours of it. He much liked to keep an open table, rather after the campaigning fashion, that is to say without luxury and without preliminary invitation. His words were, "Come when you like, you will always find an omelette ready, if there is not anything else." His conversation, as cheery as that of a young man, instructive as that of an old soldier and diplomatist, was as hearty as his manner. I expressed to him my wish to know the Duke of Wellington, and he hastened to gratify it.

The Duke of Wellington had a strange appearance, with an enormous head surmounting a small frail body, and an inordinately long nose almost meeting his prominent chin. No one was ever more easy to caricature or more used for the purpose. With all this, and in spite of all this, a natural dignity, a very beautiful expression and a shake of the hand, such as some Englishmen excel in giving, bespoke at once his rank and quality. The Duke received me very cordially for two reasons. I was presented to him by one of his best friends, and I was an Angevin. Angers possessed before the revolution, under the title of the Riding Academy, a school of cavalry renowned throughout Europe. Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Lord Wellington, had been sent to this school, and retained a very pleasant recollection of it. Angers had not forgotten him either, and his name,

inscribed upon the door of a small room, was preserved for a long time in this fine building, which still bears the title of Academy, although it is now only used for infantry barracks.

On every anniversary of the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington himself celebrated his victory by a great banquet, when the whole service of glass, silver, silver gilt ornaments, trophies and so forth was exclusively composed of presents from all the sovereigns of Europe. The not very modest impulse, which induced or which authorised the great English captain to glorify himself in this way, betrayed itself in other ways. England took so much pleasure in personifying herself in Napoleon's conqueror that this conqueror would have deemed himself to be deficient in patriotism and to be detracting from the triumph of his own country, if he had made light of or declined ovations which in his eyes had no longer any personal meaning. His statue, the features of which were very like his own, in the attitude of Achilles fighting completely nude, was erected opposite his windows a few steps from his house. A very fine bust of Napoleon was placed as a holocaust at the foot of his staircase. Putting out of the question the good taste of all this, no one once in the presence of the Duke of Wellington could possibly desire more simplicity in distinction nor more affability, for if his manner was cold, this arose not from haughtiness but simply from his habit.

I felt much more in my element with O'Connell,

and I became more intimate with him. By a singular coincidence he had also passed some years in a college at St. Omer, in France, under the direction of a religious order. O'Connell was not only the representative of the Irish race, he was the personification of Ireland herself, impetuous, vehement, with abrupt gestures and unequal humour, careless and even disorderly in his dress, his wig badly made and badly placed on his head, incorrect and blunt, without ever losing the stamp of good nature and kindness with which his whole genius was impressed. M. de Montalembert, who had seen him some years before I did and upon more favourable ground, viz. in Ireland, had experienced a certain disappointment which astonished me at first, but which explained itself to me when I met him. M. de Montalembert, who had also some impetuosity, was instinctively and invincibly aristocratic. O'Connell, although of old family, a fact which he did not disdain to recall, was a democrat before everything else; his education and his demeanour recalled nothing of his origin, and one felt in seeing him and still more in listening to him that he had grown up outside the sphere of all tradition, that he had lived under oppression and in revolt, and that God had predestined him to break rather than to build. His colossal figure, his fist always ready to close, his vibrating voice which so naturally raised itself to apostrophise everything about him, announced the hero of a struggle of people against people. M. de Montalembert was the boldest

of parliamentary orators amongst us. O'Connell never separated action from speech and everywhere showed himself the "great agitator." This characteristic, so to speak, stood out in him, but did not exclude the patriarchal side of his nature. He was really touching in his home life, and repaid by the most expansive affection the respectful veneration of which he was the object. His London house was a little Ireland, a faithful image of the greater one, and as the conversations which went on there generally turned upon the country or the Church there was something very elevated in their tone. I never saw him without my respect for him increasing, and when later on, in 1848, I greeted him in Paris, the first halting-place on a journey to Rome which he never completed, my anxious admiration was not more tender than when in the hour of sanguine confidence I bade him farewell in London.

The House of Lords and the Commons were not yet in possession of the magnificent Palace of Westminster, and I do not know whether more solemnity in the debates will result from more splendour in the buildings. At the time of my visit, nothing could be less imposing: the most serious debates produced no change in the custom of night sittings, held after the long meals still so fashionable in London. The result was that many of the Lords and Commons slept without scruple, and those who did not sleep lay back in their seats as though regretting and invoking sleep on their own account. Oratorical art naturally

suffered from this custom, but this attitude of the audience contributed perhaps quite as much as the national common sense to preserve English eloquence from bombast or from classical declamation.

The nation which has the most ease in its public assemblies is the one which has the least in its drawing-rooms, and even in its private relations. Whilst in London I was present at many magnificent entertainments. I saw there the highest and most brilliant of the aristocracy, and I met, while in the zenith of their fame, Lady Blessington, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and Lady Holland; I was present at sumptuous and interminable dinners, where after the ladies had left the room the wine circulated round the table without interruption in small silver chariots. Everywhere my curiosity was satisfied, sometimes aroused, but the whole atmosphere was much chillier than it would have been at similar gatherings in France, Germany, or Italy.

The whole of London seems to me to have the same character; it dazzles more than it attracts. But the whole scene changes when once you get beyond its enormous circle, and England is then invested with unrivalled charms. There is nothing to compare, I will repeat for the thousandth time, not only to English castles but even to simple country houses, to the smallest parks, to the shaded winding lanes, which twist and turn in order to save some venerable tree, and which seem to have a horror of the regularity of French roads. As regards traditional souvenirs, Wind-

sor is certainly superior to Versailles. The whole history of England is summed up and continued in the modern additions made without interruption or contrast of style. Feudalism is perpetuated there without however appearing either exclusive or oppressive; the very walks combine with their grandiose appearance some show of utility, and blend in one magnificent harmony the venerable oaks centuries old, the conservatories full of exotic plants, the hunting kennels, and the breeding studs. It is the typical home of monarchy amongst the people where monarchy is the institution most respected by all, and at the same time most respectful towards all.

Nowhere, except at Windsor, is the cordial alliance between tradition and progress more visible than in Oxford. I have never let a compatriot of my acquaintance leave for England without recommending him to visit Oxford and Windsor. I ventured to recommend these excursions to M. Berryer, when in 1843 he made what is called the "pilgrimage to Belgrave Square." He remembered my advice and thanked me for it on his return, assuring me that in all his journey nothing had captivated him so much as Oxford. It is a city full of Catholic monuments, preserved by Protestants, like a kind of national Pompeii. The monasteries have become colleges where instruction in Christian knowledge is still given, and the long cloisters are incessantly traversed by young men in velvet caps and a dress very much like that of bygone ages. The city itself is little more than an annex of the

colleges, and on coming away from Oxford it seems as if one had made a dive into the middle ages.

Scotland created much the same impression. In all my recollections I cannot find anything analogous to the commotion—the word is literally exact—which the sight of the panorama of Edinburgh caused me. I arrived there in the English fashion, then unknown in France, perched upon the roof of a stage coach, and when I first saw, with a glimpse of the sea in the horizon, lying at the foot of the mountains, blending harmoniously with the ruins of Holyrood, the picturesque buildings of Edinburgh, her viaducts, her streets built one above the other, some of them almost aerial in effect, I could not help exclaiming aloud to the great delight of my companions, who may, perhaps, have been taught by me to feel greater admiration for their marvellous country.

It is difficult to describe Scotland after Walter Scott, and his name accompanies you from one end of his well-beloved country to the other. I will confine myself to saying that I felt deep interest and sympathy for Abbotsford, where Walter Scott lived for many years, and where he breathed his last. This residence, built by himself, bore, like his novels, the visible stamp of his genius. We find there a vivid reminder of his goodness, for all the neighbours and the servants pronounce his name, or speak of his quite recent death, with an accent which excludes all idea of the homage paid to him being mere lip-service. The study, upon which the owner had bestowed so much

artistic thought, because it was there that he proposed to spend the best part of his time, was shown me by the woman in charge, who had grown old in the service of the family.

She seemed to answer my eager questions with visible pleasure, but she was gradually overcome by her feelings, and had great difficulty in keeping back her tears, nor shall I ever forget the tone in which, after a few minutes silence, she continued, "He was so good to everybody!" Who would not envy this brief funeral oration! *

On my return from Scotland I prepared to go back to France, giving up my visit to Ireland on account of my sufferings from sea-sickness in the rapid crossing from Boulogne to Dover. Our poor human languages have only one word to express each of our affections or of our sufferings, without taking into consideration the infinite variety of degrees. We say "grief," but how many degrees are there in this feeling: and how different it is with one man or with another even when they are struck down by the same blow. We say "joy," without distinguishing the abyss, which separates the different impressions which this word can include from the sensation excited by the most frivolous pleasures to the emotion produced by the manliest

* When succeeding M. de Falloux in the Académie Française, on January 19th, 1888, M. Greard quoted this anecdote in alluding to him, adding, "I have heard that funeral oration at Bourg d'Iré from more than one mouth. People never came away from him empty handed. His granaries and cellars contained stores always ready for those whom necessity brought to his door."

and most patriotic satisfaction. I venture to assert that the word "sea-sickness" is equally insufficient. There are not two passengers affected by it in the same degree, and I believe that it is very rare for any one to suffer so much as I do. For whilst most of the sufferers are cured as soon as they land, I require at least a week after each of my crossings before recovering from the sufferings caused by a voyage which scarcely lasts two hours.

I left England feeling much gratitude for the welcome I had received, and deriving much intellectual benefit from all I had seen, while I also gained a clearer insight into my own country. But the only durable acquaintance I made was that of a Frenchman. I cannot resist describing the singular birth of this friendship, which will appear again at various intervals during the rest of my life. I lodged at Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, a French house, which I had seen mentioned in the newspapers. The Duc d'Orleans had stayed there the year before. Many Frenchmen stayed there, and the Marquis de Gricourt, whom I had known in Paris, introduced me to the Vicomte de Persigny, his travelling companion. M. de Persigny made a considerable impression upon me by his original conversation and by the frankness of his political opinions, which differed very much from my own.

In English hotels, and at Grillon's in particular, callers are never received in the bedrooms, but only in a public drawing-room reserved for the purpose. I was therefore surprised one morning to see M. de

Persigny enter my room, and still more surprised by what he said. It was much to this effect: "I know very little of you, but still enough for me to approach you with confidence, and I hope that I have inspired you with the same sentiment. An unexpected letter compels me to leave England immediately, I cannot even wait for the money which ought to be sent to me from France. My luggage is more than enough to pay what I owe at the hotel, where I shall leave it as a pledge, but I beg you to allow me to confide to you a few books and papers which I greatly value, and I will ask you to be kind enough to take care of them for me, and restore them to me when you return to our country." I begged him to defer his departure until the arrival of his money, but I soon saw that I could never persuade him, and that his mind was made up. So I said to him, "I can suggest a better plan than your own; ask for your bill, take what you require from my purse; leave quietly with everything that belongs to you, and repay me when you can." He thanked me cordially, warmly clasped my hand, and left me to go and pack up.

I thought he had gone, when opening the door again he came in and said, "Your kindness fills me with gratitude, and I will prove it to you by not concealing the true reason of my departure from you. Prince Louis Bonaparte, to whom I am entirely devoted, has sent me a pressing message to meet him in Switzerland. Let me entreat you to go with me. You will see for yourself that with him rests the future of our country,

and I know the Prince well enough to feel sure beforehand that he will appreciate you at your real worth."

I made no secret of the surprise which this confidence created, and I added, "I must return frankness for frankness. In offering you the small service, for which you thanked me far beyond what it merited, I did not obey any personal sentiment, but was actuated by a purely French notion of honour. Had we met in an inn in Paris I should have allowed you to have done as you liked, without interfering with you; but in England, in an hotel where we have been seen together, a national responsibility exists between us, and this fact reduces your debt to me to a very small amount."

He would not be put down, and depicted in glowing terms the greatness of the second and approaching empire. I listened for some time with stupefied curiosity, and then, by way of bringing the interview to a close, I said, "You know that I belong to a province where Royalist fidelity is unchangeable: your pertinacity, flattering as it may be to me, must therefore be absolutely useless."

A last effort having convinced him that my resistance was really invincible, he used with no little solemnity these very words: "I respect your sincerity, but I also know your patriotism. Your eyes will be opened. Prince Napoleon will reign, and you will form part of his first ministry."

In spite of the prophet's solemn tone I received the prediction with a burst of laughter, and replied jest-

ingly, "Promise me, sir, that you will present me with my portfolio."

"Very well, sir, I do promise it to you."

But the most painful thing was that the destinies of France should be so agitated and so compromised that two young men of five-and-twenty, making such a wager in jest, should both ultimately be taken at their word. When I reached the Ministry of Public Instruction in December, 1848, I found there, placed by M. de Persigny, the portfolio which he had promised me in 1835. I retained possession of it upon my retirement, and I never look at it without sadly repeating to myself: "Unhappy, most unhappy is any country where such an adventure can belong to the domain of reality."

Upon my return from England, I spent, as usual, my autumn in Anjou. I then returned to Paris where I became more and more attached to Madame Swetchine's receptions and person. The Vicomtesse de Virieu, who presented me to her, was, like her mother, the Comtesse de Lostanges, a very clever woman, well suited to appreciate Madame Swetchine and to be liked by her. She had insisted upon introducing me to the salon of Madame Swetchine, which I rather dreaded entering, having an idea that the celebrated personages who frequented it were pedantic and constrained. However, it so happened that when I gave way to Madame de Virieu's affectionate persistency I found Madame Swetchine alone. There was nothing to affect those first impressions which have

so deep an influence upon the views we form of a person's character. I found simplicity, I may even say timidity, where I had expected intellectual despotism. I soon learnt, like all Madame Swetchine's intimate friends, to feel grieved when the door opened to admit some new comer, and I even believe that I was ungrateful enough to upbraid Madame de Virieu for not having conquered my blind resistance sooner. Madame Swetchine's friends also honoured me by becoming mine. Abbé Lacordaire, who needed neither success nor glory to impress others with the feeling of his incomparable superiority, conspicuously striking in his appearance as well as in his lightest word; M. de Montalembert, who was sometimes at variance with Madame Swetchine about Poland, though there was no necessity for this, as they had so many sentiments in common; and M. de Melun, Sister Rosalie's future historian, and already her fellow-labourer,—were the first to open to me the ranks of this small Christian corps which boasted illustrious generals before it had many soldiers. I need do no more than quote these names, without dwelling upon the inspiration they gave me, for they soon became blended with my very existence, while I do not wish to anticipate anything, or to have to abridge what I owe them. I will therefore, for the present, confine myself to mentioning the acquaintance which I formed with some of Madame Swetchine's fellow-countrymen, with a view to the visit I proposed making to Russia. My glimpses into the country were made under the most favourable auspices, through meet-

ing nearly every day Countess Strogonoff, whom M. Thiers valued so highly, the Russian Ambassador and his brother, the two Counts Pahlen, Prince Johan Gagarin, now Father Gagarin, and Count Gregory Schouvaloff, who died a member of some religious community.

M. Labensky, who was attached to the Russian Embassy or Consulate, put in an occasional appearance. His title to regard consisted not in his official position, but in a very noble character, and in a literary talent which he concealed as much as others would have boasted of it. Under the well-kept pseudonym of Jean Polonius, M. Labensky published several French elegies which might be attributed to Millevoye. Perhaps he also had some secret reason for the melancholy which his conversation revealed, and which undoubtedly shortened his life.

An enterprise so long and distant as the exploration of Russia is not to be undertaken alone, and I joined the Vicomte François de la Bouillerie, now Archbishop of Bordeaux. We started in the first days of spring, and, owing to the route we followed, we had the good fortune to witness its first appearance everywhere on our road, first in Germany and then in Russia, where it had scarcely commenced when we arrived.

Berlin was already the centre of the intellectual and artistic movement of German autonomy. We made it our first halting-place. Its Museum, which contains some of the finest Rembrandts, was arranged and guarded with a care which began to arouse the jealousy of Dresden. The libraries also aimed at

supremacy, and Spontini was regenerating the opera, which had been just provided with a very fine house. This universal activity was personified in Baron Alexander von Humboldt, who was already getting ready the publication of his *Cosmos*. His science was eminently worldly, and rarely has the world been so courted by a savant. Enjoying the close confidence of the King, very proud of Prussia's new brilliancy, Baron von Humboldt took his share in every political deliberation, accompanied his sovereign to the opera or to the German theatre every evening, and was ready to start at a moment's notice for any capital in Europe, if there was any delicate negotiation to be opened or completed. He showed the same animation and grace in his attentions to women, and I owed my introduction to the Duchesse de Rauzan to one who in Berlin was usually called Alexander the Great. His prodigality both of mind and time was inexhaustible, and foreigners availed themselves of it without scruple. We had some experience of this, for he took us over the Berlin Museum himself, and upon another occasion enabled us to see a rehearsal of the *Vestale*, when Spontini, who was conducting the orchestra, flew into a rage, which was very amusing, because the statues of the temple had missed their entrance just when he had exclaimed, "*Vier Statuen! Vier Statuen!*" This excessive hospitality was shown to us not in the dull season, but at a time when the sons of Louis Philippe were paying their first visit to Prussia and Austria, when they won a personal triumph, soon

followed by the marriage of the Duc d'Orleans with Princess Helen of Mecklenburg.

From Berlin we proceeded to Konigsberg, and entered Russia by Courland. Riga is a very animated commercial port. The souvenirs of King Louis XVIII., preserved with those of the old Princes of Courland, detained us for a short time at Mittau; and after a brief halt at the small castle of Kleinropp, to pay our respects to the Baroness de Meyendorff, so highly appreciated in the artistic world of Paris, we reached St. Petersburg.

The first thing to greet us was brilliant sunshine, which never left us again during the whole of our visit, for from the month of May Russia makes up for her interminable winter nights by a long series of days, with little more than two or three hours of darkness between them.

The official personages who then surrounded the Emperor Nicholas were the contemporaries and counterparts of those I had known in Vienna. The Count de Nesselrode had for a long time held in Russia much the same position which Prince Metternich occupied in Austria; but the two men were very dissimilar in appearance. Nesselrode was a small man with an intelligent glance veiled by thick spectacles. The grand air which I had admired in the Austrian Chancellor was to be seen here in the Countess Nesselrode, whose face and figure were as noble as they were imposing. Those who only saw her officially or casually had credited her with being stiff and severe. This was an

error and an injustice. I do not, on this point, refer to the kindly reception she gave to us, for we owed that to Madame Swetchine's introduction, but to the thousand traits of generous kindliness attested by witnesses who were the more to be believed because they were almost involuntary; the wife of the Prime Minister disliking flattery and not encouraging flatterers. The Countess Nesselrode possessed at the Court, and even with the Imperial family, a moral authority which was quite independent of her high position. She remained erect where every one else bowed down, and this without any affectation of liberalism, of which she certainly never dreamt. She showed one by her attitude that personal dignity can be maintained everywhere, and that it depends less upon external conditions than upon elevation of sentiment and nobility of character. The Countess Nesselrode was the most prominent example of this personal dignity, but she was not the only one which I encountered at St. Petersburg. Courage of this description is more frequent there than the maxims and practices of the Government would lead one to suppose. The Emperor was a despot in the highest acceptation of the word; but nevertheless he had sincere pretensions to justice and even to benevolence when political considerations did not stand in the way. He listened to the truth whenever any one had the courage to tell it to him; and Count Benkendorff, his favourite aide-de-camp, who held the responsible post of Minister of Police,

was reported to be a persevering and often successful advocate for clemency.

The Russian aristocracy was at that date far from desiring the emancipation of the serfs, but it foresaw and tacitly prepared for the change. I was indebted to the friendship of Prince Alexander Bariatinsky, the future conqueror of Schamyl and Field-Marshal, for the communication of a private memoir which his father had bequeathed to him, and which contained as regarded the abuses of serfage, the impossibility of their continuance, and the desirability of the Russian nobility taking the initiative, the most far-seeing, generous, and enlightened instructions. The Czar's subjects reproach Peter the Great for having established absolute power amongst them, and they render him responsible for all the consequences of this innovation. I had believed, on the authority of Voltaire, in the enthusiasm of Russia for this civilising savage. I was not entirely undeceived until I reached Moscow, but I got an inkling of it at Petersburg. It was painful to reflect that the French aristocracy might have taken an initiative of this kind in the eighteenth century, just as the Russian autocracy and aristocracy were preparing to do in the nineteenth.

Society in St. Petersburg under the Emperor Nicholas was circumspect as regarded political conversation, but it made amends for this in literary matters. English and French books, new novels, reviews of various kinds were to be seen upon every table, and M. de la Bouillerie and I myself had only

to caution the friends who received us against giving credit too readily to authors who availed themselves of the puffing, which, now so general, was then a recent invention, foreigners being inclined to take French writers at their own valuation. We were frequently obliged to submit to being considered illiterate, or to convince our friends that they were being duped by eulogies paid for so much per line.

The Russian *Journal Officiel* was published in French, and owing to the difference in the calendars, we read in St. Petersburg the news from France on the same date upon which they had appeared in Paris, so one might have fancied that news already twelve days old was the news of the same morning. At the private theatricals, which were so frequent, the pieces were always French comedies or vaudevilles.

The most popular poet after Pushkine was a still young man named Koslof, who was blind and confined to a couch by paralysis, which had at least respected the brain.

In the summer, society removes a few miles from St. Petersburg to the islands formed by the Neva, which are covered with elegant and even sumptuous country houses. The opera is also transferred there, and a singular effect is produced when coming out at midnight one finds that it is still broad daylight.

The most hospitable houses in the islands at that date were those of the Prince de Butera, the Neapolitan Ambassador, whose wife was Russian,

and of Count Ficquelmont, the Austrian Ambassador, a laborious and distinguished political writer. The Countess Ficquelmont, also a Russian, was so beautiful that, when ambassadress in Naples, she had the satisfaction of finding her own name tacked on to an Italian proverb: *Vedere Napoli, la Ficquelmont e morire.* Her daughter, Elise-Alexiandra, the Emperor Alexander's god-daughter, now Princess Clary, promised in all respects to follow in her mother's footsteps. The sceptre of society was not less successfully wielded by Countess Sophie Bobrinski, one of the most clear-sighted and strongest minds in a society where distinction was widely diffused.

Our opinions debarred us from entering the Embassy of France under King Louis Philippe, and this was a great loss to us, for it was then confided to M. de Barante. This selection would have been happier in any other Court than that of Russia. The habits of the Emperor Nicholas were exclusively soldierly, and outside them all personal success was impossible. The most important audiences with him took place on horseback, and the best opportunities were lost when any one could not accompany him to the reviews. A general or a distinguished horseman had, therefore, a much better chance of acquiring credit at the Russian Court than an accomplished academician like M. de Barante.

So far as sightseeing went, we had nothing to complain of, thanks to the kindness of Madame de Nesselrode and her friends. In fact, our principal

ciceroni were her son, Dmitri de Nesselrode, an open-hearted young man, more inclined to travel than to work, who speedily abandoned the diplomatic career, and two brilliant guardsmen, Prince Alexander Troubetzkoy and Baron Georges de Heeckeren. Alexander Troubetzkoy insisted upon taking us himself to the imperial palace of Tsarkoë-Selo, where his father, who was aide-de-camp to the Emperor, gave us a luncheon at which, as at all Russian tables, champagne abounded. Russia alone certainly consumes more champagne than the champagne district produces, and hugs to herself the illusion that the various white wines made in France, particularly in Anjou, are the real article. Tsarkoë-Selo is a very fine residence, upon which each sovereign has left some special impress. The Empress Catherine covered all the walls and even the ceiling of her favourite study with amber. The immense park contains all kinds of rare animals.

During luncheon, Prince Troubetzkoy questioned me about my previous travels, and when I mentioned Prague, he asked me if I had ever met Prince Louis de Rohan there. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he inquired most affectionately after him. "We were once," he said, "placed in a very singular predicament," and without any pressure on our part he related the following story, which I reproduce here for the instruction of all partisans of divorce.

"Prince Louis had married a Duchesse de ——."

"But," I broke in, "Prince Louis de Rohan has never been married."

"You young Frenchmen may think so, but I have reason to know better, for I married his wife, and in 1815 we all three met at the Belle-vue Hotel in Brussels. The Duchesse de —— was a Protestant, and could thus apply for a divorce, which she obtained in order to marry me. Prince de Rohan, condemned by the laws of his religion to perpetual celibacy, was obliged to make the best of things. I became in my turn the victim of the changing taste of the beautiful duchess, but at all events I was able to console myself by marrying the Princess Troubetzkoy, whom you know, and who has borne me seven children, Alexander being the eldest. The Duchesse de —— has since married a Prussian Protestant. So you see that there are two men in Europe who feel that they are in duty bound to ask for news of Prince Louis de Rohan whenever they have an opportunity."

Georges de Heeckeren was a Frenchman who had taken service in Russia after a series of incidents which are not devoid of originality. His father, Baron d'Anthes, had been deputy for Alsace under the Restoration. Georges, his eldest son, was destined for a military career when the July revolution broke out. Having, like so many other Legitimist young men, been thrown out of employment, he became very intimate with the Grand Duke of Baden, his neighbour. Georges de Heeckeren met upon one occasion at his house the Duke of Lucca, a well-informed prince, who was very eager for information and fond of travelling. The young Legitimist was naturally intro-

duced to him and received a cordial greeting. After spending a few weeks together, the Duke of Lucca said to him—

"It would really be a pity for you to vegetate here in Alsace, and with your great natural abilities you should, at any sacrifice, resume your interrupted military career. Prussia is a very good school for this, and as I am on excellent terms with the King I will gladly write to him about you."

The Frenchman hesitated, but in the end his soldierly instincts got the upper hand. He left for Berlin with a strong letter of recommendation from his august protector. Being referred to the Minister of War, he was told that he would be admitted into a regiment as a non-commissioned officer. A non-commissioned officer was not the rank he had counted upon. He would have left St. Cyr an officer, and he refused to take lower rank. The King sent for him, and said—

"You may perhaps think that a King of Prussia can do whatsoever he likes. Undeceive yourself! Our military regulations are so strict that no one is exempt from them; but what I cannot do for you here I can ask for you from my son-in-law, the Emperor of Russia. He, no doubt, like myself, would be glad to be of service to a French Royalist. I will send him the Duke of Lucca's letter, and I will add my own recommendation to it."

Georges asked for time to reflect, and finally he gratefully accepted the King's offer. At St. Peters-

burg he was at once sent for to the cabinet of the Minister of War, who told him :

"You will be examined on such a day, and immediately afterwards you will be qualified to receive your commission as officer."

"An examination," murmured Georges; "this is not what they promised at Berlin. I have forgotten during the last two years what little I ever knew! Have I come all this way to sustain a personal rebuff, and, what would be worse, to discredit the French name? I thank you sincerely, but I must refuse."

The Minister did not pay much attention, but told him, with a smile, that he carried his modesty too far, and on the following day, when he woke up, a summons was brought to him for an early examination. His first impulse was to refuse again, but, recalling the benevolent smile with which he had been dismissed, he finally resolved to try his luck, and on the day named presented himself before the examiners. As a matter of form they put a few elementary questions to him, and declared themselves satisfied with his answers, while soon afterwards he received a commission in the Empress's Guards. This gave him the rank of Captain and admission to the Court.

Nothing more was required to fix all eyes upon him. He bore the scrutiny very well, and henceforth was invited to every entertainment. Upon one occasion, he was introduced to the Baron de Heeckeren, the Dutch Ambassador.

"Your name is well known to me," said the ambassador. "One branch of your family is descended from a Hasfeldt." "That is mine." "We are related, then!"

Genealogical explanations followed, and the two relatives became fast friends. After some time the ambassador said to the guardsman:

"The more I see of you the more attached I feel to you; I have no children, take my name and I will adopt you."

"Sir," replied Georges d'Anthes, "I am filled with gratitude towards you, but my father would certainly be offended if I exchanged my name for any other."

"I will write to him, and let him know the amount of the fortune that I intend giving you, and I trust I shall be able to overcome all his objections."

The ambassador wrote, and as Georges was the eldest of five children his father did not refuse the windfall, so Georges d'Anthes had become Georges de Heeckeren, when he did the honours of St. Petersburg to us with true French grace. No favourite of fortune ever paid less court to the fickle goddess, but for a long time she was all smiles, though she eventually showed her usual capriciousness, the romance having a painful ending, of which I shall speak presently.

Moscow surpassed all our expectations. The beauty of its position, the interest excited by its monuments which have survived the fire, its thoroughly Russian

customs, all aided to instruct and charm us. The Kremlin is still the arsenal and the true representation of the old nationality. The churches are half oriental, half Christian in style. The convents have a most severe aspect, and the evening litanies in the Limanoff Convent leave an impression of religious faith which no one can gainsay. The city has been rebuilt since 1812 on a very fine plan and a very large scale. Science and art are represented there by very distinguished academies where the aristocracy, less dissipated or less engaged with military manœuvres than in St. Petersburg, occupies the first rank. The true centre of national life is at Moscow, and no capital despoiled by the master's will ever more proudly re-grasped or more valiantly defended its intellectual primacy. We celebrated the Empress's fête at the house of the Governor, Prince Serge Galitzin, who received the whole population in his extensive park. Dinner and supper were served in the interior of the palace in the European style, while outside, innumerable games, water jousts, and Muscovite dances were prolonged far into the night.

We here saw Russia really at home. These dances might be more justly called dramas or pantomimes, for the songs and gestures are mingled with a plot of definite action, sometimes comic, more frequently interesting and pathetic. Certain personages come out from the main body of singers and appeal to the humorous or pathetic feelings of the spectators, who themselves by their applause take a very active share in the play.

The population is very handsome. The men are tall; their long beards come down to their bosoms and give them all a martial air. The women are also beautiful and are attired in elegant costumes, but they would look better still if they would give up the habit of washing their teeth with a certain varnish which makes them look jet-black.

Moscow also contains numerous families of Tziganes, Bohemians and their wives, who live apart, forming no alliance with the Muscovites, and easy of recognition through their costume, language, and music.

We were invited to hear a very select band in the Cheremetief Garden. The first impulse was to run away, so loud was the din, but a few softer notes attracted the ear, which, accustoming itself to them, afterwards welcomed these sounds which commence with shrieks and end in deep and real accents of passion.

From Moscow we left for Nijni-Novogorod. This is, at the annual fair, the meeting-place of European and Tartar Russia, and even, it may be said, of all Asia, for China and several nations from the extreme East are represented there. Nijni-Novogorod stands on the summit of a picturesque hill; the Volga flows at its feet in a vast plain where the second city stands, built almost entirely of iron as a protection against fire. This second city, or rather this immense bazaar, contains only shops, sheds, and the buildings absolutely necessary for the foreign merchants. This incomparable market only lasts one month, but during that month, what activity! what a display of merchandise from

all regions, of costumes of the most varied colours and forms, of objects borrowed from the most savage nations as well as the highly finished productions of the most refined civilisations! The French language is much used there, and Frenchmen are treated with much ceremony.

One day, when through the medium of the polyglot Antonio we had made a few purchases of Asiatic stuffs, the shopkeeper, who had not at first appeared, came in to thank us, and begged us to enter the room behind his shop, made us seat ourselves at a table loaded with excellent fruit, and ended by opening a bottle of champagne, saying to us with each glass, "You need not be afraid to drink, Count! I am always in direct communication with the champagne districts." And the bottle did not belie his words. That evening there were fresh entertainments in the upper city, of which the Governor-General Boutourlin and Madame Boutourlin did the honours right nobly. The variety of costume and language was the same as in the lower city, but with more sumptuousness and refinement. All this made us desirous of advancing a little nearer to the east. We chartered, at a very low price, a small boat, with a crew of six men, and, half sailing, half rowing, we descended the Volga as far as Kasan.

This voyage was charming, for when the river banks provided no occupation for our eyes, the crew never ceased to furnish us with fresh subjects for curiosity. Our six sailors were superb men, who in

France would have passed for colossi. Their genial manner towards each other, and their prompt obedience to the pilot, never varied. They sang sometimes in chorus, sometimes in dialogue, in the fashion we had already heard in Moscow. They took their meals with every appearance of gaiety, and as soon as the repast was ended, threw themselves into the Volga, swimming round the vessel, and playing all sorts of gambols in the water like regular amphibians. After the first performance of these exercises we asked them whether, when they bathed while in a perspiration after rowing, or after a copious meal, they were not very imprudent. Our question stupefied them, and made them laugh heartily. Their bodies were of iron, of unparalleled agility, while their good-humour never varied during the six days of our life in common. They quickly learnt our usual habits and were very attentive to them, carefully watched over us during our sleep, and when we bade them farewell we parted with sincere regret and like real friends.

Kasan is a fine city of oriental appearance in the centre of a magnificent panorama. Russia lavishes both efforts and expense to assimilate this population, but the Tartar element resists, and defends step by step every one of its customs as though it were defending its entire nationality. The University of Kasan is famous, and the Emperor carefully retains its renown by sending distinguished professors to it. The libraries are rich and numerous; the observatory is provided with a most powerful astronomical instru-

ment. However, as soon as the traveller leaves the focus of civilised and civilising science, he finds himself in the middle of Tartary once more. Evening and morning the mosques are filled with the faithful, who read the Koran together in a nasal, monotonous voice. The harem also ranks amongst the most obstinately protected institutions. One of the Governor's aides-de-camp conducted us to the house of one of the richest Tartars of Kasan, who offered us a repast of dried fruits. He afterwards willingly showed us his garden and some rooms in his house, but no women appeared. The aide-de-camp expressed to him in the Tartar language our great desire to see some of his women in their national costume. He seemed little inclined to gratify us. However, upon the persistence of the aide-de-camp, and probably through fear of offending so great a personage, he at last consented, went away, and soon returned followed by two women richly dressed and carefully veiled. We begged the aide-de-camp to thank them for us, and to apologise for a curiosity which was not intended to be either indiscreet or offensive. A light laugh, rather merry though stifled, was the only answer. Then, at a sign from the Mussulman, the two women turned on their heels and re-entered the house with hurried steps. When, on leaving, we thanked the aide-de-camp for his obliging courtesy, he shook his head smilingly. "You may be sure," he said, "that the Tartar only showed us two young boys disguised as women." Such, in 1836, were the Russian rule and Mussulman docility!

Everything we saw led us to think that it would be easier to drive the Mussulman races back into Asia than to convert them. The Koran declares a war upon the gospel that does not admit of either sincere peace or of any real truce. Extermination, thank God, has become an impossible barbarism; reconciliation must for a long time remain a hope, bordering closely on chimera. May Europe at least be entirely restored to Christianity at no distant date!

To remount the Volga would have taken far longer than to descend it; we therefore regained Nijni by a high road, badly paved in wood, and after a last glance at the splendours of the fair, and a visit of thanks to Moscow, we started for Poland, following the course taken by the Grand Army.

Russia had left a vivid impression and a great idea of her originality upon us. The Russians are a fine people in the true sense of the word. Handsome and robust in their physical constitution, with a high conception of their destiny and a religious faith shown even in the smallest details of their private life, the popular worship of holy images and of venerated places, assiduous attendance at public prayer, unalterable respect for the clergy, who however left a great deal to be desired, indefatigable ardour in handwork and military exercises, a quick understanding, a remarkable aptitude for industry and commerce; spontaneous assistance between fellow countrymen, a cordial hospitality to foreigners, the only thing lacking in Russia is a Government capable of utilizing

all these natural qualities by elevating and regulating them.

Is this judgment, formed fifty years ago, still correct? To reply to this question, I should require information which I have not at command respecting the depth and hidden extent of revolutionary propaganda. But I still think that if Russia passes, like other European nations, from a despotic to a demagogic *régime* the sincere friends of regular order and wise liberty will have to weep once more over a noble victim.

A double patriotic sentiment led us to return to France through Poland. We wished to follow step by step, from Moscow to Warsaw, the halting-places of our Grand Army and to visit at home the heroic people which on so many occasions and with so much devotion, had risked its own existence to defend ours. What a pang we felt as we crossed the Beresina, an imperceptible stream which on that day a horse could have leaped easily, but which overflowed in 1812, and was the cause and the scene of an irreparable disaster. With what emotion we prayed in a chapel at the gates of Minsk, kept up by a few French prisoners who had remained in Russia, but who faithfully preserved the religion and language of their native land! With what solemn sadness we traversed beneath a splendidly star-lit sky, between two verdant lines of trees, that country where so many of our fellow countrymen had only encountered a gloomy sky, a merciless winter, an icy and deadly desert!

The journey lasted six days and six nights without stopping, for the inns in the interior of Russia have one great drawback, which explains the habits of the Russian nobles of only travelling with a bed in their carriage. Nearly all the houses are built of wood, and large stoves, surrounded by benches on which the peasants and woodcutters sleep during the eight winter months, keep up a stifling heat, the result being that bugs have attained the rank of a public calamity.

Poland at this date had still a frontier of its own, and our passports had to be examined at Bretz-Lytofsky, where we arrived some hours after the office had been closed. We were therefore obliged to have supper, and pass the night at the Hotel de la Poste; but I should have preferred being locked up in the coachhouse all night, even at the risk of a severe illness, to sleeping in the bed offered to me. But yet the hotel did not look bad, and the hostess, who prepared a good meal for us, wore a black lace cap ornamented by a plate of gilt metal inlaid with such a profusion of turquoises that this diadem, as it might be called, was, according to Antonio, worth a thousand roubles. These headdresses were frequently met with throughout the whole country, and descended from generation to generation.

I was entrusted by some old Angevin friends with a singular mission, which was to ascertain, as far as possible, the truth about the death of Field-Marshal Diebitch, who defeated the Poles at Ostrolenka. These

good ladies believed, upon the strength of some vague prediction, that Diebitch was no other than Louis XVII., miraculously preserved and mysteriously taken to Russia on leaving the Temple. Their obstinacy in this belief proved once more how difficult it is for naïve credulity to listen to reason. The Russian staff was still full of Diebitch's comrades in arms, and I was, therefore, in a position to assure those who still doubted that nothing could be more certain than that the pitiless Marshal was a Russian, and that he was dead. His habits were soldierly, his features Kalmuk, and nothing either in his person or in his origin warranted the strange supposition of which he was the object.

Marshal Paskiewitch, who replaced him, had ended the war in Poland by his siege of Warsaw, and still governed the country at the time of our arrival. He was a distinguished man, gifted with all the qualities of a peacemaker. The Countess Nesselrode had given us letters of introduction to him, which secured us the kindliest welcome. We did not conceal our Polish sympathies, but this was not in any way resented in Frenchmen like ourselves. We therefore visited Warsaw under official protection, but without any restraint and without supervision, at least apparent. The city was animated, the population calm, and even resigned. Jews were met at every step, acting as the mediums of all commerce; holding out the hand in return for the most trifling service, even that of indicating by a gesture the number in a street. They

were still, even as in the happiest days of Poland, the resource and scourge of the Poles.

Marshal Paskiewitch inhabited the Lazinski Palace, the sumptuous modern residence of the kings of Poland. He gave us a grand dinner, after which he invited us to follow him to the park. A curious spectacle awaited us there. The whole population of Warsaw was assembled in a vast amphitheatre rising above the shores of a small lake. The Marshal seated himself in the first rank, surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms and by his guests, amongst whom were several Englishmen. At our feet flowed a very clear stream; in the midst of the lake there was an island, where the performance was to take place; trees, rocks, small buildings, served as decorations adapted to the pantomime, which commenced as soon as the Marshal was seated. A village wedding party issued from the church, entered some boats already decorated and illuminated, defiled before us, between the island and the amphitheatre, returned to the island on the opposite side to that on which they had embarked, and prepared to dance. The music, which had escorted the wedding party in the boats, commenced a very spirited air, and as soon as the first bars were heard, prolonged and almost frenzied applause broke out behind us. I asked the reason of a Russian official who was next to me, "It is," he replied, "a national air, and a popular dance, the use of which has just been restored to the Poles. You hear the proof of their satisfaction." I was so touched

that I could not answer the officer except by a gesture of thanks.

I did not lose one note of this music or one movement of this dance, which summed up, as it were, the whole situation. Russia in the first rank, by right of conquest, confident and even courteous in her strength; in front and behind, a people, submissive but not won over, to whom liberty in music and the dance was accorded, and who seized this one opportunity of expressing the regrets and hopes which cannot be stifled in the heart. However hospitable the victor, he must, on that evening, have thought us very ungrateful, and have noticed our sympathy for the vanquished.

In order that our last impression might be exclusively Polish, we went into the country and visited Count Wielopolski, whom I had known in Paris. His horses, which he bred in great numbers, and which filled his immense stables, took us by relays to the old castle, where he lived at that time, and which his mother never left again. She wore the national mourning and never appeared again at Warsaw. We passed a few days there exchanging thoroughly French ideas, and were then conducted with the same abundance of very fast horses and very simple carriages to the gates of Cracow.

Warsaw is the capital of modern, Cracow of ancient Poland, and everything in it recalls its antiquity; the well-chosen military position, old monuments, and venerated tombs. Contemplating in the gloomy cathedral the mausoleums of the most illustrious founders

of the Polish Republic and that of Kociusko, one of her last martyrs, one cannot help deploring the errors of devotion and patriotism which have continually compromised the destiny of a people so happily gifted. We ardently hoped that the lessons of the past might prepare a better future, but our hopes were not fulfilled. A few years later a deplorable rising in Galicia led to a final occupation of Cracow by Austria. A few years later Poland, once more forgotten by a Napoleon dictating terms of peace to Russia, recklessly attempted a revenge more purposeless and still more fatal in its results than any of the preceding enterprises. May this noble country at least retain intact in her defeat the honour of her name and fidelity to her faith! With these two stepping-stones all may be rebuilt.

Entering Austria by Lemberg, we paused to visit the mines of Wilishka. It is here that by mutual consent Russia, Prussia, and Austria draw from the bowels of the earth the salt necessary for the three empires, where a population of several thousands of men live fourteen hundred feet below the surface, seeing the sun but once in eight days, some of them only once a month. This immense excavation is reached by long winding paths, or by a direct descent in a large tub. We preferred the most curious and shortest way.

Visitors are first enveloped in a great overcoat of white cloth, to preserve their clothes from the saline moisture; they enter the tub, with a small lamp in

the hand, and descend by means of a cord into this abyss, which appears bottomless, from time to time passing other tubs and other small lamps, but when they reach the ground at the end of the descent, they are rewarded for their trouble by a scene which baffles description. Each of the workmen is also provided with a small lamp fixed upon his head when he walks, and planted in the block of salt when he works; the result being an illumination as far as the eye can see.

In this subterranean city, with a vista of large galleries, the workers find in abundance every object necessary for them. In the centre is a vast chapel cut out of the salt; the walls, altars, statues and tabernacles are in salt. It has not the whiteness of that prepared for eating, but is more the colour of saffron. A damp greasy liquid exudes from the walls without diminishing their strength. The rough salt is only detached with great trouble, and in small blocks, by incessant blows from the implements used. A singular feature is the lake of sweet water found at this depth, in the midst of banks and on a bed of salt: a lake deep enough to float boats, and extensive enough to admit of a fairly long row. If a visitor adds twenty francs to the small sum charged for admission fee, Bengal fires are suddenly lighted from distance to distance, and shine on the sheet of water with a fairy brightness, reflected upon the roof of salt stalactites suspended over head. On the whole, few excursions can give a higher idea of human boldness and industry than the exploration of the mines of Wilishka.

At Olmütz we saluted the memorial of Silvio Pellico, and reached Kirchberg, where King Charles X. then resided. Politics compelling the Emperor of Austria to pay more frequent and longer visits to Bohemia, Charles X. had been obliged to leave Hradschin; Buschtiehrad was uninhabitable in winter, and the aged King had gone to settle in the south of Austria, at Goritz. The royal family were going there by easy stages when the Duc de Bordeaux was attacked by an eruptive complaint, which prevented the journey from being continued. The complaint had suddenly seized the young Prince at a small inn, where, with the best will in the world, he could not receive proper care. The Duc de Blacas, who never left the King, hearing that a château was for sale in the neighbourhood, bought it in his own name, without ever having seen it, and without demur as to the price, surprised the King by this pleasant news, and had the youthful patient conveyed to his new home. The doctors, the King, and the royal family then found themselves in possession of everything that the most generous and intelligent devotion could have contrived at such short notice.

At Kirchberg, as elsewhere, Frenchmen whom distance did not deter were received; but there was no room for hospitality except at table. We slept at the foot of the castle in a very small village, between two feather beds, for mattresses and blankets were unknown. However unpleasant this might be, we never dreamed of complaining. We received there,

for the last time, King Charles X.'s cordial welcome, he afterwards proceeded on his way to Goritz, where a Christian death awaited him.

Munich had become, through King Louis's genius, a new Athens, as the Bavarians delighted to call it. We only paid a hurried visit to it, and at last re-entered France through Strasburg.

Nothing was then more French than Alsace; it was believed to be protected for ever by the tomb of Marshal de Saxe. The French opera there was an excellent one, thanks chiefly to the choruses, notable as they were for the purity and correctness which belong, in an unrivalled degree, to the German method and education. I had been listening to it with rapture, and was leaving the theatre, when I was accosted by the Comte de Bruc, a Breton by birth, with whom I had slight acquaintance: "You will, I believe, hear with pleasure, that M. de Persigny is here, but quite secretly, and you know why."

"I should be very pleased to see him, but I must beg you to express my regret to him; I have, as you see, a travelling companion, and our horses are ordered for five o'clock to-morrow morning. Our families are waiting for us impatiently after a long absence, and we cannot delay our departure."

"Well, come at once."

"Why, it is close on midnight."

"That is exactly the hour of all Persigny's appointments; I know how much he is attached to you. Your refusal will cause him real grief."

I should mention that the Comte de Bruc was known in his youth for his antipathy to Napoleon. He would say to a regimental comrade, if he saw him badly mounted, "Your horse is a regular Bonapartist." And if his dinner were bad, "There," he would say, "that dish is quite Bonapartist." I heard these details later on from his former Colonel, the Marquis de la Bourdonnaye, although I did not know them then.

At this period of my life, a taste of adventure never displeased me, and I had really a great friendship for M. de Persigny. I had seen him several times in Paris since our meeting in England; without entering into indiscreet confidences, he had never failed to repeat his hopes and to speak of his projects. I laughingly used to say to him, "We were born to become friends, for you also are a Vendean in your own way." In several respects this praise was deserved. I shall have other opportunities of justifying it. He came to my house whenever he liked, without telling me where he lived, and I never asked him. I yielded then to the Comte de Bruc's persuasions, saying to him, "Very well, I will at least return one of Persigny's calls." Upon rejoining M. de la Bouillerie, I told him that one of my fellow-countrymen from the West wanted to speak to me upon some private business, and begged him not to sit up for me. I then followed my mysterious guide, and after leaving the centre of the city and passing through three or four winding streets, a low door was opened and we went up to a kind of attic, where I found myself in the

midst of six or seven young men who were lighting a bowl of punch. This was Prince Louis's staff. M. de Persigny was at first mute with surprise, then, throwing himself upon my neck, he exclaimed "Can we then count upon you at last?" "As a friend always, as a Napoleonist, less than ever!" M. de Bruc and I then explained our meeting, and my appearance, although reduced to these modest proportions, was not less cordially greeted. The spirit of proselytism never deserted M. de Persigny, and he said: "You may feel sure that Providence has sent you to us. Prince Louis is here, only two steps from the frontier; the garrison is with us, and in two or three days we shall be greeted by the whole of France." "No, you will all be hanged, and you ought to admire my courage in remaining here after all that you have told me. In another minute, perhaps, the police will burst into the room; I shall be taken in the very act, and I shall share your sad fate, although I have done very little to deserve it." From jests of this kind we returned to serious words, M. de Persigny and his companions attempting to prove to me the grandeur of their enterprise, while I endeavoured to make them realise its danger and uselessness. We could not succeed in coming to any agreement, for my convictions were as unalterable as their illusions. After an hour of fruitless argument I rose, embraced M. de Persigny affectionately, and sadly returned to my lodgings, while at five o'clock in the morning I entered the carriage with M. de la Bouillerie, without whispering

one word of my secret. A few days later Prince Louis was a prisoner at Strasburg, and M. de Persigny succeeded in crossing the frontier, saying as Barbès said afterwards, on the morrow of the 24th February, 1848, "We must have a fresh try."

CHAPTER V.

LITERARY STUDIES—CHARITABLE WORKS.

1837—1839.

I RETURNED to Anjou with Rudolph Apponyi, who had too often heard me speak of my dear country not to desire to make acquaintance with it. After staying a few weeks at Bourg d'Iré, I determined to enlarge the circle of his excursions, and to extend it as far as Nantes. Two of my friends, the Marquis de Charnacé, and the Vicomte de la Haye, offered to accompany us. We visited the Château de Nantes, which still remains just as Cardinal de Retz described it; the house of Mesdemoiselles de Guiny, where the Duchesse de Berry's hiding-place was shown us by Marie Bossay, the devoted servant who indignantly refused a considerable sum offered to her, if she would betray the princess who had been committed to her keeping. After admiring in the cathedral the tomb of the Duc de Bretagne, which had not then the tomb of General de la Moricière as rival, we embarked upon the Erdre. This river, humble as it is, is not unworthy of its neighbour, the Loire: its

banks are so full of interest, with elegant parks, and ruins which recall the first wars of la Vendée.

Our intention was to pay only a flying visit to the Abbey de la Meilleraye, but we were detained a whole day by the unexpected fascination of the Father Abbé superior of the Trappists, M. Saulnier de Beauregard, well-known in the West by the name of Père Antoine. A cavalry officer, and an emigré, everything in him recalled the man of the world, although he forgot that world in the most exemplary way, in the full observance of the austerities of his order. His political opinions were very frank and very strong, and he only made one concession to them—reading the newspaper. We had a proof of the care with which he read it, for when I presented Rudolph Apponyi to him, he exclaimed: "I must congratulate you, Count, upon the order of the Golden Fleece, which your father has just received: after the order of Maria Theresa, I do not know of any more flattering distinction in Austria."

While we walked through the fields where the Trappists were silently performing their agricultural labours, Père Antoine discussed the most varied subjects with great competency, questioned us shrewdly upon politics, then from time to time paused and apologized for his return to the interests of the world, while showing us his long white robe. This robe, however, added to his merit in our eyes, for there is nothing more touching than an old or lonely man, who lives estranged from everything, without becom-

ing indifferent to anything. He retained, until a very advanced age, a vivacity of repartee from which his abbey profited more than once.

When he became superior of La Meilleraye, a forest of old trees gave an agreeable but barren shade. It was resolved to sacrifice them, but for this a Government authorisation was required, and this authorisation did not come. The Comte de la Bourdonnaye, a Breton by birth, having been named Minister of the Interior, the opportunity was considered favourable, and Père Antoine was deputed to go to Paris. The ministerial audience was easily obtained, but when the venerable petitioner presented himself, the welcome was not what he expected: "Your request," said the minister to him, "has already been remitted to M. de Villèle, who is not inclined to grant it, although in your petition you addressed him as GRAND MINISTRE."

Père Antoine was well aware of M. de la Bourdonnaye's enmity towards M. de Villèle. He felt the point of this rejoinder, and bowing humbly, replied: "Ah, Monseigneur, pardon me; we poor monks do not carry a compass in our eyes!"

He returned to la Meilleraye, having gained his cause.

At Châteaubriant, we visited the Castle of Françoise de Foix, an old keep, where we looked for romantic memorials, but which we found transformed into constabulary barracks. We then returned to Bourg d'Iré for affectionate farewells, in which our

amiable travelling companions had their fair share. In reference to one of them, Rudolph Apponyi said to me: "I have often heard French gaiety spoken of before foreigners, and I own that until now, people seemed equally gay in Rome or Vienna, as in Paris; but from to-day I confess that I know what French gaiety means."

I returned as usual to pass the winter in Paris with my parents, and at last I entered, but none too soon, upon the serious business of my life. For this, I must first give thanks to God; and after Him, I owe them to two friends who have not only charmed but guided and edified my life: Madame Swetchine and Albert de Rességuier.

Albert de Rességuier was six years younger than me, and I ought to have been useful to him as a guide. Our places were quickly reversed, and in a short time I received from him more than I could give. His family all joined in urging and encouraging me to work. His father, Comte Jules de Rességuier, was a charming poet, yet more elevated by the nobility of his character than by that of talent. He had sprung from two military and literary races. His mother was a Puységur; his great uncle, the Bailli de Rességuier, passed two years in prison, half in the Bastille, half at Pierre-Encise; and was afterwards exiled from the kingdom for a pamphlet on the Court of Versailles, entitled, *Le voyage d'Amatonthe*, and these four lines against Madame de Pompadour:—*

* "Journal de Barbier," December, 1750.

"Fille d'une sangsue et sangsue elle même,
L'insolente poisson, d'une arrogance extrême,
Etale en ce château, sans crainte et sans effroit
La substance du peuple, et la honte du roi."

At Malta, where he resided for a long time, the Bailli de Rességuier left a brilliant reputation behind him, of which I found traces still existing even in Anjou. When Albert de Rességuier came to see me at Bourg d'Iré, our neighbour, M. d'Andigné, an old Knight of Malta with a wooden leg, related many anecdotes about the Bailli, whom he had known well, and amongst others, the following. "A newly-arrived knight thought he would display his success in Paris by complaining bitterly of the dulness he experienced at Malta. He so bored all his companions by these complaints, that the Bailli de Rességuier said to him one day, "What! you are bored? . . . you even bore yourself? . . . Ah! that's only fair!"

The Comtesse de Rességuier, née MacMahon, united profound piety to inexhaustible charity. An incident happened to her which we ought always to bear in mind when tempted to indulge in useless expenditure. While acting as Dame de Charité in the parish of Saint Roch, Madame de Rességuier mounted, with her companion, to the fifth storey. The two collectors were received by a little old man, who opened the door himself, ushered them into a sparingly furnished apartment, and gave them his offering, carefully wrapped up. Their surprise was great when, on opening the packet, they found fully five louis in it.

"This good man has made a mistake," thought the two collectors, "he has given us, unintentionally, one half of his income!" They then remounted the staircase, rang once more at the door, and explained their errand. The old man glanced round his room, then at himself, and answered with a quiet smile, "I thank you for your delicacy, ladies, but it is only by living as I do that I can afford the pleasure of being charitable!"

My first, and I must own, my only literary school was the house of M. de Rességuier. Louis Veuillot said of me, in anything but a kindly spirit: "M. de Falloux, who learnt to write by making his books;" and the remark is perfectly correct.

Madame Swetchine's house was my school of charity. Madame Swetchine never preached—I think I have shown this in her biography—but she awakened, she fortified, she inspired the best sentiments, rendering them, by her example, seductive and accessible. Moreover, I met at her house men who, by their indulgent friendship also introduced me to what was a seriously Christian life. Père Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert have been, as it were, two great towers in their country, as I need hardly repeat; yet for many young men this assertion is unfortunately necessary. Chenier has said—

"On n'aime que la gloire absente,
La mémoire est reconnaissante,
Les yeux sont ingrats et jaloux."

This sad truth has no date, it belongs to all ages.

The great Catholic champions will soon meet with the justice due to them. At present ingratitude is still struggling for the mastery, and will not relax its hold.

Père Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert both obtained, one in the pulpit and the other in the tribune, a double triumph: both have destroyed fear of the world, so far as fear of the world can be destroyed. Both have substituted in many of our contemporaries an open militant Catholicism for a vague lukewarm sentiment. Père Lacordaire has drawn the masses into church; has led men—we might say classes—which had systematically held aloof, from the foot of his pulpit to the foot of the altar. M. de Montalembert has introduced into political eloquence, into the press and into archæology, subjects, eulogies of the past, fearless criticisms of the present, unprecedented until his day, which enable those who imitate him from a distance to live by his traditions whilst they misjudge or insult himself. Never were errors and prejudices more firmly grasped, never was a century more intrepidly and energetically called to reflect upon itself, to historical repentance, and to public reparations, than was the nineteenth century during thirty years, by two of its sons who had given it their sincere sympathy, yet who maintained in the forefront the principle of the duties and even the severities of the ecclesiastical and lay apostleship.

Père Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert were too fervent Christians not to be also very charitable, but

their existence was passed in incessant labour, and, though unsparing of their strength and their devotion, they endeavoured to find some auxiliaries in the works which were destined to translate their ardent faith and burning words into daily action. Frederick Ozanam, Armand de Melun, Léon Cornudet, Adolphe Baudon, Franz de Champagny, Werner de Mérode, Adrian Cramail, M. Leprévost, M. Ledreuil, and later on Augustin Cochin, became the indefatigable lieutenants of these two great captains. They personally enlisted recruits amongst young men in society, who did not possess all their knowledge and abnegation, but who, nevertheless, followed in their footsteps, paid tribute to them, and helped them. I was fortunate enough to be included among the number.

The Legitimist party—and no one can deny it this merit—furnished the largest contingent. Excluded, or rather excluding itself, from political employment, anxious to disprove the reproach unsparingly levelled at it, of repeating at home the errors of a previous generation of émigrés, it understood that a fertile and wide career was still open to it in the accomplishment of social duties. The July government, which had to defend itself both against those who lived in the past and against rash innovators, rested almost exclusively upon what is called the middle classes: it was supported in this position by partisans of unquestionable worth, but these men, often personally interested in industrial questions, could not always forbear

from private or political selfishness, which too often also blinded or paralysed them. It was the duty of the Legitimist party to discern this weak side, and fill up the deficiencies. And, above all, it was the party of landowners, who, on this point, could not be too careful.

Kings and even popes have, as temporal sovereigns, put off necessary reforms too long; they have paid for this adjournment by revolutions. Landowners, under pain of sharing the same fate, should in our century hasten to redeem their cause by good actions. Those amongst us who did not perfectly understand this had a presentiment of the truth, and already warnings of this kind had been received by them all. Lastly the Legitimists, as a rule, received a religious education, and charity naturally entered into the instruction of their youth and the example of their families.

When one has never known what it is to want a roof, a fire, and daily bread, one cannot judge the poor. One must see, come into actual contact with misery, to really understand it, to thoroughly comprehend how much excuse there is for irritation or the heroism of gentle resignation. When the mind has been once directed to these questions, the eyes fixed upon such sufferings, and these defects in the laws considered, no one will, no one can pause half way. The works undertaken by M. de Crainait and the Abbé Bervenger were limited; the work of the new volunteers was much more extensive,

but it had still some deficiencies. The master, the workman, the apprentice were not yet sufficiently enlightened, sufficiently restored to a religious life. This thought gave birth to the work of Saint Francis Xavier; that was, as the name of its patron indicates, a missionary zeal applied to Paris and France.

Every Sunday evening the working population was invited to lectures half pious, half industrial, with orators, priests, and laymen, who came in turns to speak to the workmen of their labour on earth and of their reward in heaven. P. Moigno, then a Jesuit, excelled in this preaching, which had a special character. M. Ledreuil, a former workman, of rare intelligence, first in secular costume, afterwards in a cassock, gave utterance in the modest reunions to everything that experience could suggest to devotion. A young man, Claudius Hébrard, gifted with a happy imagination, recited verses there which at times attained real elevation. The delivery and appearance of the youthful poet awakened sympathy, like his talent. The workmen applauded, loved him, and no better proof could be given than this poetic orator and his audience of what may be obtained from the uneducated classes when a sincere conviction awakens innate generosity, that latent poem which almost every man carries in himself. This little staff transferred itself, increasing as it went, wherever the work of Saint Francis Xavier appeared: from the cellars of Saint Sulpice to Saint Laurent; from Saint

Laurent to Saint Jacques du Haut Pas; from Saint Jacques to Saint Pierre du Gros Caillou; and very soon in nearly every church in Paris.

I was told off to expound the holy writings to an audience which had not yet attained holiness, but among which it was deemed good policy to sow plenty of seed, in the hope that some little of it would take root. I made my first appearance as a public speaker upon this occasion. I had never frequented any debating clubs, nor spoken a word in public, and I commenced my apprenticeship by relating one Sunday evening, from the churchwarden's stall in one of the Paris churches, to five or six hundred workmen, all very attentive and very easily affected, the history of Saint John the Evangelist; of the blessed La Salle; of St. Zita, and of many others who, in the name of Christ and for love of Him, had been of great service to humanity.

M. de Melun, inspired by Sister Rosalie, placed day by day a wider experience at the service of the new work. He soon perceived that to observe Sunday as a day of rest was insufficient; it was also necessary to provide employment for the rest of the day, and to render it useful to the health of children and young men, as well as to their moral development. Establishments were accordingly formed to provide games and healthy exercises for the apprentices, and at the same time to assist them in the accomplishment of their religious duties. The work of Our Lady of the Fields was created, preceding the formation of workmen's

clubs, which were soon afterwards inaugurated by Augustin Cochin. From Paris these good works radiated to the departments, where they were further developed and in some cases perfected. The social wounds were not cured—when will they ever be?—but they were at all events dressed and put in a fair way to healing.

It is a pleasure to me to sketch this picture, not only out of honour to a few men, but to testify to the power of French initiative and French charity. At the time of writing, Catholics are pursuing the same end, but some of them in a different manner. From 1830 to 1848, neither devotion nor energy were lacking, but less faith was put in the efficacy of noisy demonstrations, or of ostentation, however well-intended. The standard of charity was not hid away, but those who enlisted under it were more anxious to avoid compromising it than themselves. This was the time when Père Lacordaire and Père de Ravignan publicly instituted the Easter Sacraments at Notre Dame, a solemn review of practical Christians; that petitions for educational liberty were publicly signed; that several men of mark became schoolmasters in a garret, either in the Quartier Latin or in some country village; while many others devoted their existence to the service of charity, and a few of them renounced the joys of family life in order to devote themselves more easily, more exclusively, to the great family of the poor. There was a combined, a united effort to instruct and to Christianise society, such as the course

of centuries had formed it, without declaring war upon any party, without in any way mixing up politics with charity.

I have lived long enough to be able to compare the results of the two methods, one of which regarded publicity as a danger, the other as a force; and I might be suspected of partiality if I were to say what I think of either the one or the other. I only assert —and I could find proofs of my assertion on all sides —that among the good fruits, which are still being gathered, a great many spring from the seed and the labour of former times.

This Catholic sap was not fermenting in France alone, for I soon had an opportunity of remarking in Germany a similar proselytism to that of Paris. Albert de Rességuier, with a zeal unusual to Frenchmen, but of which M. de Montalembert had also given an example, determined to go and study German in Germany. Munich was suggested to him as the centre of a great religious and artistic renovation, and Professor Dœllinger admitted him into his house as a boarder at the same time as young Acton, who had come from England for the same study. Dœllinger was then one of the most venerated leaders of the German Catholics. He took a great fancy to M. de Rességuier, and admitted me to the same hospitality when, in the winter of 1838, I went and passed some weeks with him. Gœrres, although very aged, was still teaching; his son Guido Gœrres was preparing the poetic and touching book called *God in History*,

and Brantano had just published *The Visions of Sister Emmerich.* Abbé de Cazalès had already translated Brantano, while M. de Rességuier was about to undertake a still more arduous work—the translation of *Athanasius*, which Gœrres had just written, an eloquent and vigorous defence of the Archbishop of Cologne, Monsignor von Droste-Vischering, who had been cast into prison by the King of Prussia.

What noble and ardent conversations, what enthusiasm for the Church and for its cause! Nothing could have more closely resembled the discourse of a Christian Stoic than the burning apologia of the aged Gœrres, the learned deductions of Dœllinger, the original fancy of Brantano, or the naïve candour of Guido Gœrres, instructing in his lectures the young ecclesiastical professors, such as the Abbé Windischmann and so many well-disposed listeners and disciples of all nations, who carried home with them an ineffaceable impression and immovable convictions.

All these men were friends of M. de Montalembert, and my new connection with Munich increased my growing intimacy with him. I penetrated deeper into his home which was very attractive. Everything was in the same style as himself, not through the despotism of his will, but by a natural attraction. He then occupied a very modest apartment at the corner of the Rues St. Dominique and St. Thomas d'Aquin. Like all those who place ideas above enjoyment, or rather like those who find the greatest enjoyment in the

cultivation of elevated ideas and great causes, M. de Montalembert had no taste for luxury, though his appearance was always distinguished and his toilet never neglected. He was passionately attached to his library, and lavished much care upon the bindings of his favourite books. Beyond that, he had no material cares, and even if he had, he would have sacrificed them to anything which had the Catholic propaganda and charity for its immediate object. He was a great walker, and I never knew him drive, either in Paris or in the country, until his last illness rendered it a painful necessity.

With regard to my personal occupations, I did not hesitate long in the choice of my subject, and I devoted myself with all my heart to the studies which were calculated in any way to advance the monarchical cause.

In my early recollections, and in the creed of my home, Louis XVI. appeared to me as the type of that government, rather paternal than absolute, which had raised our country to such a high standard of greatness and prosperity. This it was which decided me to make a special study of his reign.

An old friend of Miss Newton, who afterwards became Madame Victor de Tracy, said to her, "You do not know how to read; you read as though you were eating cherries. When once the reading is over, you do not think of what you have read, and nothing of it remains. You must not read all sorts of things at hazard; you should be orderly in your reading, think

over it, and profit by it." I followed this counsel, and resolved to change my method, or rather I adopted a method for the first time. I began to read, pen in hand, all the memoirs on the history of France, from Villehardoun and Joinville to La Fayette and Mirabeau. All my conscience, all the perseverance of which I was capable, were applied to the unravelling of our annals.

I questioned, I consulted, century by century, the best informed witnesses and the most authorised judges, and when at last I was brought into the presence of Louis XVI., I recognised in him, in his intentions, and in his example, a disinterested comprehension and a generous appreciation of the needs of his age. Unfortunately he could not count upon the assistance of those around him and of the great body of the nation. The King did not fail in his mission from any fault of his own, but when it became necessary to impose self-denial upon those who did not feel any inclination for it themselves, and to exact what he could not succeed in obtaining, he was lacking in energy. He was vanquished, and made a victim, but he is none the less a model and a martyr in the abstract regions of devotion and duty. The homage which I undertook to render to Louis XVI. was the expression of my most sincere and deepest conviction. Something of this sincerity pervaded the book, and was the cause of what little success it obtained. I was able to consult, apart from the libraries, some survivors of the eighteenth century, and I did

not fail to do so. One must be somewhat advanced in life to thoroughly understand all the gratitude which a young man owes to those who, in the full activity of their career, devote a little of their time and attention to the efforts of a beginner. I owed this service and I owe this gratitude to Baron Mounier, a son of the old constituent, and himself a member of the House of Peers. He took an active and laborious part in the debates about Luxemburg, and yet two or three times a week, during a whole winter, he laid aside his own occupations to read, correct, and complete, page by page, the manuscript of a young and unknown man whose only claim upon him was the sentiment he expressed in response to my first expression of thanks, "Nothing excites my sympathy more than a young man who is willing to work."

It was a tradition with the Académie Française to appoint the Chancellor, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Governor of the Royal Children. Thus, it elected the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency, anticipating the choice made by Charles X. for the education of the Duc de Bordeaux; being glad also of the opportunity of doing homage to the rare qualities of the friend of Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand. Immediately after the election, M. de Montmorency sent for M. Laborie and said, "My dear Laborie, I look to you for my speech, and do not forget that the Duchesse de Berry will be present at my reception." Soon after M. Laborie brought a draft of the speech in keeping with the rules of the Academy which for

two centuries had continually selected literary men, courtiers, and dignitaries of the priesthood and of the magistracy, thus affording striking evidence that the mind gains through not abandoning itself to the exclusive cultivation of itself, but perfects itself by contact with the higher social dignities and offices. M. Laborie had given expression to M. de Montmorency's intentions towards the Duchesse de Berry in the following terms, "How greatly the honour paid me by the Academy is enhanced by the presence of that august Princess, the accomplished model of virtue." "That would do very well for the Dauphine," interrupted M. de Montmorency. "But let us put it, 'the accomplished model of all the virtues'!" The passage was altered, and the phrase accordingly ran: "I seem to hear the august mother who will so effectually assist her son's tutor, seeing that, in order to inspire him with a taste for literature and art, she has only to show him the source of consolation whence she derives her strength, while, to teach him courage and the highest virtues, she has only to relate her own history and misfortunes!"

The whole speech bears, in fact, from beginning to end, the stamp of the speaker, and might be well summed up in these words, which were then the profession of faith of all enlightened men under the Restoration:—

"I would fain seal here and on this day, which your kindness will ever engrave upon my memory, the treaty which should unite for ever three great powers

under the protection of the throne, religion, literature, and public liberty!"

If I had undertaken to write the life of Louis XVI. at the end of my career, instead of writing it at the opening, I should, I trust, have dwelt more strongly upon points which were too superficially indicated. I should have laid more stress upon the fact that it was the long disuse of the States-General which created the danger of 1789. I should have insisted more upon the prolonged blindness and consequent responsibility of the privileged classes. Political complaints are, like those of individual maladies, too often the invalid's own fault.

The meeting of the States-General in 1789 is assigned as a date for the Revolution; it would be more accurate to trace its origin back to the Assembly of the Notables in 1787. The Assembly of the Notables was but an amiable interview between the King and the nation. At that time the Revolution might still have been averted by reforms, if the privileged bodies had spontaneously and generously responded to Louis XVI.'s generous appeal. They would have transformed into a pacific reconciliation that keen struggle which each day lost rendered inevitable between the new interests which fairly demanded a hearing, and the old interests which too obstinately refused to grant it to them.

I was so absorbed and touched by the misfortunes of Louis XVI., as I retraced them, that I gave up wintering in Paris and only left the country when I could take my finished work with me.

My earliest visit, as usual, was to Madame Swetchine, and the first person I met in her house was Madame de Nesselrode. These two friends, separated by events even more than by distance, rarely passed more than a year without seeing each other. When the Emperor Nicholas requested Louis Philippe to recall M. de Barante, Madame de Nesselrode and Madame Swetchine made an appointment at Frankfort, Baden, or some French provincial town which facilitated their incognita; and when the relations between Russia and France improved, Madame de Nesselrode came to Paris for some weeks, and devoted nearly all her evenings to Madame Swetchine, pleased apparently to meet there a considerable portion of French society. For my part I eagerly asked for news of St. Petersburg, and the name of Georges de Heeckeren was one of the first which came to my mind. I had left him in all the brilliancy and full enjoyment of success. Only a thunderbolt could put an end to it; and the bolt fell, as may be gathered from the following narrative, which I received from an unexceptionable source.

One morning M. de Heeckeren was surprised to see Pushkine, deservedly the most popular poet in Russia, enter his room.

"How is it, Baron," he said, with apparent calm, "that I have found these letters in your writing in my house?" exhibiting some letters containing expressions of very warm affection.

"You have no reason to be offended," replied M. de Heeckeren; "Madame Pushkine only consented to

receive them to forward to her sister, whom I wish to marry."

"Then marry her."

"My family, however, will not consent."

"You must make them do so."

This dialogue put him in a very awkward situation, for if the marriage could not be arranged Madame Pushkine would be seriously compromised. Georges de Heeckeren did not hesitate long, and soon afterwards St. Petersburg congratulated him on his marriage.

Six months elapsed, and Pushkine again entered M. de Heeckeren's apartment, his face calm and gloomy.

"You thought you had deluded me; I come to undeceive you. If you had killed me six months ago you might perhaps have married my wife; now you are bound to do so, you will soon be a father. We must fight!"

Georges de Heeckeren had the moral courage to exhaust every effort to avoid this odious duel; but it was of no avail, for Pushkine was implacable. An appointment having been made, the seconds left St. Petersburg with the two principals, cleared away the snow from the edge of a small wood, and arranged, according to an agreement with M. de Heeckeren, that Pushkine should fire first. Pushkine took aim at his brother-in-law, lowered his weapon, raised it again with an insulting smile, fired, and the ball whistled past his adversary's ear without touching him. M. de Heeckeren had come resolved to fire in the air after Pushkine had fired at him, but this cold hatred, bitter

to the very last, made him lose his self-control, and Pushkine fell dead.

The victim was the idol of Russia, and if a riot had been possible at St. Petersburg it would have broken out at the news of this event. Mobs assembled even under the very windows of the Emperor, and from all sides re-echoed a cry for vengeance on the foreigner. M. de Heeckeren was immediately arrested, thrown into the citadel, tried and condemned with all the harshness of Russian laws. Soon afterwards the Emperor sent word to the prisoner that he had taken into consideration the sincere efforts which he had made to avoid the catastrophe, and that, as soon as the popular excitement had calmed down, a teleck would meet him at the door of the citadel and travel with him night and day to the frontier.

Georges de Heeckeren was at all events compensated by his domestic happiness. He resumed in Alsace, under the eyes of his old father, his life as a sportsman and a country gentleman. The Dutch Ambassador more than once visited his young family, and in 1848, universal suffrage overturning the Duke of Lucca, opened up a new career for him.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIAL OF PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE.—THE LEGITIMIST PARTY.—THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

1840—1848.

After having made a second journey to Italy in 1839 and spent nearly a year in that country, I returned in the summer of 1840 to Anjou. For some months I enjoyed in that much-loved retreat the happiness which I always found there, and I then asked M. de Rességuier to allow me to come and pay him a visit at the Château du Marais, near Paris.

It was during this period that Prince Louis Bonaparte's second expedition took me, as well as the whole of France, by surprise. Landing at Boulogne with a small escort on the 6th of August, 1840, defeated without a battle, and immediately taken prisoner, the Prince was transferred to the Luxemburg Palace and tried by the Court of Peers. His trial commenced towards the end of the month of September, amid the utmost public indifference. I never voluntarily lost an opportunity of hearing M. Berryer, and the skill and elevation of his eloquence could not be put to a more delicate test than in a case where the avowed

leader of the monarchical party had loyally to defend the man who aspired to the Empire. I hastened to the ground-floor at the end of an obscure narrow court in the Rue des Petits-Champs, the threshold of which I never crossed without a feeling of respectful emotion, and I asked M. Berryer, whilst apologising for my indiscretion, if I might not be included among the few fortunate enough to hear him.

"Nothing is easier," he replied, with his usual simplicity. "You are the first to ask me for a ticket, and no doubt I shall be able to send it to you to-morrow, for I go daily to the Luxemburg to consult with my client, in whom I have many chimeras to overcome before the trial begins."

"As this is the case," I replied, "could you add a second kindness to the first? You will be surprised to find that I have a friend in the Luxemburg prison whom no one thinks or knows anything about. He is called the Vicomte Fialin de Persigny; and would not the immunities enjoyed by a barrister enable you to let him know that I am in Paris, and that it would be very painful to me if I were to see him only from the public galleries?"

On the following day, when I entered M. Berryer's study, he exclaimed, "How much I thank you for the commission you gave me. I never saw warmer joy and gratitude! 'My family disapproves of my action,' said M. de Persigny, 'and loads me only with reproaches, so that but for M. de Falloux, I should not be able to grasp a single friendly hand!'" M. Berryer at the

same time gave me an order from the Chancellor admitting me to the visiting-room of the prison.

This was a rather small room, in the centre of which were raised two wooden railings, and a policeman was walking up and down in the space between them. I came in from one side and M. de Persigny from the other. Melting into tears, he held out his hand across the space that separated us, and whilst cordially returning his grasp I felt him slip a paper into my hand which I at once put into my pocket. Our conversation was as unreserved as it could be in the presence of a policeman who passed and repassed between us like the pendulum of a clock. I had no sooner left the Luxemburg than I hurriedly read M. de Persigny's note. He gave me the address of the house where his uniforms were placed ready for the entry into Paris, begged me to sell them, and indicated the use I was to make of the small sum resulting from the sale. I fulfilled his commission as well as I could, and I followed the trial very closely, more convinced from day to day of the emptiness of the Napoleonic hopes.

Prince Louis was dignified and calm; his expression was dull, his gestures awkward, and his accent tinged with both German and English. When the grenadier Geoffroy, whom he had seriously wounded at Boulogne by a pistol shot, was introduced as a witness, a sharp movement of interest and curiosity was seen in the galleries. All eyes were turned at once on the mutilated face of the soldier and the impassive features of the prince. When the

Chancellor asked him in a severe tone if he had no observation to make in answer to the evidence of the witness, the Prince replied, "I have nothing to say, unless it is that I deeply regret having by accident wounded a French soldier, and that I am very glad that the shot had not more serious consequences." This awkward answer, and particularly the words "by accident," produced a bad impression upon the Court of Peers and the public.

The Procureur-General, M. Franck Carré, overwhelmed Prince Louis and his companions with scorn, so that when M. Berryer rose everybody felt convinced that he must be quite discouraged, and expected that he would have little to say beyond what one expects from a barrister whom the Court has appointed to defend a prisoner without counsel. For my own part, I quite expected that the illustrious counsel for the defence would confine himself to this, for, while going through the passages of the Luxemburg, I had heard one barrister, M. Ledru, say to another who was going with him to the seats reserved for counsel, "I do not know what is the matter with Berryer, he is in such an awful temper. His Majesty the Emperor has certainly played him some dirty trick!" I had carefully examined M. Berryer's expression; it had not that anxious, almost gloomy look, which usually distinguished him before a great trial, that *crise de la parole*, as he himself called it. He seemed nervous and irritable, and passed his hand brusquely and mechanically across

his face. Indeed, as he has since told me, the Prince before he entered the Court had shown him the short speech which he had prepared—a speech which much complicated the difficulties of the defence, for it differed essentially from that which had been arranged for some days previously. These were the conditions under which the counsel for the defence rose before a dissatisfied and sarcastic audience, to answer a very vindictive speech for the prosecution upon behalf of a client whose depressed attitude proved that he perceived, though too late, the bad effect of his provocations.

From M. Berryer's very first words the scene changed; all present felt that he had regained his courage, that he had collected all his strength, and that he was about to plead to the utmost, addressing himself not only to his present auditors, but to the whole country. He did not indulge in the least rashness of language, in a single offensive word, or in the smallest omission of the respect due not only to the law but to the audience, whom he held constantly vibrating, yet invincibly charmed. Applause was on the point of breaking out in the galleries and even on the Peers' benches, but all this was restrained and mastered by the irresistible logic of his ideas and the irreproachable decorousness of his language. It was all so transparent and easy of comprehension, and more than one head was lowered before the force of this crushing apostrophe:—

"There is an inevitable, eternal arbitrator between

every judge and every prisoner; before passing judgment in the presence of this arbitrator, and in the face of the country which will hear your sentence, ask, without regard to the weakness of the plea, keeping the right, the laws and the constitution before your eyes, with your hand upon your heart, before God and before your country, ask, I say, had he succeeded, had he triumphed, should I have denied this right, should I have refused all share in this power, should I have ignored, should I have rejected it? For my part, I accept this supreme arbitration, and whoever, before God and before his country, can say to me, 'If he had succeeded I would have denied his right, that man I accept as judge.'"

Nevertheless Prince Napoleon was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, which he soon shortened by escaping from the fortress of Ham. M. de Persigny was detained at Doullens and then transferred to Versailles, under circumstances in which I found myself concerned, and which I shall refer to later on.

In 1841 I accomplished the most decisive action of my life. I married; and in this, as in all else, my political convictions were not without their influence upon my resolutions. Mademoiselle de Caradeuc de la Chalotais possessed, in addition to all the qualities which attracted me towards her, two things which were essential in my eyes: an ardent royalism and a predilection for Anjou. Her father, the Marquis de Caradeuc, had been aide-de-camp to General d'Andigné during the Hundred Days, and some of my neighbours

were her nearest relations. Our affinities had therefore their root in the past; I believed myself sure of happiness, and I was not deceived. A Royalist in heart and mind, I interested myself more and more in political life, attentively following the conflict which had been going on since 1832 between the partisans of the appeal to arms and those who from various reasons disapproved of it. The men who dreamed of a monarchical restoration through an insurrection in the west and south had as leaders the Duc des Cars, and General Auguste de la Rochejacquelein. The parliamentary party rallied round MM. de Chateaubriand, Berryer, Hyde de Neuville, and de Vatimesnil, and it would have given its confidence in the same degree to the Comte de la Ferronnays if this latter had not almost constantly resided with his family in Naples and Rome. Midway between the two parties stood the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, created Duc d'Almazan upon his Embassy to Spain, and the Marquis de Pastoret, son of the last Chancellor of the Restoration. Their ambition was to serve as bonds of union between the two groups of the same party, to render the military faction more reasonable, and to prevent the parliamentary faction from allowing itself to be drawn into too liberal engagements. After the death of Charles X., who had never accorded the least encouragement to the plan of restoration by arms, the dissensions became more and more marked, and the struggle ended by concentrating and personifying itself in two men, the Duc des Cars and M. Berryer.

I do not think I have traced M. Berryer's portrait. He is fully depicted in the greatness of his eloquence, for never was eloquence more sincere. Those who wished to disparage him, but who could not deny his power, were pleased to say of him, "He is an admirable barrister!" Nothing could be more unjust than these words in the sense in which they were used. In that sense M. Berryer was never a barrister even at the bar, for he only pleaded causes which commended themselves to his conscience or to his compassion. In the tribune he never said a word which exceeded, which came short of, or which compromised his convictions. His last letter, written on his deathbed to the Comte de Chambord—"one of the most sublime cries ever uttered by the human soul," as M. de Montalembert wrote to me—summed up, with God as his witness, M. Berryer's whole life.

The Duc des Cars was, putting his loyalty out of the question, his very opposite. He was a small, vigorous, thick-set man, taciturn and dreamy, all the more strongly attached to his chimeras because he never mentioned them except to those whom he knew beforehand would agree with them; outwardly cold, yet at bottom ardent even to rashness; impenetrable in his discretion, indefatigable in his activity; as little at home in the rooms as in the tribune; never going into society, and visiting his intimate friends at five or six o'clock in the morning.

I myself at first belonged to both these parties, although I had much the greatest confidence in that of

M. Berryer. The fact of my being a west countryman secured me an affectionate reception from the Duc des Cars, and I was touched at the sight of this old nobleman, the undisputed owner of such a high position, who was ready to risk everything on a single throw of the dice, who quietly dispensed and finally exhausted an immense fortune, without getting any recognition for it. With the example of a leader who thus gave up everything, one had naturally a desire to become a soldier.

In the meanwhile I was assigned a place in Saint-Priest's small battalion. He may be described as a sociable, talkative and diplomatic Duc des Cars, less parliamentary than he would have had us believe and than he believed himself to be, but sincerely and honestly seconding every effort at all likely to prevent or to tone down animosity between men devoted to the same cause.

Another influence, less apparent but very efficacious, also existed in the councils of the Comte de Chambord, being that exercised by M. de Villèle. As minister under the Restoration he had always dreaded the Extreme Right, and had often complained of it with some reason; but he conceded a good deal to it out of calculation rather than sympathy, though the result was that after seven years' power he lost both power and influence. Defeat and solitude did not enlighten him as to the errors of his method; and he succeeded in making it acceptable to the Comte de Chambord, who resolved to practise it with this difference, that

he introduced into it more sympathy and less calculation.

M. Berryer's electoral committees and the secret affiliations of M. des Cars beset the Prince's ear with their conflicting arguments. "All is lost if you do not make M. Berryer the real representative of your ideas, the living programme of your future reign!" "All is lost if you do not accord full confidence to the Duc des Cars, and if you do not resolutely discourage the liberal spirit which was the ruin of the Restoration!" I believe that the Comte de Chambord had not yet made his choice between ideas, and neither would he do so between men; so, under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, he referred to election the composition of a directing Committee in Paris, which would assume all the responsibility, relieving the Prince of it entirely. Notoriety in devotion to the Royalist cause was the best title to a place on this electoral list. M. Léo de Laborde, a very ardent native of Avignon, was entrusted by the Comte de Chambord to organise an office for inquiries and correspondence. This office was situated in the Rue St. Florentin. M. Léo de Laborde summoned the well-disposed electors, received them, and presided, with a few impartially chosen friends, over the counting of the votes. M. Berryer's name had what might be called an unanimity of votes. The Marquis de la Rochejacquelein, whom the *Gazette de France* extolled and supported very warmly, came next, then the Marquis de Talaru, a friend of M. de Chateaubriand, and then a few younger Royalists such

as the Prince de Chalais, next to whom my name found a place. Our powers were not sufficiently defined, nor was our origin sufficiently regular or our basis wide enough, for us to have great confidence in ourselves or much authority in the departments. We were an expedient rather than a serious organisation. The party looked to us to elude difficulties rather than to solve them. We felt this, and we were anxious above all else to prove our good intentions. But as we perceived, after sincere efforts at reconciliation, that we were striving against radical incompatibilities, we quietly disappeared.

Nevertheless, this first attempt sufficed to initiate me into the real weaknesses of the Legitimist party. I saw that there were problems to be settled first within inself, and afterwards in the mind of the chief of the Bourbons, which could not remain in suspense. I understood that no one, without himself knowing what he wanted, or what he represented, could offer himself to the country as a reparation for the past and a safeguard for the future. Reflection, study, and experience bound me to the line adopted by M. Berryer, and I joyfully bear witness to the fact that from that hour I have remained invariably faithful to this great example of patriotism and fidelity.

There was but a step from a preference for parliamentary politics to the duty of following and seconding M. Berryer in Parliament. This step I resolved to take. The Royalist newspapers had been unanimous in their kindly reception of my *Louis XVI.*, and

several Liberal organs, such as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, had praised its moderation. This success redoubled the ardour of those friends who had already conceived the idea of my coming forward for Parliament, and they urged me to offer myself at the general elections of July 10th, 1842.

The then member for Segré was one of my cousins, M. de Marcombe, a landowner, like myself, in this district, who had rallied to the July Government and was warmly supported by it. We were then under a limited franchise and the ministry of M. Guizot, who had succeeded M. Molé after the coalition, and who was already engaged in an ardent struggle with M. Thiers, the latter having just returned from his brief mission to London. I was defeated, but so also was M. de Marcombe, the ministerial candidate. At the third ballot I was left in with M. Jouneaulx, the candidate of the Left, who was elected by 143 votes against 100 recorded for me. The new deputy, a doctor in a small town, but a very honourable man, was not less surprised at his success than the ministerial party at the defeat of its candidate.

We had been unprepared for the dissolution of the Chamber, and at once occupied ourselves in arranging for our revenge. A great many Legitimists who might have registered their names at Segré were still registered at Angers, where they had not the least chance of making their votes tell. Others were not registered anywhere. A schedule was prepared of the taxes and votes belonging to each man. Papers and

requests for registration commenced to pour into the prefecture, which put a good face on the matter, and declared that it also was about to double its contingent. But its friends had been more foreseeing than mine, and had not neglected to bring up most of their recruits, so the ministerial numbers increased in less proportion than ours. In 1846 I passed at the head of the poll, with a majority of four votes, between M. de Marcombe, the former, and M. Jouneaulx, the outgoing deputy.

A chance occurrence between my two candidatures had given me a certain Angevin notoriety in the district which was not without some influence over the electors.

M. de Caumont, a learned archæologist, had recently instituted a series of scientific congresses. These gatherings of theoretical science were intended to encourage local study, and the annual meetings were held sometimes in one department, sometimes in another. Anjou's turn came in 1843. The programme of questions to be dealt with was distributed a year in advance. After assembling, the Congress broke up into sections, which worked separately during the morning, then held a plenary meeting in the afternoon for public lectures and discussion. Amongst the questions on the paper was the following: "What share had the Church in the massacre of Saint Bartholomew?" I believed that this question was not a *bonâ fide* one, and I was all the more anxious to answer it because I was then plunged in the study

of the sixteenth century and of the history of Pius V.

I was appointed secretary of my section, and in this capacity was charged with the reports of the morning sitting, which was read at the opening of the afternoon meeting before a small audience, which paid little attention to this dry formality. The secretaries had only from eleven to half-past twelve for their work, and during that time they had also to breakfast. Quickness at work has always been one of my advantages and one of my defects. I was therefore the first ready, and my report was listened to with surprise on the first day, with favour on the second, and with applause on the third, so that I was one of the favourites of the Congress when, in a general meeting, the question of the massacres came on.

Although emboldened by my previous success, I was very intimidated when I had to ascend the platform in the presence of a full meeting. My essay was written, and I read it timidly, but my reply, to the effect that the massacres were the work not of the Church but of politicians, provoked vehement contradictions. My opponents had not, like myself, been studying the sixteenth century, and they made some flagrant blunders. M. de la Saussaye, afterwards a member of the Institute, spoke of what the Cardinal de Lorraine had done in Paris, whereas in reality the Cardinal reached Rome in August, 1572, to take part in a conclave which resulted in the election of Gregory XIII. Chance had put a great advantage in my

way, and I used it to the utmost. My reply, improvised this time, gave me an opportunity of denouncing my opponents in a flagrant error, and of peremptorily completing my argument. From that moment I had the public on my side; and this emboldened me not a little, my concluding words being: "Let me bring this argument to a close by a purely moral but very decisive consideration. Instead of Catherine de Medici and Charles IX., that is to say instead of a reign filled with duplicity, lust and tortuous doings, imagine St. Louis and Blanche de Castille, that is to say a reign filled with the true spirit of the Church, with the most austere virtue and the most Christian loyalty—would the massacre of St. Bartholomew have been possible?"* This appeal, made with very sincere conviction and in a tone of great emotion, quite won over my audience. I was overwhelmed with the warmest congratulations: "You have won your spurs for the Chamber," exclaimed one of my hearers. The expression was well received, and I also was dubbed by my adversaries with the title, which has since clung to me, of the "apologist for the massacre of St. Bartholomew."

I was all the more pleased at my election because I owed it solely to the cordial and then unanimous zeal of my friends. I was also glad of it because, as a candidate, I had nothing to reproach myself with. Contending against a man of the Left, patronised by an anti-religious paper called *Le Précurseur*, I hurried

* *Etudes et Souvenirs*, p. 56, Perrin, 1885, Paris.

on my *Histoire de Saint Pie V.*, in order to publish it before the election. Some of my friends were much grieved at this, and said to me, "You are going much too fast." I replied, "That may be, but I will not risk being accused of duplicity. I do not want, if I am elected, for any one to be able to say afterwards, 'Ah! if we had only known that.'" I look back upon this recollection with great satisfaction. It will prove to those who may be tempted to forget it that the Catholics and the Legitimists of that time knew how to assert their cause as resolutely as others have done under other circumstances and at a more recent date.

I had not only *Le Précurseur* and its friends to contend with, I had also to fight against a ministerial rival who, for ten or twelve years, had distributed all the favours of the executive in the district. Unable to draw water from the same spring, I resolved to compensate Segré, then a very small and poor town, at my own expense. But I kept silence as to my intentions, and great was the surprise of my most intimate friends, as well as of the population, when, about a month after my election, I wrote to the Mayor of Segré telling him of the share I intended taking in the completion of a work of great public utility.*

It was thus that I entered the Chamber, with my mind and conscience entirely free, and at an epoch full of agitation.

M. Guizot and M. Thiers, after having in combina-

* The Oudon Canal.

tion overthrown M. Molé, had at first shared amicably the fruits of victory, but this pleasant harmony was of short duration. The incompatibility of character which existed between these two men broke out once more, and in 1846 there was war to the knife between them.

At the same date M. Berryer fully justified M. Royer-Collard's saying, on hearing his first speech, that he was a power. He was surrounded by a group of talented men, including MM. de Larcy, Benoist d'Azy, Hennequin, Béchard, General de la Bourdonnaye, MM. d'Andigné de la Châsse, Blin de Bourdon, de Staplande, and de Saintenac. He had unfortunately lost, in 1838, the aged Duc de Fitz-James, his most powerful auxiliary. Resigning his seat in the Chamber of Peers in 1831, he was elected at Toulouse to the Chamber of Deputies in 1834. A thorough type of a great noble, eloquent, blending through his double descent English dialectics with French colouring, the Duc de Fitz-James was one of M. Berryer's warmest friends. I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting here a striking and touching proof of this. King Charles X. having died at Goritz, in Austria, M. de Courson, a retired brigadier-general, submitted a petition to the Chamber, requesting that the royal ashes might be brought to France. This produced the most painful embarrassment for the deputies on the Right. To refuse this homage would be to sanction the persevering hostility of the July Government, while to accept it would be to incur an

obligation to it. Opinions were at first very divided. At last they decided in favour of refusing, but upon the condition that an explanation of the same should be made from the tribune by the Duc de Fitz-James, one of the late king's earliest friends. On the 27th January, 1838, M. Lacrosse, reporter for the commission of petitions, proposed the order of the day with regard to the petition of M. de Courson, that is to say, its rejection. The Duc de Fitz-James at once followed him, and expressed himself in these terms:—

"Gentlemen, I cannot venture to hope that the Chamber will accord much sympathy to the sentiment which has brought me into the tribune, but I hope that it will at least understand that, under the circumstances, an old servant of Charles X., one who was honoured for so long a time by that Prince's kindness, could not remain indifferent and silent upon his bench as deputy when such a question as this was raised. The principal mistake, in my eyes, of the petition which has just been read to us is that it has been presented without due thought. Far be it from me to think of finding fault with the sentiments and intentions of its author! He wished to render a mournful and parting homage to the memory of an unfortunate king: all honour to him for it! But it appears to me that he had not calculated the possible consequences of his imprudent step. In the ardour or blindness of his zeal, he has forgotten that there was something impious in thus arousing opinions and passions, in thus summoning them, if I may so speak, to meet and

wrangle over a coffin. (Sensation.) A royal funeral is not only an act of duty and respect from a son, a brother and a friend; it is both a religious and political event: the public authorities are present at it. As a religious duty, the petitioner ought to have remembered that prayer, when it is enforced or insincere, necessarily entails hypocrisy, blasphemy, and maledictions—a sad throng, gentlemen, to gather together at the solemnities of death. From a political point of view, let it suffice for me to say that in the fourteenth century, after the long troubles of a foreign war, and of civil wars which had desolated France, it was left to King Charles V. alone to lay the remains of the King, his father, who had died a prisoner in a foreign land, in the vaults of Saint Denis. These are the grave reasons upon which I base my support of the order of the day, which is proposed to you by the Commission." (Approbation.)

These few words were very well received, and everyone acknowledged that no one could have extricated himself from a difficult situation more nobly. The Duc de Fitz-James gave dinner parties and receptions every Thursday. On the Thursday which followed this sitting he was overwhelmed with congratulations. Some of M. Berryer's warmest opponents were the most outspoken, declaring that only a thorough gentleman could have thus evoked the souvenirs of the old monarchy. M. de Fitz-James allowed them to proceed, and, then raising his voice so as to be heard by all present, he said:—

"I can receive no compliments, except to transmit them to M. Berryer. It was he who at my request furnished me with the substance of my speech. It was he who suggested to me the allusion to King Charles V., which has gratified you all so much."

The Duc de Fitz-James was so attached to M. Berryer that he was anxious that the latter's name should be preserved in his family, and, following the English custom, he gave it as a baptismal name to a grandson, and after the old Duke's death I saw little Henry Berryer de Fitz-James enter M. Berryer's room and present him with a large bouquet, saying, "This is for grandpapa!"

Toulouse elected as his successor the Duc de Valmy, who shared the same sentiments and worthily occupied the same place.

The elections of 1846 added several new recruits to the Conservative camp, including the Marquis de Castellane, M. de Goulard, the Marquis de la Guiche, Comte Werner de Mérode, afterwards the Marquis de Contades, elected deputy in place of the Marquis de Castellane, his brother-in-law, who had recently died, MM. Paulmier, Sallandrouze, Blanqui, of the Institute, Moulin, a young magistrate full of promise. The first appearances of this latter were much remarked, and M. Vatou, alluding to the glass of sugared water in the tribune, said of him, "We have got a capital little mill there. He grinds *ad libitum* with one glass of water!" These men formed part of M. Guizot's party, but with a good deal of personal independence,

and they resolved to make this felt at the first opportunity which presented itself without danger to the Government. Among their predecessors in a moderate policy was a young officer of hussars, the intimate friend of the Duc d'Orleans, patronised in Auvergne by Madame Adélaïde, and in the good graces of the President of the Council. This was my old comrade, M. de Morny.

The Legitimist party also included several important recruits, such as M. de Genoude, whom M. de Villèle, Head of the College of Toulouse, had somewhat precipitately substituted for the Duc de Valmy, retained in the South by his health; M. de Rainneville, who in default of any great talent as an orator gave us the benefit of his great financial experience; M. de Carayon-Latour, M. de Léhen, the Comte de Quatrebarbes, the future companion of La Moricière at Ancona, who was nominated at Cholet at the same time that I was at Segré.

The newly-elected Legitimists were, like myself, disposed to follow M. Berryer's directions, M. de Genoude, who was the only exception, meriting special mention. His first political appearance was as editor of the *Etoile*, which M. de Villèle, then President of the Council, had confided to him, and in which he soon revived the old name of *Gazette de France*. Young, ardent, and laborious, M. de Genoude lent great brilliancy to the ministerial paper. He very legitimately made a considerable fortune in it, and this fortune he spent, in the years subsequent to 1830, as he had

acquired it, viz. in the journalistic defence of the Royalist cause. He founded numerous offshoots of the *Gazette de France* in the departments, and imposed his programme upon them. By a bold stratagem M. de Genoude placed the monarchical battle upon a fresh ground, tracing back the policy of the Right to the *cahiers* of 1789, blaming the Restoration for having departed from them, and thorough in his logic to the end, daily demanding universal suffrage, but, it is only fair to add, with two degrees.

Being left a widower, he had entered the ecclesiastical state, and even while continuing to edit the *Gazette* he preached in the Temple Chapel sermons previously printed in proof, which he read in the pulpit, as he might a copy of his *Gazette*. Receiving little encouragement in this laboured form of preaching, he soon gave it up and returned entirely to the absorbing life of a journalist. Men who had known him for a long time asserted that his ecclesiastical vocation was more political than religious—that in assuming Cardinal Fleury's first robe he had the second in view also, and was more occupied in securing his pre-eminence than in satisfying his piety. I cannot venture an opinion on the subject, never having had enough acquaintance with him to penetrate the secrets of his heart. His costume and manners were somewhat eccentric. He assumed neither tonsure nor cassock, but wore a long black overcoat, with which he had, at the first glance, the appearance of a Protestant pastor.

M. de Genoude's vanity was of a very unaffected kind. Dining together one evening at M. de la Rochejacquelein's M. de Genoude, who was seated opposite to our host in the place of the mistress of the house, took and was allowed to retain the lead in the conversation, although M. Berryer was on the right of M. de la Rochejacquelein. M. de Genoude began to relate that in 1815 he was a Royalist volunteer in the South and that he had been under arms during the Hundred Days. "I should, had I been so minded, have got on well in a military career, for I have never known what fear is." Some soldiers who were present replied that they could not say as much, and I added, "Well, Monsieur de Genoude, you are braver than Turenne, for Cardinal de Retz, who relates a very amusing story of meeting with some imaginary ghosts, said, 'See how brave M. de Turenne was; he was dying of fear, and yet he kept on advancing!'"

"Assuredly," replied M. de Genoude with great self-possession, "if Turenne were alarmed under those circumstances, I have the right to say that I am braver than he was!"

By separating its policy from that of the July Ordinances, by perpetual invoking the original documents of '88 and '89, by exhibiting the old régime as itself demanding the reforms which would have averted the Revolution, the *Gazette* and its school had rendered us unquestionable service. M. Berryer did not ignore this; but he had less confidence in universal suffrage, and, in any case, he reproached M. de

Genoude with confining himself too exclusively to his thesis, and with not dealing more frequently and more frankly with those questions and facts which our successive revolutions have produced.

M. de Genoude was very impatient under criticism or even qualified phrase. He therefore became M. Berryer's adversary, and although the latter rarely contradicted him, he pursued him with the most insulting imputations, and one day wrote in the *Gazette* the following words, which left an impression never effaced from my memory: "M. Berryer has passed over to the enemy!" Yet M. Berryer, whose natural generosity never failed him, induced his friends in Toulouse to vote for M. de Genoude, and when M. de Genoude was elected, he very cordially invited him to the first meeting of the deputies, which was held at his house at the opening of the session. At this first meeting M. de Genoude resolved to hoist his flag. Rendering bare justice to the intentions of the leader of the parliamentary Right, he dwelt upon the so-called faults committed up to that day, and naïvely—I might say arrogantly, if his tone had not affected gentleness—claimed the commander's bâton. M. Berryer replied without any bitterness, courteously showed in what respects the plans of his new colleague were inapplicable, premature, and problematical, and pointed out, above all, how much it was to be regretted that just when the Legitimists' ranks were being reinforced, they should weaken themselves by their inexplicable divisions. M.

Benoist d'Azy, with a few other veterans of the Right, warmly supported M. Berryer. Not a single voice was raised on behalf of M. de Genoude. The ambitious dictator then lost his temper and all sense of propriety. "I see," he said, "that the monarchical party is not represented here. I must continue to bear the burden of this great struggle alone. Well! I shall have the courage to do so, and whatever takes place here, I shall proclaim it to the world!" After this emphatic phrase, pronounced in a tone and with a gesture more emphatic still, M. de Genoude slowly left the drawing-room, as though he expected some one to retain him, but no one moved. People looked at each other in dismay and humiliation. Like every one else, I was silent. Being the youngest recruit, I had seated myself near the door, which was draped with a velvet curtain with embroidered bands. In raising this curtain, M. de Genoude directed a last glance at me, which seemed to say, "Will you then allow me to leave?" In reply to this look of interrogation, and also perhaps in a tone which involuntarily betrayed my thoughts, I could not restrain these words: "Well then, sir, leave!"

M. de Genoude at once let the curtain fall back again, returned to the middle of the room, and exclaimed in a most irritated tone, "You say to me 'Leave!' Have you reflected upon all the misfortunes which will result from this separation?" Rising immediately, I took M. de Genoude by the hand, and said, "Sir, you misinterpret my thoughts. I did not

exclaim 'Leave' after the fashion of Bajazet. I simply intended to express a regret for the course you were taking without provocation from any one present. The more you believe in the misfortunes which your separation may entail, the more guilty you will be if you let them loose, and upon you alone will the responsibility fall." These few words met with unanimous approval, and no one attempted a second effort. M. de Genoude realised the situation he had created for himself, he did not answer, and left our meeting, never to reappear at another.

This scene, half serious, half comic, was very bitterly commented upon by the *Gazette* and its friends, but the isolation of M. de Genoude was none the less definite. Although seated in the midst of us all, he never spoke to one of us except to M. de Rainneville, who unreservedly blamed him, but who remembered their old intimacy under M. de Villèle; and to M. de la Rochejacquelein, who was foolishly jealous of M. Berryer and was always much praised by the *Gazette*. No one sought a reconciliation, for every one knew that it would be inevitably followed by new scandals.

I entered the Chamber, not certainly as a disciple of M. Guizot, whom I scarcely knew by sight, but full of admiration for the grandeur of his language, for the strength of his character, and for his capacity as a statesman. I soon understood that, at least on this last point, there were some reservations to be made. A few modifications of judgment, I would

not say a few deceptions, forced themselves upon me before long. Words and actions are, perhaps, so far like the hare and the rabbit, that at a short distance they are easily mistaken for each other, but on a closer approach they are found to be quite dissimilar, and almost incompatible.

Did M. Guizot, who overruled a parliamentary storm by these haughty words, "Your insults can never attain the height of my contempt," import the same energy into his actions? I soon doubted it. I saw him incline to the adjournment of questions, more preoccupied about theories of the tribune than practical activity, too disdainful of the requirements and daily needs of the country, admirable in the explanation or defence of what he had conceived, but little fertile in conception. Monotony in people of great talent is not a common defect; but M. Guizot was not exempt from it. He had also one anomaly in his character which would not have been suspected at a distance. Upright and delicate on his own account, indifferent to pomp and titles, he tolerated around him abuses which caused him more than one cruel anxiety. He lived poor, he died poor, and after 1848, during his noble retreat under the Empire, I said to myself as I reached his small apartment at the top of an interminable staircase, "Respect for such men should increase with every storey we ascend." Nevertheless, at the height of his political power, M. Guizot had drawn around him some men of inferior moral nature. He was also too lavish of small means

of insidiously gaining credit, and during the sittings of the Chamber he too frequently left the bench of the Presidency of the Council in order to sit and whisper on the benches of the Ministerial deputies, without regard to the conjectures which would arise, and which in fact did arise, from these confidential colloquies under the eyes of the public and the gallery of journalists. When he did not himself engage in these whispered interviews he would enlist, without thinking of what would be said, the services of well-known intermediaries, amongst others my fellow-countryman, Eugène Janvier, who certainly deserved a higher employment. The *National*, giving an account of a sitting, said one day, "M. Janvier may be discerned" (he was very short) "flitting from bench to bench, and brushing all parties with his humming-bird's wing!" Thus, when M. Emile de Girardin entered the tribune to accuse M. Guizot and M. Génie, the chief of his cabinet, of the crime of venality, when two former ministers, General de Cubières and M. Teste were summoned before the Chamber of Peers for peculation, public opinion made M. Guizot severely expiate his complacency towards others. Posterity will justify him still less from the reproach of sterility, and I believe myself to be quite free from all remnants of the old party spirit when I repeat this accusation. So long in possession of a majority, which would willingly have taken a part in initiating more new measures, he repulsed too systematically and *à priori* every innovation. I am

not speaking of electoral or parliamentary reforms, which foresight might have counselled but which prudence might also have deferred. I am alluding to purely administrative reforms, already adopted by several of the neighbouring countries, and in no way bordering on politics. M. Desmousseaux de Givré was a man of average ability, no orator, no enemy to the King, not irreconcilable with the Ministry; nevertheless, he produced a great effect, and gave, as has been too often observed, the exact description of the situation when he said in the tribune, "Here, gentlemen, the whole system of the Cabinet may be summed up in these words: Nothing, nothing, nothing!" In pronouncing these three words, without the least pretensions to oratorical effect, M. Desmousseaux de Givré turned in succession to the Left, to the Right, and to the Centre. If the shaft had not gone home, the majority would have indignantly thrown it back, or have allowed it to fall to the ground. But the very reverse was what happened. The Opposition rapturously applauded, the Ministerial party was silent and dismayed. This sitting was tremendously talked about in the country, and for several days the name of M. Desmousseaux de Givré was upon every one's lips.

This incident would have been a useful lesson to the President of the Council if he had kept his eyes fixed more upon the public and less upon himself.

M. Guizot's Memoirs bear the stamp of the same

moral impassiveness. We find in them, well sketched pictures, the most naturally eloquent portraits, the most specious thoughts and views, everything except a reflection upon his own conduct, a personal reproach or a regret. He never accuses fortune, he has not a single bitter word for any of his adversaries or enemies; but that is the expression of the serenity which arises from magnanimity of heart, and there is no sentiment of a single fault of conduct, or error of judgment, mingled with it. The members of the Cabinet were men of real worth, but all of them—M. Dumon, M. Duchâtel, and even M. de Salvandy—willingly effaced themselves before a leader who had no dread of responsibility. Admiral de Mackau was Minister of Marine. Without breaking off my family ties, I seldom entered the Ministry in the Place Louis XV., and I doubt whether my uncle himself really wished me to be elected.

One question only could have drawn the Government and the Legitimist Right together upon solid ground: this was the religious question. M. Guizot had in this a good opportunity for widening the basis of his Ministry and securing loyal support. He did not dream of it more than of any other novelty, and it was this lack of goodwill, very shortsighted on his part, which led me to make my début in the tribune much sooner and more boldly than I should have deemed possible beforehand.

The Chamber, entirely renewed, held, in the month of August, a short session which was devoted to the

verification of the elections. The bureau in which I was sitting had to examine the election of M. Drault, a barrister at Poitiers, elected by the Left, with the aid of the Catholics, who had obtained from him a preliminary engagement in favour of educational liberty. The Ministerial party maintained that this was an imperative undertaking which vitiated the election and ought to annul it. The question had been thoroughly argued in my bureau, and had therefore been well elucidated before me, with the result that if this view prevailed, educational liberty would be indefinitely adjourned by means of invalidation.

The occasion was a tempting one, for I was well primed by the discussion at which I had been present. In treating upon the subject in the tribune, I could give the alarm to my friends in the Chamber of Deputies, and the hand to my friends in the Chamber of Peers. The report was promptly brought forward at a public sitting, and the majority were about to pronounce the election invalid, when I asked to speak. Motives of curiosity always ensure silence for a first appearance. At first I had this advantage, then the attention was continued, and I was allowed to unfold my thesis to the end. I hurriedly regained my place, impatient to question the colleagues in the midst of whom I usually sat. They all surrounded and congratulated me, with the exception of M. Benoist d'Azy, which surprised me, for he was an Angevin by birth, and had known me from childhood. He approached me after a few minutes: "I am the last,"

said he, "but I have been writing to your mother!" These words, and his manner, moved me so much that I had not even thought of watching what was passing in the Hall. What was my astonishment, in raising my eyes, to see M. Guizot himself in the tribune, waiting until the agitation of the majority had calmed down, before he intervened. In his speech he scarcely alluded to mine, he went straight to the imperative engagement, expatiated magnificently upon this thesis, and imperiously moved for the annulling of the election of Poitiers. This was then voted, but by a public ballot which at once prominently brought forward the new elements of independence introduced into the Ministerial ranks, and sufficed to render the Ministry and the majority more circumspect in verifying the rest of the elections. Moreover, M. Drault was re-elected with a higher number of votes than on his first election. From that time the authorities ceased to treat loyal explanations between the electors and their representative as a criminal arrangement, involving *ipso facto* the invalidation of the election. Several members of the majority went further still, they demanded educational liberty, and urged M. de Salvandy, who was personally well disposed towards it, to plead its cause in the Council itself.

M. Guizot was in principle favourable to educational liberty. He had deposited the first germ of it in the law of 1833, to which everybody pays homage. But he was intimidated by the storm which this question raised in the country, and by the motives for oppo-

sition which it furnished to M. Thiers and the Left of the Chamber. He was also intimidated because it was an innovation. I have already pointed out the singular contrast which existed between the habitual amplitude of his language and the narrow range of his policy. I may quote a notable instance of this characteristic. He opposed some unpretentious postal reforms with as much eagerness as the electoral or University reforms.

At this period, the delivery of letters was divided into numerous zones. Each zone had a special tariff, which varied from six to thirty-two sous, and involved a complicated reckoning with the postman for each letter. Moreover, a prejudice existed against pre-payment; no one resorted to it except with their tradespeople, and it was extremely impolite to prepay a letter to any one who was unprepared to accept an imputation of poverty. A member of the Right Centre, M. de Saint-Priest, whose name was written like that of the Duc d'Almazan, but who did not belong to the same family, had been during several seasons the persevering adversary of these intolerable postal regulations. The Ministry had several times defeated his attempts at reform, but in the Chamber of 1846 M. de Saint-Priest had gained some adherents. He had, moreover, secured some supporters in the press, and M. Emile de Girardin, who had been newly elected, took up this question with characteristic energy in his paper, as well as in the Palais Bourbon. This formed another unfavourable prejudice in the mind of the

President of the Council, for M. de Girardin was gradually becoming his passionate opponent.

Holding entirely aloof from all these disputes, I thought that postal reform ought not to suffer from them, and I devoted myself seriously to the study of this question, fully realising that my inexperience was still unequal to taking any share in great political debates. If necessary, I might have learnt this at my own expense, for in the debate on the address I had, at the suggestion of M. de Montalembert, supported the paragraph referring to Poland, and all my success consisted in hearing M. Odilon Barrot say, turning to some of his colleagues, "But listen, I pray you, gentlemen; there are some good points in this young man's speech!" I therefore myself took the hint, which I now give to every young man on his first appearance in a political career: commence by conscientiously studying some business questions. I obtained the most complete information in my power respecting the post in France and in neighbouring countries, then I tested myself in my bureau when we had to nominate a committee to examine the proposition of M. de Saint-Priest. I was appointed commissioner in my bureau, a favour rarely accorded to a Legitimist. M. Emile de Girardin was also appointed the same in his, and this was a good omen for postal reform but a very bad one for M. Guizot's omnipotence, as he had no more unrelenting personal enemy. The committee wavered at first, but the majority soon pronounced resolutely in favour of reform, and when about to nominate a

reporter several of my colleagues designated me. Through his technical knowledge, M. de Girardin seemed to me more capable of performing this task than I was; he greatly wished to be entrusted with it, and I voted for him, thus securing his election. For this I received a lecture from several of my colleagues, who told me that under no circumstances should any one vote for a rival, and that if you did not care to write your own name you should ask a colleague to do it for you. Without repenting of my candour, I determined to make up for it in the tribune.

In this, as in the question relating to M. Drault's election, I found guidance in the preliminary debate in the bureau, and got well posted in the objections raised, the result being that I was very favourably received by the Chamber. As to M. Guizot, he persisted in his opposition, but seeing that the majority had decided upon a concession, adopted a middle course. At the opening of the session of 1848, the Minister of Finance, even while retaining the system of zones, proposed a reduction, and the maximum of the progressive tax was reduced to fifty centimes; the application of this diminished tax was, however, to be postponed until the 1st January, 1850.

From this date M. de Girardin nearly every day brought forward instances of electoral corruption, by which, true or false, public opinion was much excited. M. Guizot lost the habitual calm of his attitude; he introduced the name of General Alexandre de Girardin into the debate, and carried his

reprisals so far as to mention from the tribune, "Monsieur votre père," * which caused, I must own, great surprise and painful emotion amongst the members of the majority. General de Girardin also lost all his self-control on that day. He waited for M. Guizot in the Salle des Pas-Perdus, loudly proclaiming his intention to assault him at the close of the sitting. Warned by his friends, M. Guizot stole away by the small door leading into the Rue de Bourgogne; the evening was employed in calming the general, and that scandal, at all events, was hushed up.

During this time educational liberty was also making its way. Comte Werner de Mérode, the most witty and genial of men, very intimate with his brother-in-law, M. de Montalembert, made an active and successful propaganda in the ranks of the majority which was attached to the Ministry. M. de Carné, a Legitimist by birth, and an ardent Catholic, showed equal zeal; and M. de la Farelle, deputy for Nimes, belonging, like M. Guizot, to Protestantism, powerfully assisted the Catholics, through pure fidelity to a loyal liberalism; lastly, M. de Salvandy, held in suspicion by the University, and himself for many reasons suspicious of the University teaching, had more than one affinity with us. The literary and political disciple of M. de Chateaubriand, his assistant in the *Journal des Débats* in its most royalist phase, M. de Salvandy had belonged to the Council of State under the

* Note of the Translator.—Emile de Girardin was the natural son of General Alex. de Girardin.

Restoration. He had rather submitted to the Revolution of July than desired it, and had joined the Government of King Louis Philippe with no little reluctance. He had a beautiful head, thick black hair, a tall figure and a rather affected carriage. He posed too much for the aristocratic liberal, or the liberal aristocrat. But if you went behind an attitude which sometimes gave rise to jests, and which often provoked them, you found grand qualities, sincerity, generosity, conscientiousness and much talent. He gave many proofs of this. His great ambition was an embassy; but though he obtained that of Madrid, a question of etiquette prevented him from going there. It was then suggested to send him to Turin as a compensation. He dreamt, it was said, of greatness and of raising his estate of Chantemerle to a duchy. "Duc de Chantemerle!" exclaimed a deputy before whom the news was being discussed; "that would not be enough for Salvandy, he must at least be entitled Duc de Cantosmerlos!"

M. Viennet said with a sigh, "In this world there is nothing like luck! My eccentricities have ruined me, and Salvandy's eccentricities have been the making of him!" These words were, if not intentional calumnies, at least serious mistakes; and if M. de Salvandy attached too much value to small things he at least knew how to sacrifice them to great ones.

Thus in the debate on the *flétrissure*, at the time of the Legitimist pilgrimage to Belgrave Square, placed between his souvenirs, his affections, his monarchical

gratitude, and an unjust vote, he never hesitated, but openly voted against the motion. Some hours later, at an evening reception in the Tuileries, the King, having led him into a bow window to reproach him for this vote, seized him by his cordon of the Legion of Honour, with a violence unusual to him, but to which he sometimes yielded, exclaiming, "Was it in order that you should betray me thus, that I gave you this?" M. de Salvandy remained passive, but on the following day he sent in his resignation as ambassador, believing that he was not only closing his diplomatic career, but that he was also closing all chance of future power at the same time. The King was touched; he knew how to atone for his violence, and showed M. de Salvandy marked kindness when M. Guizot placed him at the head of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

M. Salvandy as Minister did not belie his character; he retained his friendships and remained faithful to salons which in various degrees and for various reasons represented the Opposition.

By proposing a bill for educational liberty he knew he should arouse displeasure, but he believed he was rendering good service and he persisted in his intention. If his bill were not better, if the emancipation of education was not more complete, it was not the Minister who was to blame, but the resistance which he encountered from the Cabinet and from the University staff. M. de Salvandy was liked for his excellent conduct, but he was regarded with suspicion by the esprit de corps. He endeavoured to remove his

difficulties by abandoning himself to complicated combinations which could not effectively solve the problem. This was the reproach which we made against him and which I explained in my bureau, even while paying homage to his good intentions, and to a commencement of progress which it is only just to take into account.

Such was the situation when the heavy storm clouds suddenly burst over us. The 24th of February arrived. Chambers, Ministers, and Monarch were carried away in a single day, and, so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.

1848.

It has been said more than once that "the February revolution was an effect without a cause." I do not regard this as quite a correct description. It would be truer to say, "The February revolution was an effect out of proportion to its cause." It had no tyranny to break, no provocations to repulse, no real culprits to punish. It interrupted the legal course of progress, which one might have wished to be more rapid, but of which there was no need to despair; of progress which might be accomplished, not without effort but without a shock. Effort is the duty, the honour, of the country as of the individual; abrupt and violent shocks, that is to say revolutions, are a formidable lottery, a lottery often fatal to those who risk a heavy stake upon them, often ruinous even to those who have not staked anything. However, the February revolution is a fact; it was followed by results from which the country still suffers, and one cannot but endeavour to explain it to oneself. I saw it in preparation, in its execution, and

in its immediate consequences, and this is my candid opinion about it.

It would be easy to attribute the 24th of February, 1848, to the 30th July, 1830. The example of right ignored, of respect forgotten, of violence suddenly raised to a principle, are so many doors opened to moral disorder in the first place, and so on to anarchy. These doors having been opened with the intention of shutting them again, remain ajar for a long time, and the moment the watch upon them is relaxed, a surprise presents itself and passes through. This is, however, a philosophical thesis, an historical thesis, which is beyond my subject, and I purpose confining myself to the recital of what I saw.

The February revolution had in the first instance a very unexpected cause: this was King Louis Philippe's weakness at the moment of the struggle. In the course of his long career as Duc d'Orleans he had given proofs of his personal courage. He had been a courageous volunteer in the first battles of the revolution, he had shown equal coolness under the balls of would-be assassins, and calm amid the carnage of the Fieschi attempt, he had impressed those present at the time with his intrepidity. I have often wondered how it is that, in many a crisis, extraordinary weakness suddenly takes the place of habitual energy, and I have formed an opinion on the subject which I believe to be justified by experience. Strength, in such a case, does not only arise from courage, it also comes from the foresight which measures the

danger beforehand and which enables it to be faced coolly. When this foresight is wanting, surprise produces a sudden dizziness accompanied by insuperable weakness. A man thrown from the towers of Notre Dame on to the pavement below would be quite excusable if he failed in presence of mind upon his picking himself up, should he ever do so at all. Certain moral shocks produce the same sensation, and no one can escape their consequences.

The Emperor Napoleon, who had so often risked his life in battle, was absolutely beside himself at Fontainebleau, what with his attempt at suicide and his abdication. In the tergiversations of the Elysée, and the puerile revolts at Saint Helena, he certainly never experienced any vulgar dread of that death which he had so often braved, but he could not accustom himself to the infidelity of fortune, which he thought he had enchained and made subject for ever. King Louis Philippe's aims were certainly different, but he also had his ideal, and when this ideal vanished he remained stupefied. Corneille makes Cinna exclaim under like circumstances, "Je demeure stupide!"

Louis Philippe had seen Napoleon perish by war, and he had declared for peace. He had seen Charles X. perish through an infraction of the Charter of 1814, and he had persuaded himself that a scrupulous observation of the Charter of 1830 would protect his throne from all danger. Raised to power by the National Guard of Paris, the contemporary and friend of La Fayette, he had never contemplated the possibility of

a rupture with the city force, and when this rupture was notified to him on the Place du Carrousel by certain battalions of the National Guard shouting, "Vive la Reforme!" he took to his heels, confused by the cry and incapable of repressing it. Pale, depressed, and ready to submit to any influence, he soon reentered the Tuileries, took up, without demur, the pen offered him to sign his abdication, and allowed himself to be carried into exile, without giving a single order, without taking a single measure in favour of a regency, to which he paid little heed or in which he no longer believed. It may be, too, that he was assailed by some remorse, for he was overheard several times repeating in a low tone, "Like Charles X.! Like Charles X.!"

Unable to accustom himself to this last exile, he lost strength rapidly, without any illusions as to a return of fortune, only basing the future of the monarchy upon a reconciliation of the royal family. It is said that, when speaking of the past, he often returned to the scene in the courtyard of the Carrousel, and that raising himself in his arm-chair he went through it in pantomime, as though he again saw the National Guards crowding round his horse and shouting "Vive la Reforme!"

The ingratitude of the National Guard was what so deeply wounded him, and affords, in my opinion, the most plausible explanation of his inertia in regard to a riot which for forty-eight hours he might have prevented from becoming a revolution.

In the case of the Restoration, the Prince de Polignac was the immediate cause of its fall, but one of the causes of its mortal weakness was the irreconcilable antagonism of M. de Villèle and M. de Chateaubriand. If M. de Villèle, with more penetration and more grandeur of mind, had been able to understand and esteem M. de Chateaubriand; if M. de Chateaubriand, with more disinterestedness or less temper, had held out his hand to M. de Villèle, the Restoration would have been saved.

Under different circumstances, yet under circumstances which made them more guilty because they had more constitutional experience, M. Thiers and M. Guizot reproduced the same drama. They also led to its fall a monarchy which they did not wish to destroy, but in which each wished to exercise exclusive sway. However great M. Guizot's contempt for objections to his policy may have been, his mind was too open, and his ear too experienced, to have remained thus blind and deaf, had he not embodied in his own person a powerful cause of his stubbornness in error, viz. a personal and absolute antipathy. With M. Thiers the blindness was equally great and sprang from the same cause. In M. Guizot's eyes, to share power with M. Thiers was not tantamount to doubling the strength of the Conservative party and rendering it invincible; to do so was to bow and humiliate himself before a rival. M. Thiers, on his side, would willingly have joined forces with M. Guizot in a struggle, but would never have shared in a triumph with him. M. Guizot

had only to enter a Ministry for that Ministry to be guilty in his eyes, and if the sovereign did not submit to this judgment, then he became as guilty as the Ministry.

At the instigation of M. Thiers, M. de Rémusat brought forward, in 1846, a motion against the excessive number of officials in the Chamber of Deputies, a motion which in 1840 M. Thiers, then in the Ministry, had energetically opposed. This recantation did not pass unnoticed, and in the sitting of the 17th of March M. Guizot's most skilful associate, the Comte Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, replied with well-merited sarcasm to M. Thiers: "No doubt, when the honourable gentleman was at the head of affairs, the Opposition which then talked about corruption, as it is doing now, was very wrong: the reproach was then premature. (Laughter). The reproach only began to assume an air of truth on the day when power passed into other hands."

Almost all M. Thiers's grievances on questions of internal reform were open to the same taunt: but this was still more keenly felt in external questions. The principal accusation of the Left against M. Guizot was his excessive subordination to the English alliance, and yet, when in concluding a double marriage with the royal house of Spain, M. Guizot openly, we might almost say audaciously, defied England, he had no accuser more bitter than M. Thiers.

This oratorical duel was the most brilliant, but as

regards the sincerity of the Opposition the most painful of any which I remember under the July Government. Like all great minds, M. Guizot and M. Thiers were given to historical studies and took a pleasure in alluding to them in their speeches; M. Guizot seeking in them noble antecedents and high maxims, while M. Thiers sought to make them fit in with his thesis. On this occasion he became paradoxical, and comparing the relations between Spain and France since the time of Philip V., he exerted himself to prove that the accession of the Bourbons to the throne of Spain had been more detrimental than advantageous to France, pretending to forget that the most threatening danger for France would have consisted in abandoning the succession of Spain to the house of Austria.

The attacks of M. Thiers, and of the whole Opposition, reached under these circumstances such a height of injustice that shortly afterwards, in connection with a question of internal policy, M. Odilon Barrot, the chief of the dynastic Left, thought fit to bring forward a vote of want of confidence against the Ministry which cannot be read even now without surprise and sadness. In it M. Guizot was formally accused of having "betrayed the external honour and interests of France, of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, ruined the State finances, and thus compromised the national strength and greatness."

These exaggerations, signed by MM. Duvergier de Hauranne, Léon de Maleville, Léon Faucher,

Ferdinand de Lasteyrie and Drouyn de Lhuys, bore at the same time the signatures of the most advanced members of the Extreme Left. This explosion was apparently caused by the prohibition of a banquet in honour of electoral reform; but such violence, upon such futile grounds, would have been impossible, if for some years, and from session to session, the tone used by M. Thiers and his friends had not prepared the public for every exaggeration and accustomed them to it.

The men who sound the tocsin for revolutions would sound it in vain if they had not previously been assisted by the moderate men, who make themselves accomplices by exciting anarchical passions, and by placing their personal resentment before their duty to the country.

To-day, in the enforced calm produced by years and solitude, going over in my conscience my inmost recollections, I venture to assert that this was not a fault which can be imputed to M. Berryer or his friends. He constantly set us an example of patriotism, overruling that collective selfishness called party spirit. To sacrifice every private view so as to remain absolutely faithful to the permanent interests of the country, this was the rule which M. Berryer perpetually inculcated, and which he invariably practised himself. All his speeches go to prove the truth of this, but nowhere does this sentiment appear in a clearer light than in his support of the Spanish marriages, a support which he did not hesitate to

declare from the tribune, although it was not shared upon any of the benches of the Opposition. In the debate on the address of 1847, it had been frequently asserted that the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with an Infanta of Spain, and that of the young Queen Isabella with her cousin Don Francis d'Assisi, isolated France in Europe, and placed her in the inferior position of one against four.

M. Berryer's pride would not listen to this argument, and the tone in which he rejected it was worth hearing. "One against four!" he exclaimed; "I do not want to bluster, but I say, it is not in action that such a position is detrimental to France, it is in the negotiations, in the conferences, in the secret arrangements of diplomatic conferences, it is in what you call the European concert, that this position of France, one against four, is a treason. But in the broad open light of day, it is quite another thing! . . . . They have their jealousies, their distrusts, their rivalries. We have our powerful unity, our attachment to the right, our resolution to protect all those who need that the right should uphold them in the world; we have that for our strength. We do not feel ourselves dragged down by a Poland or an Ireland. We are free, we have not even among us, thanks to our character, to that which forms that character, on the soil of France, the embarrassment of parties. I do not know of any. . . . allow me to say it, I do not know of one which contains a man so guilty, so little worthy of being French, who, when you nobly,

proudly and sincerely lay the question of these great French interests before Europe, when you deal with the integrity of our influence and our rights, could still feel party sentiments. No, I do not know of one anywhere who could be so hateful!"*

His language and conduct were equally loyal at the approach of the revolution of February. M. Berryer refused to join in the campaign of the banquets, and he unceasingly pointed out its danger. There was a temptation, no doubt, to applaud men who turned against a Government formed by themselves those weapons which they had used with so much effect against the Restoration. We might have found in this more than one cruel satisfaction, we might have sought in it the sanction of those principles to which we remained faithful in spite of many reproaches. But this satisfaction, this sanction, questionable or not, might become fatal to France, and this sufficed for conscience to make her scruples heard and obeyed.

This revolution, which was allowed to approach with such disregard of its possible consequences, this revolution which M. Berryer discerned much more clearly than those who were about to bring it about, would it be the certain work of the justice of God and the indispensable preface of a monarchical restoration? or would it be the blind outburst of passion and hatred, the prelude to successive revolutions and the

* Berryer, "Discours parlementaires," vol. iv. pp. 181 and 182. (Paris, 1874.)

continued progress of public demoralisation? M. Berryer would not take upon himself to boldly decide this alternative; he resolved to abstain from the campaign of banquets, and he induced his friends to abstain from it with him. Not wishing to speak or act in the name of a monarchy, the origin of which he disapproved, he would not either speak or act against the fundamental interests of society. When these interests were in peril he defended them as sincerely and as warmly as if the crown were still on the head of his king and the power in his own hands. I have already said, and I repeat, not, perhaps, for the last time, that if M. Berryer possessed one quality even higher than his genius, it was his character.

When it came to a direct and, so to speak, hand-to-hand struggle with the Government, when M. Duchâtel had officially announced his intention of forbidding the banquet at the Château Rouge, the Left itself hesitated. It was in the habit of assembling in the entresol of the Café de la Madeleine. A general convocation of all sections of the Opposition, including that of the Right, was made for the evening of the 21st or 22nd of February. M. Berryer attended it, he spoke twice, and made the most generous efforts to prove to the Opposition that it was placing itself upon ground which would give way under its feet. M. de Lamartine, in passionate words, rejected all councils of prudence and moderation. He was then enjoying, with a kind of intoxication, the return of popularity which his *History of*

the Girondins had won for him. He boldly posed as a man who, no longer content to narrate great events, aspired to play his part in them.

M. Odilon Barrot presided over the meeting with ill-humour and visible discouragement. He had always —I have since been able to convince myself of this— the most loyal intentions, but he was rarely in the secret of what he did. He was an eloquent La Fayette, always as ready to harangue the National Guard as General de La Fayette had always been to assemble it. Both of them sincerely lamented on the morrow the mistakes and crimes of the previous day, but neither of them ever dreamed of guarding against them. M. Odilon Barrot did not, therefore, come to this meeting primed with carefully thought-out resolutions or conclusions. "There is no man in the whole world who thinks so deeply—of nothing!" said his friend M. Bersot to me one day. It would be truer to say that M. Odilon Barrot thought and saw, but that he had neither forethought nor foresight. On the 22nd and 23rd of February he did not conceal the danger of the attack, but he did not understand in time the urgency of retreat. M. de Lamartine dazzled and led him on.

As to M. Thiers, he found means of being neither absent nor present, and of passing his troops in review without taking the chief command. At the meeting in the Café de la Madeleine he remained at the door of the room all the time, seeing and hearing everything, sometimes laying stress by a sign of the head or a

gesture of the hand upon the most vehement expressions, but never once uttering a word, and I should not be astonished if his name never appeared in the official report of the evening. When the discussion became quite tumultuous, when it was quite clear that reasonable language had no longer a chance of being heard, M. Berryer retired: we followed him, and M. Thiers came away with us too. M. Berryer, going to the Rue des Petits Champs, took the boulevards; M. de Rainneville and I, who lived on the left side of the river, directed our steps towards the Place Louis XV.; and M. Thiers, who was going, if I remember aright, to the Hôtel d'Albuféra, accompanied us as far as the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré. During this short walk I said to M. Thiers, "Are you not alarmed at all that we have just seen and heard?"

"Not at all."

"But surely it greatly resembles the eve of a revolution!"

He lightly shrugged his shoulders and answered in a tone of the frankest security, "A revolution! a revolution! One can easily see that you are strange to the Government, and that you do not know their strength. I know it well; it is ten times superior to any possible riot. With a few thousand men under command of my friend Marshal Bugeaud, I will answer for anything. Excuse me, my dear M. de Falloux, for telling you with a frankness which cannot offend you that the Restoration died foolishly, and I guarantee that we shall not die as it did. The National Guard will

give Guizot a good lesson. The King has a quick ear, he will listen to reason and yield in time."

With that M. Thiers left us. M. de Rainneville and I went on our way repeating to ourselves, "After all, M. Thiers may be right! The King and his Ministers are so well prepared for defence that no one will dare to attack them!"

On the morrow the Chamber of Deputies seemed to realise this prophecy. The majority arrived full of confidence in the strength of the Cabinet, and M. Guizot full of confidence in the King's firmness; but, suddenly, the President of the Council mounted to the tribune, and with a depressed air, but calm voice, announced that M. Molé had been summoned to the Tuileries to form and preside over a new Cabinet. No one can form any idea of the explosion of murmurs which greeted this unexpected declaration. "This is treachery! It means a revolt! It means the King's abdication! It's a revolution!" M. Guizot's impassiveness was in striking contrast to these clamours. It was soon understood that it did not suit him either to complain or to accuse, and the cry, "To the Tuileries! to the Tuileries!" was raised. Most of the deputies rushed headlong from the hall, some to represent to the King that by abandoning M. Guizot he was abandoning his own cause; the others, that if his intention was to calm Paris by the sacrifice of a minister, it was not M. Molé but M. Thiers who would succeed the best under the circumstances.

The Legitimist group, which had not the right to

offer any counsels at the Tuileries, remained sitting patriotically anxious, and asking itself with real sincerity, as it had continually done for some days, in what direction the safety of the country, and consequently its duty, lay.

The whole day was allowed to pass without any resolution being come to; in the evening, or during the night, M. Thiers was sent for by the King. At six o'clock in the morning he was Minister, at seven he was reduced to impotence. The troops received orders, some to withdraw, others to pile arms. By noon the King had abdicated. At the same hour M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot left the Ministry of the Interior and entered the Palais Bourbon, but their attitude differed very much: M. Thiers, very agitated, too much so for a man who had assumed so grave a responsibility, passed quickly through the hall in which the tribune is placed, and I heard him ask by what door he could get out, although the door was open in front of him. His personal friends followed him to watch over his safety. M. Odilon Barrot, less quickly undeceived, better upheld by his optimism, relates in his *Mémoires* how much trouble he had to understand, and even leaves it doubtful whether he ever did understand, the movement of which he believed himself to be the master for several hours. The hope of securing the Regency for the Duchesse d'Orléans had not yet left him, and in this hope he laboured loyally and courageously to the end.

Between one and two o'clock, the Duchesse d'Or-

léans was introduced into the Palais Bourbon, and took her seat in the interior of the Chamber on the raised benches in the centre. History has recorded the events of this dramatic and unlucky day. I need not then retrace it here, and shall only mention what concerns the honour of my friends.

We had reached the Chamber, now declared to be permanently sitting, at eight o'clock. Fresh tidings succeeded each other from minute to minute, and everything showed how the crisis was hurrying on. None of us, I venture to assert, had any idea of making sport of the vanquished. Besides, the catastrophe had something so strange and sudden about it that men sank and disappeared as though in a whirlpool.

M. Lamartine shared for a moment M. Barrot's illusions, but he had received more confidential information, and when in the tribune changed the conclusion of his speech, and deserted the Regency for the Republic, securing the first place in it for himself. At the same time he endeavoured to calm the movement, and managed to bring up the least dangerous names from the improvised ballot. He invited M. Berryer, who told me of the proposal at the time, to enter the Provisionary Government, but M. Berryer unhesitatingly refused.

M. de Genoude did not scruple to enter the tribune, and in a moment of relative silence he brought forward the proposal of universal suffrage. "Gentlemen," he said, "nothing can be done without the assistance of the country. In 1830 you neglected to appeal to the

country, and you see where you now are. It will be the same thing to-day!" M. de Genoude was promptly forced to descend from the tribune. He had not gained either authority or sympathy in the Chamber. M. Barrot undertook to refute him. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that any one wishes to recur to the great questions which were decided by the revolution of July?" Then M. Barrot, in his turn, was replaced and refuted by M. Ledru-Rollin. "You pretend that this ephemeral Government of July exists," cried the ephemeral dictator of the 24th of February. "In the name of the rights of all, I protest against this usurpation of the people's rights. I demand a Provisional Government, and the immediate appeal to a convention!" To this declaration he added the proclamation of universal and direct suffrage. He nad the last word.

M. de Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin remained the representatives and the living personifications of that day, even while they reserved, as we then believed, the right to separate and oppose each other when the time for doing so came.

From the moment of the hall being invaded by the rioters, although in small numbers, we fixed our eyes upon the Duchesse d'Orléans and the two sons whom she held by the hand with respectful solicitude. Legislators can only represent legal force. When they are suddenly brought into direct contact with violence their position becomes very painful and borders on the ridiculous. To leave one's post resembles

an act of personal prudence; to remain immovable and unarmed upon one's bench is the only possible protest under the circumstances. We therefore remained in our seats, quite resolved to close round the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, and to defend them in concert with their friends, if any one had attempted to lay hands upon them. But our surprise increased when we found that the President of the Chamber did not send for a single battalion, and that General Bédeau, stationed on the Place Louis XV., at the head of a brigade, did not take upon himself to march to the scene of danger, as in a campaign a general would march upon the cannon, without waiting for orders. How this suspense ended every one knows. A sufficient number of rioters were allowed to cross the Place Louis XV. to scatter the Regency to the winds, and the Duchesse d'Orléans was hastily got out of the Palais Bourbon.

It was only after these events had been accomplished, after our powerlessness was painfully proved, that the small group on the right dispersed. On leaving I met in the area reserved for the peers the Duc de Fezensac, conducting the Baronne de Vins, the lady in attendance on the Duchesse d'Orléans. M. de Fezensac was in a hurry to reach the Luxemburg. He confided to me the duty of seeing after Madame de Vins, and I did not leave her until I had placed her in safe hands. Once free, I returned to the Place du Palais Bourbon, by the small door leading from the Rue de Bourgogne. Everything was as

peaceful as usual. I had scarcely made a few steps up the street when I was accosted by the Marquis de Goutaut St. Blancard: "Well, well! what has happened?" he said quickly.

"Why, a revolution," I rejoined, "and the leaders of it are now leaving for the Hotel de Ville;" and in a few words I related all the details of our sitting. While listening he said—

"But I can't get over my surprise."

"I who have just seen it cannot get over my surprise either."

We went up the Rue St. Dominique together, he on his way to the Hotel Goutaut, and I to go to Madame Swetchine, who was not less astonished than M. de St. Blancard.

From there I hurried to my own house in the Rue du Bac to reassure my family, for the excitement quickly spread through Paris. The evening was very tumultuous. The *Marseillaise* made its usual appearance; songs and sinister cries were mingled with it. Guns were fired, and petards exploded nearly all through the night in sign of joy. It was evident that the life of the Provisional Government would not be pleasant, and that it would be outflanked, if not pulled up short.

One of the veterans of the Royalist press, M. Poujoulat, thus describes, with the most perfect accuracy, the day which followed this strange and sudden revolution:

"Church, magistracy, all the political parties, were merged in the mutual assent, in the common encouragement given to the men who were sincerely struggling against anarchy. The Legitimists, who were not the defeated party, and whose persevering opposition was justified by events, entered into this movement, with a satisfaction easily understood, and with sincere patriotism. . . . . No government was ever founded with more true and general support." *

This assent explained itself, moreover, by the situation of the monarchical party itself. The royal house was not yet reconciled, the august representative of the principle of hereditary succession being separated from his heirs, a free career was therefore open to the Republic, which would only have found itself confronted by adversaries without cohesion, and consequently without strength. This was universally felt without any preliminary arrangement and by spontaneous instinct. For this once the Republicans themselves were well aware of the advantages of their position.

The *Moniteur* of the Provisionary Government, that is to say the *Moniteur* of M. Ledru-Rollin and of M. Louis Blanc, not only was afraid of saying one hostile word to the Legitimists, but made a point of addressing an appeal to the old parties and of announcing each morning the pledges of pacification which came in from all sides.

On the 29th of February this journal invoked the patronage of one of the most important and respected

* Poujoulat, *Histoire de France, depuis* 1814 *jusqu'au temps présent* (1814—1869), vol. iv. p. 329.

men in the Royalist provinces of the West, Comte Theodore de Quatrebarbes, afterwards a brother-in-arms of La Moricière in the service of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., and wrote as follows:—

"M. de Quatrebarbes, deputy, and a member of the Legitimist party, has just left for the departments of Brittany and La Vendée charged with a political mission from his friends in Paris. They have decided that, under the circumstances in which our country now finds itself placed, it is necessary for all Frenchmen to use their influence and their authority to prevent divisions and to put an immediate end to them if, unhappily, they should break out at any point." *

It is difficult to realise at the present day, when women are wont to refrain from joining such movements, that then they were willing enough to do so. Thus, in its issue of 11th of March, 1848, the *Moniteur* announced that the leaders of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the Marquise de Lagrange, the Comtesse de la Bouillerie, the Marquise de Biencourt, &c., &c., had joined in a charitable work with Mesdames Dupont (de l'Eure), Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Crémieux, &c., &c.

The same attitude was assumed by the Catholics. Père Lacordaire and Père de Ravignan at Notre-Dame, and M. de Montalembert in the Chamber of Peers, had since 1830 strenuously endeavoured, under the auspices of the episcopate, to place the religious apologia and controversy quite outside all dynastic affections, substituting for the alliance between the

* *Moniteur*, the 29th of February, 1848.

throne and the altar the reconciliation between the Church and liberty. They had fully succeeded and had made unquestionable progress in this direction, when their efforts received an unexpected encouragement, we might say a coronation, by the accession of Pius IX.

The Sovereign Pontiff, elected in 1846, had had two years in which his magnanimous intentions had been welcomed and blessed by the whole of Europe, not even excepting Constantinople. The popularity of his name was unequalled when the consequences of the February revolution made themselves felt in Rome, as in Vienna and Berlin; but if the revolution of February was fatal to the reign of Pius IX., Pius IX., on the contrary, rendered a great service to the February revolution. He freed it from the old revolutionary routine. He taught it that minds could be opened to every modern aspiration while making the sign of the cross. He raised up allies, defenders even, for the Church amongst those who a few years previously had uttered blasphemies or threats. At the time when these lines are being written, one would not always be believed, if content to assert a fact in words only; witnesses must be called and they must be authentic.

The movement of the clergy was a very earnest one. On the 7th of March the Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by two grand vicars, addressed to M. Dupont (de l'Eure), the President of the Provisional Government, the following words:—

"I have not come to make a formal manifestation to you. You know my sentiments; I have expressed them in my public actions. But I am happy to tell you that you may feel sure of the loyal assistance of all the clergy in Paris. This is not a protest about which I am uncertain. I have seen ecclesiastics in every part of my diocese display the most ardent wish to assist public order, so far as the functions with which they are charged will allow them to do so."

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) replied: "The Provisional Government receives your adhesion to the Government of the French Republic with the liveliest satisfaction. Liberty and religion are two sisters equally interested in living harmoniously together. We rely upon your assistance, and upon that of the clergy, as you may rely upon the kindly feelings of the Provisional Government." *

A few days afterwards M. Carnot,† the then Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, addressed to the Archbishop and Bishops of France a circular which ended thus: "Do not allow the priests of your diocese to forget that, citizens by their participation in every political right, they are children of the great French family, and that in the electoral assemblies, on the benches of the National Assembly to which the confidence of their fellow-citizens may call them, they have only one interest to defend, that

* *Moniteur* of the 8th March, 1848.

† The father of the President of the Republic, recently deceased.

of the country, closely bound up with that of religion." *

The Apostolic Nuncio wrote to M. de Lamartine, Minister of Foreign Affairs :—

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

"I have the honour to inform you that I have received the communication which you have made to me, dated to-day, the 27th of February, and I will at once forward it to our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX.

"I cannot resist taking advantage of this opportunity to express to you the warm and profound satisfaction with which I have been inspired by the respect shown by the people of Paris towards religion, in the midst of the great events which have just taken place. I am convinced that the paternal heart of Pius IX. will be profoundly touched by it, and that the common Father of the Faithful will invoke the blessings of God upon France with all his soul.

"R., ARCHBISHOP OF NICE, N.A." †

Finally, the Sovereign Pontiff himself deigned to write to M. de Montalembert as follows :—

"Important and unforeseen events have changed the aspect of France. We give many thanks to God in the humility of our hearts, in that, amid all these great changes, no insult was offered to religion or to its ministers. We take pleasure in the thought that this moderation is partly due to your eloquence and to that of the other Catholic orators, who have endeared our name to this generous people.

"Rome, 16th March, 1848."

The *Univers*—at that date the chief organ of the Catholics and clergy—the *Univers*, always extreme in the various causes it successively espoused, or rather embraced, published on the 27th of February, the following article :—

* *Moniteur* of the 13th March, 1848.

† Mgr. Fornari, *Moniteur* of the 29th of February, 1848.

"Who dreams to-day of defending the Monarchy in France? Who can dream of it? France believed herself to be still monarchical, she was already republican. Yesterday she was amazed at this, to-day she is not even surprised. Recovering from her first troubled impulse, she will wisely, courageously, invincibly endeavour to give herself institutions which harmonise with the doctrines that she has long since definitively accepted.

"The Monarchy succumbs under the weight of its faults: no one contributed to its ruin so zealously as itself. Immoral with Louis XIV., scandalous with Louis XV., despotic with Napoleon, unintelligent even in 1830, crafty, not to say worse, even in 1848, it has seen the numbers and energy of those who believed it to be still necessary successively diminish. To-day it no longer has any partisans . . . . we do not believe in the inalienable right of crowns. The Gallican theology has exclusively consecrated the divine right of kings. Before it and above it Catholic theology has proclaimed the divine right of the people. There is only one will which should always be more respected than the will of all men: this is not the will of another man, it is that of God.

"If we had been able to believe that the salvation of the Church was linked to such or such a form of government, the spectacle which Monarchy has given us for the last century and a half throughout the world, and the last trial of it which we have just had in France, would have undeceived us.

"What was it that the Church liked in the Monarchy? A principle of order. What was it she dreaded in the Republic, previous to the encouraging spectacle which the United States gave to her and to the world? The lamentable recollection of an anarchy which was for her the negation of all liberty.

"Let the French Republic at last place the Church in possession of that liberty which thrones refuse her or seek to deprive her of, and there would be no better or more sincere Republicans than French Catholics.

"Among the social principles which have just triumphed, and which are about to form themselves into institutions, what are those which the Church rejects?" *

* *Univers* of the 27th of February, 1848.

In Paris the movement was summed up in a striking and really solemn occurrence. At the height of the struggle, on the very scene of their triumphs in the Tuileries, the invaders were seen to suspend the pillage, to pause on the threshold of the chapel, to uncover, and, in compliance with the voice of a pupil of the École Polytechnique, march silently towards the altar, detach the crucifix from it, withdraw the sacred vases from the tabernacle, and respectfully escort them to the church of Saint Roch, where they deposited them in the hands of the clergy.

Upon the Sunday following the Revolution, Père Lacordaire calmly appeared in the pulpit of Notre-Dame, robed in the habit of the Dominicans, as if nothing had happened on the previous evening, and he was obliged to repress in the course of his sermon not murmurs but applause. Thus justice and gratitude spoke by his mouth when he pronounced these words:—

"We are at one of those hours when God discovers himself. Yesterday He entered our walls; all the earth saw Him. Can I then be silent before Him? Dare I restrain, upon my trembling lips, the prayer of a man who, once in his life, has seen his God near at hand?

"O God! who hast struck these terrible blows—God, the judge of kings and the arbiter of the world—look favourably upon this ancient French people, the eldest son of Thy right hand and of Thy Church. Remember its past services and Thy early blessings; renew with it the old alliance which made it Thy servant, appeal to its heart which was so full of Thee, and which, in the first flush of a victory where nothing royal was spared, gave Thee the pledges of the empire which in future it only acknowledges in Thee. O God, just and holy! by this

cross of Thy Son which their hands carried from the profaned palace of the kings to the spotless palace of Thy Spouse, watch over us, protect and enlighten us; prove to the world once more that a people which respects and loves Thee is a people saved!" *

In the departments this adhesion made itself manifest by unexceptional symptoms. The people applied to the priest to bless the tree of liberty, and on the day of the elections, in most of the communes and in all parts of the country, the electors put the priest at their head, or in their ranks, as they marched to the poll.

"This did not turn out well," will be said in chorus by those, both priests and laymen, to whom these quotations are distasteful.

They will be wrong, for to this the Royalists owed their being aroused in greater numbers from an inaction which since 1830 had enchained their devotion and weighed on their patriotism. They also succeeded in getting themselves better understood by causing their principles, their loyalty and their talents to be more justly appreciated, in coming to an understanding with their former adversaries, who from that time became their faithful allies, in thus acting upon events more than they had been able to do for many years, and in regaining in 1871 the public esteem and receiving at that time of universal suffrage a new vote of confidence.

The Republicans gained by repudiating the horrible traditions of their forerunners of 1793, by showing to

* *Conférences de Notre-Dame*, vol. ii. pp. 486, 487.

France for a time a republic which seemed to escape from the terrible dilemma shadowed forth by M. Thiers. They are still to-day gaining by having survived the failure of monarchical attempts and by remaining, according to their wisdom or their folly, masters of their own duration.

Lastly, everybody gained by mutually defending and safeguarding the fundamental principles of social order, and in our age that counts for something.

In his youth, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote (24th July, 1836):—

"What has always impressed me most in my country, especially for the last few years, is to find arrayed upon one side the men who value morality, religion, and order, and upon the other those who love liberty and the equality of all men in the eyes of the law. This strikes me as the most extraordinary and deplorable spectacle, for all these things which we thus separate are, I am certain, indissolubly united in the eyes of God.

"From this time forth, it has seemed to me as if one of the noblest enterprises of our time would be to show that all these things are not incompatible, that, on the contrary, they are linked together by a necessary bond, in such a way that each of them is weakened by separation from the other. . . . . If pure and honourable men would love liberty as they love virtue, these two things would rehabilitate each other, and we should be saved." *

"There is no chance of mastering the evil passions of the people except by sharing those which are good." †

In his riper years, M. de Tocqueville saw for a time the realisation of his noble wishes. He himself, as he had hoped, had been able to take part in an experiment the fruits of which have not yet disap-

* *Correspondance de Tocqueville*, vol. i. p. 432.

† *Nouvelle Correspondance de Tocqueville*, p. 183.

peared. He at all events survives as a great example of what liberty would gain by remaining Christian, the example of what the Catholics would gain by remaining friends of liberty.

We could not do anything with regard to the power that had just installed itself at the Hôtel de Ville; we could not do anything to calm or to enlighten the faubourgs of Paris, in which a growing fermentation was excited or maintained. Henceforth what concerned us the most was to know how the new revolution would be received in the departments. Very naturally, the departments of the West became the object of my first consideration. The Legitimist party included numerous adherents in Poitou, Anjou, and Brittany. What use would be made of these forces? Would the parliamentary Legitimists protest by their candidature, or by their abstention? Would the Legitimists, who received their instructions from the Duc des Cars, think that the moment had come for them to display their military organisation? There was not an instant to lose in making a decision and giving some advice. The first impulse might save or compromise everything. The Comte de Quatrebarbes and myself, both deputies for the Maine-et-Loire, were quite agreed.

We resolved to leave for Anjou immediately, to exhort our friends to beware of the least attempt at civil war, the sole and infallible result of which would be to attract the scum of Paris to the West, and to bring incalculable misfortunes upon popula-

tions which it was our duty to warn before they committed themselves to a fatal course. M. de Quatrebarbes' approbation of this line of conduct was a great reason for my confidence in it. He was an accomplished model of chivalrous honour, and at the same time a very original type, a singular mixture of great intelligence with a few weaknesses of judgment. He had a legitimate and aristocratic pride, in the best sense of the term, and combined charming good nature with a perfect comprehension of modern society. Perhaps he admired the past, as a whole, a little too much, but no one could study modern requirements more conscientiously, and what he had not learnt by study would certainly have been revealed to him by his own heart, his natural generosity and his piety, which was as enlightened as it was ardent.

On his return from a voyage in Germany, he wittily said to me, "I will summarise in two words what I see in the Comte de Chambord: He is Henry IV. corrected by Saint Louis." To which I answered, "May God hear you, my friend, for, as far as I am concerned, I could content myself with Charles X. corrected by Louis XVIII." Something of his definition might he applied to himself. M. de Quatrebarbes was a knight of the thirteenth century, completed by a clever man of the nineteenth.

The Comtesse de Quatrebarbes was not in Paris at the time of the February revolution. M. de Quatrebarbes was therefore free to leave for Angers immediately, and he started full of firmness and

animated by the sentiments which we shared in common. My preparations for the journey did not take much longer; but the means of communication were not at that time what they are now, and as I did not wish to leave my wife and daughter on the road, I was forced to stop at Tours, which was then the railway terminus. The rest of the journey had to be made in public coaches, which we found very crowded. Posting was impossible at that date, so we were obliged to remain forty-eight hours at Tours. Unable to confer with my friends in Anjou as soon as I had intended, I determined at all events to write to them, and I addressed myself to one of them, M. Bougler, a clever scholar, who was very familiar with the history of the revolution, and who was well known and very influential in Angers. I depicted to him in three hurried pages my impressions of the events which I had just witnessed. I begged him above all things to oppose anything like inconsiderate action. Instead of spinning out my letter in the *Union de l'Ouest*, of which he had the ear, and making it appear as if it was his own, M. Bougler thought my signature would be useful, and without consulting or waiting for me he printed the premature expression of my thoughts, word for word. However, I never reproached him for it. My letter was reproduced, and very generally praised in the Legitimist papers, which adopted it as more or less the programme of the moment.

Later on, this letter was made the object of a

double accusation. The organs of the Left treated it as a concerted and deliberate manifesto, and they took the opportunity to exclaim against the recantation, and even the treason, of the whole Royalist party. On the other hand, when the extreme Right considered that it would be advisable to break with the moderate Right, my so-called manifesto was once more brought forward against me. "How can a man who spoke in these terms in 1848," they said, "aspire to the honour of representing or of advising true and pure Legitimists?" In presence of these contradictory accusations I never withdrew or disowned any of it. After a lapse of thirty years, I neither withdraw nor disown any of it. At home, no appeal to violence, but a persevering appeal to moral and legal forces, the only efficacious weapons of our time; abroad, no emigration, no trust reposed in foreign sympathies, which was the fatal error made by our forefathers. It was still more fatal to France and to the Monarchy; and to make the same error after so many and such cruel experiences would be inexplicable and inexcusable.

As to the respect shown to religion by the February revolution, we must, to thoroughly understand it, go back two years.

Before assuming the tiara, and calling himself Pius IX., Cardinal Jean Mastaï represented in the Sacred College, with Cardinals Gizzi and Micara, a liberalism based upon the most incontestable virtues. The questions then disturbing Italy were not only

political, they were above all Italian, and Cardinal Mastaï was not less Italian than liberal. This Guelph of ancient race, having ascended the pontifical throne, was anxious to indicate immediately and effectually the direction which he intended giving to his reign, a bold attitude, which was greeted from East to West by an almost unanimous cry of enthusiasm and confidence. Italy vibrated with an electric commotion, Germany became anxious, and France rejoiced. The political world commenced to speak in a new tone, hailing—while it also endeavoured to moderate in order to render it practicable and durable—this opportune, this necessary *rapprochement* between the Papacy and modern society.

Pius IX. attained, from the first day of his accession, a popularity which surpassed anything that is to be found save in a very distant past. The generous ambition of Pius IX. for the Holy See and for Italy would, perhaps, have succeeded ; we should, perhaps, have seen a Pope marking with a sure and respectful hand the exact limit between ancient and modern times but for the sudden shock of February. This revolution disturbed the equilibrium in all countries, in Vienna and Berlin as well as in Paris. Rome shared the common danger; for a few months longer the bark of St. Peter rode the waves; and when the abominable murder of M. Rossi forced Pius IX. to seek for an asylum in the heart of Italy, the fugitive Pope remained, like the Pope on the throne, the object of the respect and love of humanity. French

Catholics willingly entered the path traced out by Pius IX. Like him, they won favour in public opinion by so doing, with all the advantages which naturally flow from a good moral position. This spectacle of strict unity was presented to us from one end of France to the other. The anxieties of the first hour rapidly calmed. The clergy did not take alarm; the Legitimist party understood that the hour of a new revolution was certainly not the hour for the Monarchy. The fraction of the Legitimist party which would willingly have qualified as a military party good-humouredly followed the common impulse, and no one advised or set the example of ill-advised rashness. In spite of this sincere agreement in a thoroughly loyal policy, the departments were in the meanwhile involved in the greatest confusion.

Universal suffrage and the vote by *scrutin de liste* came unexpectedly upon populations which could not understand an electoral machinery so vast and so different from that to which they were accustomed. Each elector at first directed his attention and made his combinations in the strict limits of his own surroundings. Men of unquestioned seriousness and intelligence were heard to say, after much reflection: "Let us choose such and such of our neighbours. They will have at least three thousand votes!" By degrees, and after great efforts, it began to be understood that the successful candidates must have at least fifty or sixty thousand votes, and that to obtain them the electoral list must combine the well-balanced

representation of the various interests and various districts of the whole department.

When these indispensable preliminaries had been got through, the serious elaboration of the lists commenced. M. de Quatrebarbes and I, the two outgoing deputies, would not conclude or even propose anything, without being conscientiously assured of the opinion of our friends from all parts of the department. In order to ascertain this, we took the initiative by summoning to Angers all the most influential men. The place named for the meeting was the vast drawing-room of Comte Anatole de Caqueray, the eldest son of the venerable Comte de Caqueray, for many years deputy for Maine-et-Loire, and universally esteemed in Anjou. This meeting was not intended to be public. But the Republicans heard of it, and took umbrage at it. M. de Caqueray received a long letter, in which it was pointed out to him that the Legitimist party could not be allowed to conspire in secret, that this official warning was sent him in his own interest and that of his friends, with the addendum that if no notice were taken of it M. de Caqueray would be held personally responsible.

Certain unmistakable symptoms confirmed the tone of this letter, and we were forced to take them into account. Some of our friends proposed to countermand the meeting and to substitute for it individual and written arguments; others proposed meetings in various districts and at various intervals. I opposed

both these proposals, maintaining that we were face to face with the commencement of a terrorism which must be resisted from the first, and that if, by a retreat more or less disguised on our part, threats prevailed, and violence secured the right to dictate, there would be an end, first to electoral liberty, and afterwards to many other liberties as well.

I therefore proposed that we should only abandon our private meeting in order to summon a public one. My motion was ultimately adopted, and we had then only to consider what place we should select. We were anxious for that which would contain the largest audience, and we decided upon an old building in the very centre of the town, which had been used already for several popular meetings, and which was called the Merchants' Palace.

The meeting was fixed for Sunday, the 12th of March : the *Union de l'Ouest* invited all its readers ; no one was refused admission, and the hall was crowded. M. de Quatrebarbes and myself were chosen to speak, and we arranged in the morning as to what we were to say in the evening.

"The more I reflect upon your advice," said M. de Quatrebarbes, "the more I believe that we were right to follow it; but I confess that I find it rather embarrassing to know what to say. As the February movement assumes a more definite form, it inclines more and more towards the traditions of the worst days of previous revolutions. Proudhon's socialism outdoes Ledru-Rollin's Jacobinism, and I cannot

bring myself to utter praise which my conscience does not confirm."

"I quite grant you that; but no one dreams of asking you to express an unqualified approbation, which, for my own part, I shall certainly not give."

"That is not all," he resumed. "I feel reluctant to pronounce the word Republic itself."

"Reluctance to pronounce the name when we submit to the thing, does not appear very reasonable, for one cannot make anything disappear by passing it over in silence. However, do not be anxious about that: I shall, if necessary, be a little more logical than you are, and I will pay toll for us both. I will pronounce the name of the Republic as soon as I begin to speak, without assuming any responsibility for it. Far from following the example of the *Univers* and of a few Catholics, far from insulting the past, I shall clearly allude to the contingency of a return to the Monarchy."

Hereupon M. de Quatrebarbes showed himself much relieved. However, he commenced by expressing a fear that I might go too far, and he went on to say, with visible anxiety, "Well, what do you intend to say?"

"I intend to tell the truth such as you and I professed it before the 24th of February. I intend to say that preoccupation about the poorer classes is a Christian sentiment, that the Church has been from all times the patroness, the mother, of working men, and

I venture to assure you that I shall gain some applause by my eulogy of the Pope."

When the evening arrived, M. de Quatrebarbes and I went together to the Merchants' Palace. We went up by ourselves to a large platform, whence we were visible from all parts of the hall, and from which we could distinctly see everybody in it. The leaders of the local democracy, several of whom could speak very effectively, occupied the first benches. The natural mildness of the Angevin population and the parliamentary appearance which the February revolution still wished to affect excluded any fear of personal danger, but we were necessarily prepared for systematic hostility. There were present in the hall more than enough men of talent to interpellate us and to stifle our answers by clamour, to take advantage of our so-called defeat on the morrow, and to boast of having forced us to repent of our bravado. This was the plan formed, as we afterwards learnt, but it was baffled, and, as I maintain, baffled chiefly through the prestige and the ascendency of the name of Pius IX.

Not only were we not interrupted, but no one replied to us, and the most settled determinations were modified after a few minutes. The gloomiest countenances expanded, signs of approbation were given, and then, the ice once broken, applause broke out, was renewed, and at last turned into a veritable ovation, which pursued us even into the street. My speech and that of M. de Quatrebarbes were printed on the following day with as much accuracy as our memories would

allow, and they afterwards became what was called "one of the Machiavelian acts of the Legitimist party."

After the success of our meeting, our list of candidates for the Constituent Assembly was speedily and easily drawn up. It contained only three names belonging to the Monarchical party: M. de Civrac, M. de Quatrebarbes and my own. All the other candidates nominated with us belonged to the rather advanced liberal, yet conservative section, which styled itself the Republican party.

My two friends and myself obtained nearly the same number of votes, but I alone obtained the necessary majority. The regrettable check experienced by MM. de Civrac and de Quatrebarbes was, however, due solely to local differences, without any political significance.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.—THE INVASION OF THE ASSEMBLY.—THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY.—THE DAYS OF JUNE.

1848.

Universal suffrage, which took the Conservative party by surprise, did not find the revolutionary party much better prepared. The despotism of the commissioners imposed upon every department by Ledru-Rollin was disconcerted by the passive resistance of the rural and even of the urban populations. The date of the elections was fixed for Easter Day, with the evident intention of preventing, as far as possible, the Catholics from attending the poll; but the choice of such a day shocked the public instead of paralysing it. The Provisional Government had decreed that the votes should be taken in the chief town of the arrondissement. The Bishops gave full latitude for changing the hours of service. The priests marched resolutely at the head of their parishes, and in many districts which were not supposed to be very religious, the electors made a point of having the clergy in their ranks. The result of the poll was, therefore, the almost

faithful picture of France herself—resignation to the Republic, anxiety without panic—a deliberate wish to struggle patiently against all excesses. The majority of the candidates who put patriotism above party spirit were elected. M. Guizot, who had left France for a short time and had gone to England, did not dream and could not dream of offering himself. M. Thiers would have been less affected by the events of the 24th of February, if he had not publicly shown his discouragement. He, therefore, like M. Guizot, did not figure in the general election, and it needed the alarm of the 15th of May to induce the Conservative party to remove from M. Thiers the ostracism which had been passed upon him. M. Dufaure, M. de Rémusat, and M. Odilon Barrot returned to take their places on the Left, with a slight advance in opinions, particularly M. Dufaure. M. Berryer could not remain in a retreat which, if prolonged, would have been a cause of mourning for the national tribune. He reappeared in the Constituent Assembly with several of his former comrades-in-arms—MM. Benoist d'Azy, de Larcy, and de la Rochejacquelein. Important reinforcements accompanied them, amongst others, M. de Kerdrel, M. de Vatimesnil, the Duc de Luynes, M. de Parieu, and the Marquis de Vogüé. As to M. de Genoude, universal suffrage was very ungrateful to him; not one of the lists which bore his name was successful. This distressed him greatly, and perhaps accelerated the rapid decline of his health. He left Paris to seek for strength in the climate of the

South, and died soon afterwards at Hyères in depressing isolation.

The most unexpected apparition was that of many priests upon the benches of a political assembly. To the Left was Père Lacordaire, robed in his Dominican habit, nearer to the Centre, the Bishop of Langres, M. Parisis, who had published, under the title of *Cas de Conscience*, a very liberal catechism; the Bishop of Quimper, M. Graverand, who owed his election entirely to the veneration which he had inspired throughout his diocese; lastly, the Bishop of Orleans, M. Fayet, who seemed much more comfortable in his new career than his two colleagues, having, with this object, exchanged his cassock for the small cape worn under the old régime. The characteristics of the three prelates were quickly distinguished, and they were nicknamed: *Magnificat; Ædificat; Cotificat.* The majority also included a certain number of professors from the seminaries and priests. Abbé de Cazalès, formerly page to Charles X. and son of the great orator in the old Constituent, promised a great deal, but failed to fulfil the expectations of his friends, not because he did not really possess the talent attributed to him, but through an invincible supineness which paralysed his whole life. Madame Swetchine said of him, "One would think that Cazalès had been promised at least two lives!" The voice of Père Ventura, who in O'Connell's funeral oration had, when speaking of the democracy, caused this fine expression, "We must baptize this savage heroine!" to be heard in

Rome itself, not in Notre-Dame de Paris alone, for the same thought and the same tone were reproduced in several of the provincial pulpits.

The old Chamber of Peers was quite as well represented in the New Assembly as the old Chamber of Deputies. M. Molé and M. de Montalembert speedily acquired considerable ascendency in it. M. Molé accustomed himself with the most perfect grace to the animation, noise and manners of a democratic assembly. He rarely ascended the tribune, but when he did so, it was always with decorum and authority, and he was treated with as much deference by his adversaries as by his own friends. Very well seconded at home by his son-in-law and his daughter, the Marquis and Marquise de La Ferté, he converted his drawing and dining rooms into a useful addition to the Palais Bourbon. A still rarer merit was that he knew how to efface himself, never disputed for precedence with any one, and sometimes even credited others with ideas which they had never had. I think that I am bestowing very exceptional praise upon Comte Molé, in saying that, for three years, nearly all the good which was done noiselessly, by tact, by private persuasion, and by indefatigable efforts at reconciliation, came from him. M. de Montalembert appeared under quite a different aspect; he attacked every question by assault, but with such audacity and such spirit! and, when he did not press forward too eagerly for victory, with such success! The February revolution had come upon him, without breaking him down as might

have been feared, at the height of his genius. In the question of the Sonderbund, he had stirred the Chamber of Peers with an enthusiasm which it had never felt before. Without intending to outrage or overthrow M. Guizot's Government, he had inflicted the most severe punishment upon it. He had depicted "the great and little criminals" in words of fire; he had proved to the French Government that by renouncing the secular policy of France towards Switzerland, by sacrificing its own instincts, its own convictions, to Lord Palmerston's spiteful, blundering temperament, he opened the door to the worst passions and the most formidable revolutions. The prophecy had scarcely been uttered when it was realised with startling fidelity and speed. M. de Montalembert, therefore, on entering the Assembly, found himself called upon to pursue in France the campaign commenced with regard to Switzerland, and to repeat before present adversaries the arguments he had already addressed to adversaries at a distance. It was felt that his courage would not fail at the sudden transformation of the struggle, and public expectation was not deceived.

The interval between the 24th of February and the 4th of May, the day fixed for the meeting of the Assembly, had witnessed in Paris incessant disturbances, which, on the 17th of March and the 16th of April, almost became new and formidable revolutions. But the departments remained relatively calm, and the anxiety, continually fostered, even by those who ought

to have reassured the country, had rather strengthened than shaken the conservative feeling. The decree which, on the eve of our convocation, ordered us to assume as our official dress the Robespierre coat and waistcoat, excited universal reprobation. Only the members of the Provisional Government appeared in this odious and ridiculous costume. Upon their first appearance before the Assembly the impression was so strong that this sinister revival was never enforced.

We should have preserved the same attitude of energetic and calm independence if, from the first sitting, our more ambitious and awkward colleagues had not succeeded in throwing confusion into our ranks. We were asked over and over again to proclaim and welcome the Republic. Then General de Courtais, who showed himself in his true colours on the 15th of May, got into the tribune and called upon the Provisional Government and the Assembly to go out on to the peristyle of the Palais Bourbon and fraternise with the people. This demonstration was quite in keeping with the Robespierre coats, and those who wore them hastened to accede to the proposition, taking with them the whole Left. The Centre and the Right, astonished and irritated, at first resisted. The incessant pressure of the Faubourgs upon the Convention was present to every mind, and none of us were blind to the danger of a first step in the same direction. But what could we do, in this half-empty hall, without any government on the official benches, without a president in the chair? We had resolved to inaugurate our labours in the

sincere spirit of peace, and we were about to commence by a startling secession ! These considerations induced those representatives who had remained in the hall to join those who had preceded them to the peristyle. Nothing, therefore, could have been less spontaneous than this demonstration, which to the public assumed the appearance of unanimity. I was one of the last to go, and I joined Père Lacordaire, for whom I felt some anxiety, perceiving him in the midst of a most suspicious-looking crowd. Fortunately my fears were ill-founded. On the contrary, Perè Lacordaire became the object of special ovation. Applause and shakes of the hand made him go outside the railings of the peristyle. The deeper he plunged into the crowd the greater the enthusiasm he met with, and it was only after much difficulty that he got back to the Chamber by the Place du Palais Bourbon.

In the evening we assembled in rather large numbers at M. de Lamartine's, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, then situated in the Rue des Capucines. We proposed to congratulate him upon his heroic struggles in March and April. We also wished to let him see how much we disapproved of the theatrical scenes of the morning. So long as we confined ourselves to congratulations, we were listened to with kindness, but as soon as we wished to make our reservations, the interview changed its character. M. de Lamartine could not express an ill-humour, which was not in his nature, but he seemed to feel great surprise. Alarms, precautions, a plan, a constitution ! . . . who could

think of that? Were not Béranger and Lamennais there to draw up some decrees? Moreover, would not M. de Lamartine suffice for it all. This last thought, which M. de Lamartine took no pains to conceal, was confirmed by his familiars, who took us on one side and said to us individually, "Why do you trouble yourself about it? Hasten to organise the executive power and give him the widest prerogatives. The executive power will be M. de Lamartine; let him act freely and everything will be saved!"

We left the Hôtel des Capucines still less reassured than when we entered it, sadly asking each other if, under the weight of such great responsibility, presumption and levity could be carried further. M. de Lamartine liked to say of himself, "I am a politician who for a short time lost himself in poetry." The truth is exactly opposite; the true Lamartine was a poet who lost himself in politics. He laid hold upon the emotions of the public and, finding himself acclaimed and raised to power by the whole of France, he forgot the fate of Mirabeau and Siéyes, thinking rather of Amphion or Apollo, creating cities by the sound of his lyre. Just before the 4th of May he appeared in front of what used to be the royal box at the opera, and upon unanimous applause greeting him, his gesture of thanks encouraged them, and it seemed as if he could not have enough of cheers. At seeing this the Duchesse de Maillé exclaimed, "Good gracious! We are lost; he takes for himself the cheering addressed to what he represents!"

This very shrewd and correct observation was confirmed, in my eyes, by a still more significant fact. On the day after my visit to the Hôtel des Capucines I confided to my colleague Léon de Maleville my painful impression on the preceding evening.

"I am no longer surprised at M. de Lamartine," he replied, "and I will tell you why. I had, as you know, an old and close intimacy with Marrast, the secretary of the Provisional Government, and I was consequently initiated into every deliberation. I was curious to question him, and we arranged to dine together and talk over matters at our ease, Marrast being also anxious to gratify his curiosity upon certain points. He wanted to know what old liberals thought of him and of his Provisional Government. He particularly inquired about M. Thiers' opinions, and I did not conceal from him the astonishment which the latter had expressed. 'He was much surprised,' I said, 'when reading Lamartine's admirable harangue against the red flag.' 'This is really better than I expected from him,' M. Thiers had said to me; 'I thought he would yield more quickly to the wind that blows, and I fancied I could hear him saying to the excited crowd, "You are right, every new situation demands a new symbol, and I salute the red flag!"' 'That Thiers is very shrewd!' replied Marrast with his arch smile. 'How did he say that?' 'In these very words.' 'Well, that is word for word what M. de Lamartine did say to us in private; he warmly supported this thesis, but, defeated by the

majority, he loyally gave in, and soon used, invested with all the power and prestige of his genius, the same arguments which had just been employed against himself!' "

This anecdote, the truth of which could not be doubted, accompanied as it was by this precise array of facts, and related by M. de Maleville, filled me with dismay. To speak without thinking or to speak against one's convictions, to improvise not only one's speech but to surrender oneself in the twinkling of an eye to the most opposite convictions, without a pause in one's eloquence, without the crowd being able to detect in the voice, in the tone or in the gesture the trace of a single effort, the shadow of hesitation, what a fatal gift! Fatal for the man who is dazzled by it himself, fatal for the nation which he fascinates and subjugates! On that day M. de Lamartine rendered France a signal service; a few weeks later, by means of the same prestige and with the same ease, he was about to imperil her existence.

Each day, in fact, threw new light on the perils of the situation. We had arrived from our provinces quite resolved to show indulgence to the Provisional Government on the condition that it endeavoured to inaugurate a sensible and serious Republic in the place of that declamatory and sterile Republic which, from the 24th of February to the 4th of May, had exhausted itself in demonstrations which were either vain or extremely imprudent. We were thankful to MM. de Lamartine, Marie, and Garnier-Pagès for

their hand-to-hand struggle against MM. Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, and we thought that we were entering into the views of M. de Lamartine in saying to him, "It is no longer a question of Paris alone now, it is the whole of France which supports you. Respond to her appeal and rely upon her!"

To our great surprise, M. de Lamartine would not listen to this language nor grant our wish. Did he believe that by separating from M. Ledru-Rollin he would compromise some ulterior ambitions which were still unacknowledged? Did he flatter himself that he would efface and absorb his antagonism more easily by keeping him at his side? I cannot say; but it became evident from the first that M. de Lamartine intended to place all the personal ascendency that he still retained over the Conservative fraction of the Assembly at the service of the Revolutionary party.

After a painful discussion, after the uncandid speeches of M. Ledru-Rollin as well as of M. de Lamartine, the Assembly decided that it would replace the Government tumultuously proclaimed on the 26th of February, half in the Palais Bourbon, half in the Hôtel de Ville, by a committee of five members regularly elected. In the vote taken on the 10th of May, the numbers were divided thus: M. Arago, 725 votes; M. Garnier-Pagès, 715; M. Marie, 702; this being equivalent to something like the unanimity of the Assembly. M. de Lamartine only obtained 643 votes; a first warning to the deceived Conservatives.

M. Ledru-Rollin only obtained 458 votes, and this may be regarded as marking the displeasure of those whom his moderate speech had not deceived.

As soon as it had thus formed the executive power the Assembly occupied itself in organising its own work. It first divided itself, according to custom, into *bureaux* drawn by lot; but, besides this, it grouped itself into fifteen special committees, entitled Committee of Finance, Committee of Foreign Affairs, Committee of Public Instruction, Committee of Labour, &c., &c. Each representative registered his name for one of these committees, according to his studies or preference. I chose the Committee of Labour, to M. de Montalembert's great displeasure, for he reproached me with not having followed him to the Committee of Public Instruction. "It is precisely because you are there that any one else would be superfluous," I replied. "Leave me to the Committee of Labour, where important questions which have not been so much studied, cannot fail to arise. We must not abandon the monopoly of them to M. Louis Blanc. Since, to my great regret, M. de Melun is not amongst us, allow me to profit by the small experience I have gained while working with him. Allow me to place real solicitude for the working classes in opposition to a quackery which is much more anxious to work upon the wounds of society than to relieve or cure them!"

Having once joined the Labour Committee, I speedily perceived that the demagogic party was

thinking less of a pacific and regular organisation than of preparing, as soon as possible, for an assault against the Assembly and against every civilised Republic. This undeniable plot had its army in the national workshops, and I shall not have much trouble in clearing myself from the reproach which has been made against me on the subject of the suppression of these workshops; but, before replying to such grave and ill-founded accusations, I must give chronological precedence to the 15th of May.

The composition of our Assembly, Republican as it was, had profoundly surprised and irritated the party of which M. Louis Blanc was the theorist and M. Ledru-Rollin, somewhat in spite of himself, the man of action. It was resolved to put an end to our existence by the invasion of the Palais Bourbon and the dissolution of the Assembly, but it was difficult to find a pretext. We had been in existence for ten days, and during those ten days we never resisted anything. Poland was taken as a pretext, but anything else would have done just as well. Thus, among the invaders of the 15th of May, there were two quite distinct categories, that of the naïve persons who were unconscious of the part which it was meant they should play, and that of fanatics who wore, under a borrowed blouse, arms which they fully intended to use.

Fortunately, the naïve element predominated in the crowd, the real criminals being few in number. The crowd itself was a material obstacle to the execution

of the premeditated design; the ringleaders were scarcely visible in this ever-rising flood; they had great difficulty in coming together to concert their plans, and the pass-words were lost in the storm of talk. Many of the invaders had entered the hall out of sheer curiosity, some to assist in keeping order, others in order not to miss a manifestation, and so complete the collection of their souvenirs. The latter were more anxious to have a story to tell than to help make it a bloody one. We noticed twenty indifferent or even smiling faces for every two or three savage and threatening ones. Here and there, too, individuals were to be seen ready to follow a bad impulse as easily as a good one.

I found myself by the side of M. de Heeckeren, the representative of Alsace, and close to us we saw an old man who was not a member of the Assembly exhorting his turbulent neighbours to peace, while they replied by threats. M. de Heeckeren, with his Herculean frame, rushed towards the invaders, roughly turned them out, and the crowd applauded this energetic action. M. de Heeckeren then quietly resumed his place, saying, "If they had come from my country they would not have waited for me!"

But our benches were not long respected, more for want of space than through evil intentions. This sudden rush soon did us the service of exempting us from resistance to the vote which some of the rioters who had climbed into the tribune wished to impose upon us. In this indescribable confusion, no one

could hear himself speak, all was chaos. Close to me, and nearly upon my knees, were two Parisian street Arabs about fifteen years old. One exclaimed, when the President rang his bell in despair, "Halloo! listen to the cocoa merchant over there!" The other, whose political education was no doubt more advanced, thus interpellated us, "Well! citizen representatives, what do you think of the right of visit? . . ."

Thus the 15th of May turned into a simple revolutionary orgie, and the plot failed, not through lack but through excess of performers. If the Government had not been composed of accomplices and dupes, the manifestation would have come to an end and met with chastisement much sooner; but nothing can give an idea of the inertia of the men then in power, several of whom were, however, really trustworthy. Our President, M. Buchez, elected by the Conservative majority, was not only unequal to his task, but, on that day, he was absolutely idiotic. His large honest face smiled at everything and everybody; he did not listen to the debates or did not understand them, he forgot whose turn it was to speak, confused the amendments with the bills, and never looked better pleased than when he had plunged the Assembly into inextricable embarrassment and into feverish impatience, as happened several times in each sitting. He was unanimously deposed from the Chair at the end of six months of his presidency, but we had, as yet, only reached the fifteenth day of

the month and we were forced to endure his strange incapacity on an occasion when presence of mind would have been so invaluable. The invaders just made him sign an order to the National Guard not to beat to arms, and when they expelled him, in order that ten or twelve of them might sit in his chair and finally pronounce the dissolution of the Assembly—which was the real object of the day—he did not go either to the Hôtel de Ville, which the revolution had made its meeting-place, nor to the President's Palace, from whence he could have given orders. He went alone to the Luxemburg, then the seat of government, without knowing what could be done there, and where in fact nothing was done.

The dissolution of the Assembly was accepted by the majority of the representatives with astonishing facility. The Republicans never even dreamt of struggling against a fact accomplished through their old superstitious reverence for everything which, rightly or wrongfully, could be styled the "national will." The deputies of the last Chamber, too, remembered that, three months previously, they had been expelled in the same way without anywhere finding a single basis of support for resistance. Some of us, however, understood that on the 24th of February the situation was very different; that the Chamber not being supreme, its responsibility was as limited as its authority; while on the 15th of May, unable to look for any outside assistance, it became necessary to act accordingly. Far from being an example for

us, the recollection of February ought to have served us as a lesson. Those who thought thus, and I was among the number, hurried to the Presidency, consoled themselves at the thought of not finding the President, and offered their eager assistance to the two Vice-Presidents, MM. Sénard and Corbon.

M. Sénard took some measures to organise the repression of this audacious riot, and M. de Puységur, after having with some trouble obtained paper and pens, worked as his secretary. M. de Kerdrel, M. de Dampierre, and myself, seeing the Gardes Mobiles in the garden under our windows, went and exhorted them to defend the Assembly. Our appeal was well received; some of the troops, with their officers at their head, grouped themselves round M. Sénard to assure the execution of his orders; others rallied the National Guards, who were arriving in numbers on the quays; lastly, M. de Rémusat opportunely remembered that a regiment of dragoons, perhaps the only cavalry regiment then in Paris, was quartered at the neighbouring barracks. The colonel, M. de Goyon, at once put himself at the head of his men, and cleared the approaches to the Palais Bourbon in a trice, while the National Guards and the Gardes Mobiles expelled from the Hall a remnant of the invaders, who were seized with indescribable panic.

The riot, vanquished without a fight in the Palais Bourbon, endeavoured to revenge itself in the Hôtel de Ville. We were rapidly informed of their movements, and finding MM. de Lamartine and Ledru-

Rollin taking refuge in an office together, perplexed and equally distrustful of each other, we urged them to march to the Hôtel de Ville without further delay. Some of us even offered to accompany them, first from a sentiment of duty, secondly on account of the little confidence with which these two representatives of the executive power inspired us. On the 24th of February I had heard M. de Lamartine terminate in a Republican sense a speech commenced in favour of the Regency of the Duchesse d'Orléans; I had just seen M. Ledru-Rollin, less compromised than M. Louis Blanc by the enthusiasm of the invaders, none the less receive and reciprocate some very suspicious greetings. I was therefore tempted to see with my own eyes how things would turn out, and to carry on to the end my conscientious efforts for the Republic entrusted to us. The Marquis de Mornay, the Duchesse d'Orléans' devoted knight on the 24th of February, had been actuated by the same idea as myself, and when M. de Goyon had placed two horses from his regiment at the service of MM. de Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin to take them to the Hôtel de Ville, M. Mornay and I walked at their horses' heads. This really symbolised the situation; the Republic attacked by Republicans and defended by Monarchists!

This march upon the Hôtel de Ville secured the triumph of order. Each step we took, the National Guards swelled out the procession; the news that an imposing force was advancing preceded us and encouraged the battalions of the district; the leaders of the

insurrection, Blanqui, Barbès, and Sobrier, were paralysed and held in awe. When, at last, we had succeeded in making our way through the crowd, bristling with bayonets, in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville, neither M. de Lamartine nor M. Ledru-Rollin had any longer any choice left them as to which line they would follow, and no one any longer defended the criminals whose arrest they countersigned. Twelve hours had sufficed to see the birth and the collapse of this movement, and the readiness with which it was suppressed ought to have enlightened its abettors and secured some sort of a future for the Republic. Those who anticipated this were speedily undeceived.

The day following the 15th of May was also curious to watch. The Republicans of the day before yesterday, as they liked to style themselves, made it a point of honour not to appear too much dismayed at such an outrage; they were far more anxious to palliate than to punish it and to prevent its repetition. The Republicans of the morrow, that is to say the sincerely resigned Monarchists, displayed much more solicitude. They asked their colleagues what Republic could possibly exist in a country where the Assembly, elected by the most free and universal suffrage which can be imagined, was brutally attacked without the shadow of a motive? for the avowed aim of the invasion was to present a petition in favour of Poland, and Poland was not once mentioned in the course of the riot, either in the groups, in the tribune, or at the Hôtel de Ville.

We were exchanging this sorrowful reflection with our colleagues, when an usher brought me a note from Madame Swetchine, begging me to go to her house as soon as possible. Any initiative from her was so rare that I felt certain the question must be a serious one. I therefore hurried to her house in the Rue Saint-Dominique hard by, and I found Père Lacordaire with Madame Swetchine. He had consulted her, and he honoured me by wishing to consult me also upon his plan of resigning. Père Lacordaire was Monarchical by reason and taste; as far as he was personally concerned, he carried his love of order to such a point that he wished to see it reign in the State. But he loved liberty quite as much, and if the Republicans had accorded it to him, as they had promised, they would have had no firmer partisan. But from the first contact with that Left in the midst of which he was about to seat himself, as soon as his delicate correct ear had detected the diapason of those whom he was to call political friends, alarm and disgust took the place of his illusions. "I quite feel," he said, "that it will not look well to leave the Assembly on a day which may be called a day of peril, but what can a man do to avert this peril? My faith in the Republican future of France is destroyed; and without faith I can neither speak nor act. Republican anarchy will infallibly bring back Monarchical competitions. From that date politics will enter a sphere into which I have not and do not wish to have an entrance; I have misled myself with good intentions, God knows;

but the shortest errors are the best. God has blessed my apostleship; there only is my place marked, and I must return to it."

Madame Swetchine and I did not oppose him in principle—far from it! But in her maternal tenderness Madame Swetchine would have liked him to adjourn his decision. She had known too long and had seen too much of Père Lacordaire's enemies not to foresee the advantage which they would take of his resignation at that date. I did not deny this objection, but I resigned myself to it more easily. I therefore agreed with Père Lacordaire, doing so upon the following ground: "Père Lacordaire has no other alternative than to remain altogether, or to retire at once. So far as I can see into the future, I do not discern a single day of calm or serenity when this resignation would not produce the effect which you dread. Alas! the 15th of May is not the end, it is but a beginning, and whoever does not care to brave the risks which await us, has no other alternative than to leave!" Madame Swetchine was at last convinced, and Père Lacordaire sent in his resignation with the concurrence upon which he set so high a value.

After this interview I returned to the Assembly more enlightened as to my own sentiments, for Père Lacordaire always threw a strong light upon every question which he examined or expounded. I was, therefore, confirmed in the sad apprehensions which had assailed me on the 24th of February, and which

had been increasing ever since. But I was not a monk; I had not Père Lacordaire's sublime excuse for declining the struggle, and I returned to the thorny task which awaited me in the Committee of Labour. Everybody was concerned by the lamentations of trade in general, and of Paris trade in particular. Workmen complained of having no work, masters of having no workmen, and it was unanimously declared that the maintenance of the national workshops offered temptations to idleness which it was necessary to get rid of. These workshops had been represented, immediately after the February revolution, as a provisional resource imposed by imperious necessity.

The Government had, even before the meeting of the Assembly, promised to close the national workshops; but neither M. Louis Blanc nor M. Ledru-Rollin had been able, perhaps did not feel inclined, to fulfil this promise. M. de Lamartine never thought of it for a single instant, and we found ourselves, on the 4th of May, faced by an agglomeration of a hundred thousand men embodied and paid by the State for fictitious work, and become, clandestinely at first, openly afterwards, a dangerous army of socialism. To bring the evil to light and to endeavour to remedy it seemed to the Labour Committee the first thing they had to do. A sub-committee, formed of three members—MM. Beslay (the same man who took a relatively moderate share in the Commune of 1871), Victor Considérant, and myself—were invested

with power by the Committee to proceed to an inquiry and to obtain or exact the assistance of the Government. The dissolution, or at least the radical transformation, of the national workshops was the design of every fraction of the Assembly without exception. At the same time they also wished to take great precautions to reach the really guilty without attacking innocent victims through undue precipitation or harshness. The Labour Committee was so much at one on this point that the first deliberations were very short, and by the 29th of May I was in a position to read my report from the tribune of the Assembly. Those who may deign to read it will find in it a peremptory answer to the retrospective accusations, which were not formulated until after the days of June, and which *mala fides* will, no doubt, keep alive for a long time.

This report was received with equal good-will by the Assembly and by the Government. Its principal passages were even placarded on the walls of Paris in the official form, and the debate on the draft of the decree was fixed for the morrow, the 30th of May. The discussion was marked by the same spirit of equity towards the master and the man, and in bringing forward the report I thought that I could best characterise the debate by saying from the tribune, "We have not attempted to close the door against an abuse without opening two doors to labour!" At the same sitting the decree was almost unanimously voted without a division.

Still, however, this perfect understanding was, on the part of the Government, more apparent than real. M. Ledru-Rollin was anxious to retain and even to augment under his hand a better embodied army than that of the 15th of May, and one which would serve his ulterior designs. M. de Lamartine no doubt saw, but affected not to see, this peril, in order to avoid or adjourn his rupture with M. Ledru-Rollin. The Minister of Public Works, M. Trélat, was a sincere but chimerical philanthropist: a very charitable doctor of the Salpêtrière, who was too much given to believe that social maladies should be treated like individual maladies; and he owned in the tribune that he looked at public affairs more as a doctor than as a politician. He belonged, with the most innocent intentions, to that class of men which did the most harm during the first Revolution—the men who, through weakness, prejudice, lack of foresight or logic, go, without intending to do so, wherever others more vicious than themselves may lead them.

M. Trélat received our decree very well, but he did not put it into execution. Piece-work was not introduced into the workshops; there was no regularity about the pay; the census was not taken; very few workmen were sent to the departments. We therefore found ourselves reduced to the painful alternative of becoming, in our turn, the accomplices of the Minister of Public Works, or of laying the facts before the Assembly and inducing it to intervene once more. I did not hesitate to adopt the latter course.

On Wednesday, the 14th of June, M. Trélat, who ought to have done it sooner, asked for a vote of three million francs from the Assembly for the execution of the decree voted on the 30th of May. These funds, wasted like the preceding supplies, had been spent in advance. They had paid, they were going to pay again, for a continuation of the abuses. I ascended the tribune immediately after M. Trélat, and I enumerated our just grounds for mistrust. "The question is too grave," I said, "for three members to be able or willing to accept the responsibility in future." And I asked the Assembly to nominate a special committee in its bureaux, to thoroughly examine all the questions which referred to the vote of three millions asked for by the Government. The decree was ultimately laid before a special committee formed in the bureaux, without either support or opposition from M. Trélat, who was visibly annoyed. His anger increased with my persistency, but he could not find one argument in his conscience wherewith to oppose me, nor in his character sufficient energy to second me.

For some days I could not conceal from myself that a formidable struggle was impending, and I did not wish to accept my share of it unless I was supported by an imposing majority representing every fraction of the Assembly. On the following day the Assembly nominated a committee, which, like the Committee of Labour, unanimously demanded the suppression of the national workshops. It nominated M.

Goudchaux as president, again confiding to me the office of reporter.

I had drawn up, since joining the Committee of Labour, and I now presented to the new committee, a draft of the measures concerted with M. de Melun. They included ameliorations which had been desired by the working classes for a long time, and which I had just studied in the charities of Paris: an endowment for the societies for mutual help, the improvement of savings banks, the protection of children in factories, draining and sanitary arrangements for populous districts, the demolition of unhealthy dwellings, &c. I may say here, without bitterness against any one, but as a homage due to truth, that these improvements were so foreign to Republican minds at that date that they excited innocent surprise. When I first communicated my plans, the president, M. Goudchaux, interrupted me, looking at me with a stupefied air, raised his hands above his head and exclaimed, "Pray allow me time to breathe. I am drowned by this flood of innovations!" But for my persistency in co-ordinating these various institutions and forcing them forward parallel with the dissolution of the national workshops, this dissolution would have been voted in twenty-four hours. Far from pressing it on, I delayed it; but in order to realise my plan it was necessary that the internal reform of the workshops, seriously and sincerely undertaken, should give us the necessary time to prepare all these measures. But this wish was defeated through want

of knowledge or want of will on the part of the Government.

We were foiled, again, by the same defects in M. Trélat; he always showed himself on the eve of an action, never on the day itself. The schemes most easily executed were not managed any better than the most complicated. Five million francs were due to the city of Paris; this sum might have restored activity to many works, but it was left in the hands of the Minister of Finance, then M. Duclerc, while other resources, the details of which need not now be given, were equally neglected, and there was the same unanimity in the committee of fifteen members, which had been already visible in the sub-committee of three, to insist upon the almost immediate suppression of the national workshops. M. Dupont de Bussac, who belonged to the most advanced Left, was as much at one with us as M. Beslay and M. Considérant. On the 19th of June I was charged to prepare a fresh report for the Assembly, which ordered me to read it immediately. I announced that, to my regret, the execution of the formal clauses of our decrees had scarcely been commenced. I requested that the grants asked for by the Minister of Public Works should be voted, but with the addition of a clause for supervision; I also asked that the powers of our committee, entrusted with the examination of the decree in question, should be continued.

The debate was opened at the sitting of the 20th of June by a speech from M. Victor Hugo. His

language had already assumed the declamatory form which never changed afterwards, but in his ideas he still belonged to the Conservative party, and he made no secret of this.

"We were already acquainted with the idleness of opulence," he said, "you have created the idleness of misery, a hundred times more dangerous for itself and for others. The Monarchy had its idlers; the Republic will have sluggards. This slothfulness, so fatal to civilisation, is possible in Turkey, but not in France. Paris will never copy Naples, still less Constantinople. Never, even did we wish it, could we succeed in converting our worthy intelligent workmen, who read and think, who speak and listen, into lazaroni in time of peace and janissaries in war. Never!" (Sensation.)

M. Goudchaux, the president of our committee, intervened at the close of the debate, which had been very barren and unprofitable, to demand the closure of the general discussion and an immediate division upon the clauses. The closure was carried, and the three clauses of the decree, just as we had presented them, were carried then and there, almost unanimously.

On the following day, the 21st of June, we set to work afresh. We deliberated regularly as to the most efficacious measures for softening the transition, when we were interrupted by the very insurrection which we were seeking to avert. The ringleaders, who plotted while affecting to help, who sought to

work upon misery in order to urge it to revolt, had at last understood that they could not deceive the vigilance of the Assembly. The sitting of the 20th of June left them no further illusion; they therefore resolved to anticipate us, and were nearly succeeding. On the 21st and 22nd of June the ferment amongst the workmen, already only too visible, exploded. Delegates conveyed a summons to the executive committee then sitting in the Luxemburg. M. Marie vainly attempted to make them listen to reason, or, at least, exercise a little patience; and at daybreak on the 23rd of June barricades were erected on all sides, and the first shots fired by the insurgents.

Paris had then only two defensive forces, the National Guard, almost as unanimous as the Assembly, and the Garde Mobile. The Garde Mobile had been created in February. On the 15th of May a few of its battalions had obeyed the voice of duty, but this youthful militia, chiefly composed of Parisians, had on that day been put to a very severe test, and its spirit was still doubtful. The army of order had, therefore, great need to feel itself supported by the energy of the Assembly, already accused of delay; and when our committee met on the morning of the 23rd of June it had only one point to consider: Should it wait for the end of the contest already commenced before declaring itself, or should it immediately give to the National Guard and to the Garde Mobile a pledge of its firm assistance and a proof of its own joint responsibility in all

risks and perils? Two members only were inclined to remain on the expectative. One made his vote public by sending in on the 23rd of June itself his resignation as a member of the Committee of the National Workshops. This was M. Dupont de Bussac. The second, M. de Montreuil, voted against the opinion of the majority, but did not go beyond this, and remained with us. I had therefore only to summarise the vote of the committee in a few words. I hastily wrote my report, and about three o'clock I laid it before the bureau of the Assembly.

When I entered the hall, M. Sénard, who was presiding, had already stopped the debate, in order to read the first bulletins of the struggle. M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce, was in the tribune, and, taking care to state that he was speaking for the public and not for the Assembly itself, said: "At this moment, war is not being waged with soldiers, but with lying rumours which have been spread in the public squares, with the gold which serves to purchase poverty and to draw it away from the virtuous abnegation in which it has patiently been waiting until our efforts should bring it relief. Let all Republicans listen to this, and let them, when they see an appeal made to disorder, know well that this appeal has as its sole aim, whatever mask may be used to cover it, whatever colour may be assumed, whatever flag may be concealed beneath, the overthrow of the Republic and the re-establishment of despotism!" *

* *Le Moniteur*, 24th of June, 1848.

I ascended the tribune after M. Flocon, and, laying my report upon the President's table, I thus expressed myself:—

"Gentlemen, the majority of the Committee of the National Workshops has expressly charged me to present to you, at this time, the report upon the decision which you are expecting from it; it has continued its deliberations on this subject with the most perfect calm, and if you desire a proof of this you will find it in the report which I am here to submit to you."

Several voices:—"Lay it on the table." *Other voices:*—"No! no! Read it!"

The Assembly, upon being consulted, decided that the reading should take place. It moved the dissolution of the national workshops, with a vote of three millions for indemnities and assistance at home for those workmen who would be temporarily without employment.

Could the Assembly, in commanding me to read my report, and could I, in reading it, have had any thought of provoking a civil war? No, for we had not even sought to appoint a fixed date for the dissolution, in order to leave the Assembly always free to advance or to defer, as it should judge advisable, the debate which must precede the dissolution. What the majority of the committee wished, the Assembly also wished, viz. at the moment when the soldiers, the National Guards, and the Gardes Mobiles, were exposing their lives, each of us should publish his name,

and that if civil courage had not the same lustre as military courage, it should, at least, have the same frankness and the same devotion. We were reduced to the *rôle* of legitimate defence, and owed all our moral strength to the battalions which, for some hours already, had been repulsing with great difficulty an aggression long premeditated, coldly resolute, audaciously executed.

After a short debate, the Assembly, more and more stimulated by rumours of the growing sedition, declared itself in permanence, and thought solely of providing for the defence of society, or even its own defence, for it was aware that it was directly threatened.

At such a juncture, the Executive Committee no longer inspired confidence in any one. By tacit agreement every one avoided raising an irritating debate; but in the sitting of the 24th of June General Cavaignac was invested with full executive powers. M. de Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin could not mistake and did not mistake the manifest object of this measure. As soon as it was communicated to them, they addressed their resignation to the President of the National Assembly in these terms :—

"Citizen President,

"The Committee of the Executive Power would have failed both in its duties and its honour by retiring before sedition and in a time of public danger. It only retires before a vote of the Assembly.

"In resigning the powers with which you entrusted it, it reenters the ranks of the national representatives, to devote itself

with you to the common danger and to the safety of the Republic.

"The Members of the Committee of the Executive Power,

"ARAGO, LEDRU-ROLLIN, GARNIER-PAGÈS, LAMARTINE, MARIE.

"The Secretary, PAGNERRE."

The question as to what personal share the members of the Assembly could or should take in this struggle was brought forward under several forms. It was settled that the duty of the representatives was to remain at their post, and to take, hour by hour, every measure which the situation might render necessary. However several members mingled individually in the ranks of the National Guards, and some of them were seriously wounded there. M. Bixio, a member of the Left, was, I believe, the first struck down. The second was a member of the Right, and in the course of the sitting of the 24th the President expressed himself in these words:—

"I have received a communication from one of our colleagues. M. de Saint-Georges begs the Assembly to receive his apologies for his absence from the sitting of this morning. He is with his son, who was seriously wounded yesterday while defending the Republic in the ranks of the National Guard."

Both father and son were members of the Right and deputies for Morbihan.

Several of our colleagues, trusting in their Republican notoriety, attempted to carry words of peace behind the barricades. They were ill-treated, and would have encountered the most serious danger had they gone a step further. I was told this by one of

them, M. Jamet, deputy of Mayenne, an old Republican, but very conscientious, who lost on that day all the illusions which had been so dear to him. The frenzy of the faubourgs could not have been greater, as the duration and intensity of the struggle, as well as the number of victims, proved only too well. France lost, in those four days, more generals than she had lost in the most memorable battles of the Empire. All the witnesses of any one of these blood-stained episodes were both stupefied and broken-hearted.

For my own part, unable to flatter myself that I had the least influence over the minds of the combatants, I resolved to afford myself at least the consolation of carrying some comfort to them, and I went towards the Hôtel-Dieu, with my colleague, M. Jobez. Suffering ought to have extinguished all anger there, but it did not succeed any more than reason. Before introducing us to the ward where the wounded had been placed, the sisters and house surgeons begged us to take off our insignia as representatives. "They would excite great agitation in most of our wounded, and we have so much trouble in restoring to them a little of the calm so necessary for their treatment, that we must avoid everything likely to increase the fever!" We then passed along innumerable rows of beds, hastily improvised, in addition to those which the Hôtel-Dieu already contained. Most of the faces still shone with the excitement of the struggle; it was still visible in the eyes when weakness prevented them showing it in any other form. In the first instance,

the wounded belonging to the National Guard or to the insurgents had been brought in and placed beside each other, but the hospital attendants were promptly forced to separate them by placing them either in different wards or, if that was impossible, in groups apart. The insurgents had been seen to crawl from their beds, to throw themselves on to a neighbouring couch where they recognised an uniform, biting until the blood spurted out those whom they could not wound in any other way. One must have seen this lamentable spectacle, or have heard it related by eye-witnesses, still full of emotion from it, to form any idea of the passion which falsehood, deliberately and perseveringly distilled, can excite in the masses, to appreciate the crime of the instigators of this mad passion, and to measure all the evil which a few men can work amongst an innumerable multitude. During these sorrowful hours no power could have torn from the heart of these mistaken unfortunates the conviction that the Assembly was the people's enemy, that it thirsted for their blood, and that the barricades had only been erected for the protection of the workman, his wife and children, against merciless barbarity. On leaving the Hôtel-Dieu I met outside Notre-Dame the Archbishop of Paris and M. Jacquemet, his Grand-Vicar. They were going to General Cavaignac, in order to warn him that they intended proceeding themselves into the heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the stubborn centre of resistance. I entreated the heroic bishop to allow me to have the honour of accompanying him, but,

putting one hand upon his violet robe and the other upon the representative's sash which I had put on again on leaving the Hôtel-Dieu, he replied with a smile, "I think that for my protection this is worth more than that." I persisted, but he still refused, and resumed, well knowing the danger, his road to martyrdom. I never saw him again, except as he lay dead.

A short time afterwards I re-encountered M. Jacquemet, then appointed to the bishopric of Nantes. The recollection of our meeting upon the pavement of Notre-Dame formed an affectionate link between us which I never thought of without emotion. He had only escaped death through his extremely short stature, for his hat was pierced by several balls. The dying Archbishop had given him his pectoral cross, stained with blood—a sacred relic which M. Jacquemet wore to his dying day. He treasured up with equal sanctity the elevated lessons of wisdom and foresight which he had received in the archiepiscopal palace of Paris, and remained a striking example of the triumph of mind over matter.

From Notre-Dame, I went to the Place de la Bastille, where I had the grief of seeing General Négrier fall like a valiant soldier, mortally wounded by a ball fired close to him. Close to him fell also our colleague, M. de Charbonnel. The Marquis de Vogüé and I helped to place him on a stretcher and carry him to a wineshop, which, although very near the firing, was yet sheltered from it. M. de Charbonnel was quite aware of the gravity of his condition. With

the most gentle serenity he expressed to us the wish, which was at that same moment being emitted by Mgr. Affre, that he might be an expiatory victim, and that this effusion of blood might terminate the discords and misfortunes of our country. He confided his portfolio to M. Vogüé, entrusted us with some touching words for his family, and some patriotic farewells for his colleagues in the Assembly. He soon lost consciousness and expired a few hours later.

This battle on the Place de la Bastille soon rendered us masters of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The struggle was ended at last, but at what a price! What were we to think of the future, and what were we to do for it? The universality and liberty of the suffrage could not be extended further; the Assembly was the sole and unquestionable representative of the whole nation. The Republicans had not formed a single wish which had not been granted or surpassed; the men in power were still those who had made and proclaimed the Republic in the Hôtel de Ville; the majority of the Assembly were notoriously Republican, and if there were any doubts in certain minds, any regrets in certain hearts, there had not been one instance of systematic resistance from any party. Yet this budding Republic had not been exempt from the attacks of the Republicans for a single day. The Provisional Government had had its assaults in March and April; the Assembly in May and June. Was not this trial sufficient, was it not decisive? How many misfortunes, how much blood was still re-

quired to prove that the Republic is not a talisman of repose and prosperity for France? For how much longer must we still make these dangerous experiments, or allow them to be made upon our country, as upon a corpse in the dissecting-room?

These questions were put to us on all sides, and we had the right to put them to ourselves. However, we could not do anything yet. The royal family was not reconciled; no prince considered that the hour had come for a monarchical attempt; not one of the Count de Chambord's habitual counsellor's advised him to take the initiative, since he did not appear to think that the opportune moment had arrived for it. Under these circumstances every one was agreed in maintaining the *statu quo*, in endeavouring at all events to secure for it all the benefits of so costly an experiment. We had placed General Cavaignac at our head during the civil war; we retained him in power during peace, or rather during the truce.

CHAPTER X.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC'S GOVERNMENT.—ABD-EL-KADER.—THE CONSTITUTION.

1848.

I HAVE, in the preceding chapter, done as the Assembly did. I have forgotten the national workshops and occupied myself solely with the battle, and I must now return to the close of this lamentable question.

For more than thirty years it has been either calumniously or erroneously repeated that, in voting for the suppression of the national workshops, we had given, more or less intentionally, more or less treacherously, the signal for civil war—a curious example of the duration of historical mistakes, when a deliberate attempt is made to mystify public levity! The curious point is that this suppression was never voted at all. It was decreed and executed dictatorially on the 3rd of July by General Cavaignac and by the thoroughly Republican ministry with which he had surrounded himself. When, scarcely recovered from the fatigue of so painful a contest, the General came

before the Assembly to justify his decree, he expressed himself in these words:—

"The organisation of the national workshops was, I must say, a formidable organisation on the 23rd of last June. The idea which had presided over this organisation was good and pure, but there is no doubt that, owing to the march of events, this creation had become completely diverted from the purpose for which it was intended, and I repeat, the organisation of the national workshops had become formidable and menacing to liberty."

Thus the only result of the June insurrection, which had no avowable motive and which was utterly inexcusable, was to compromise and adjourn, in the Constituent Assembly, every measure that we intended taking in favour of the working classes. The Legislative Assembly met with the same hindrance. The post-scriptum riot, that is to say the abortive riot of the 13th of June, 1849, landed it, from its birth, in prosecutions and political trials; and it was certainly not at the initiative of the Left that the study of popular requirements was resumed, when tranquillity was once more re-established. This initiative came from the Right. A speech from M. de Melun, received with unanimous applause, scored an even greater success for true Christian philanthropy than for the orator. M. de Melun obtained the nomination of a committee of thirty members, instructed to draw up in legislative form the schemes proposed by the solicitude of the political for the working classes.

This committee appointed M. Parisis, Bishop of Langres, as its president, M. de Melun as secretary, and M. Thiers as reporter. The endowment of the societies for mutual assistance, the improvement of the savings banks, the demolition of unhealthy dwellings, and the protection of children in factories, were proposed by this committee and voted by the Legislative Assembly. Irritating discussions, the precursors of the 2nd of December, once more hindered this notion; but when the Empire was born of the Coup d'Etat and believed itself to be firmly established, it drew from the minutes of the committee, and from M. Thiers' voluminous report, a regular arsenal of popular bills—the measures of which it boasted before universal suffrage, without even alluding to their first and real origin.

But to return to 1848. When General Cavaignac was appointed Head of the Executive Power, who opposed him? who defended him?

His first, we might say his sole adversaries, were the remnants of the government of the Hôtel de Ville. Their Opposition had neither a well-defined programme nor an openly avowed reason. They were malcontents rather than enemies, who seized upon pretexts rather than alleged grievances. MM. Jules Favre, Pagnerre, Garnier-Pagès were the orators of this group; the reliable supporters, the declared partisans of General Cavaignac, met in the Rue de Poitiers, in the lecture hall of the Academy of Medicine.

According to custom, this parliamentary meeting

was named after the street in which it was held. It would have been difficult, moreover, to find a political name to express the opinions which preponderated in its midst. It was a foregathering of all the well-disposed men who were desirous of concerning themselves exclusively with the difficulties of the moment, of solving them loyally by the construction of a power which should be the personification of order. The party of the Rue de Poitiers admitted into its deliberations, without difficulty or recrimination, Legitimists, Orleanists and Republicans. Anxiety to be impartial, the desire to break every link with the past, in order to be and seem to be more free in the present, were so great that at the opening meeting every representative who had belonged to the old Assemblies was rigorously excluded.

After the terrible days of June the party became alarmed at its responsibility, and, although it included many men who might have served it usefully as guides, such as MM. de Kerdrel, Berard, Denjoy, Baze, and Baraguay d'Hilliers, it resolved to withdraw the ostracism which weighed upon the most experienced men in the Assembly, and it requested the admission of MM. Odilon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Dufaure, Molé and Thiers. The influence of these illustrious parliamentary men did not therefore spring from a spontaneous movement, nor from a plot, nor even from an afterthought. It was, like many other events of this date, the enforced result of our misfortunes, and due to resignation rather than desire. It

was the same thing with General Cavaignac's accession. The Rue de Poitiers party would have preferred General Changarnier, but he had not yet left Africa. The party might legitimately have chosen General de la Moricière or General Bedeau, who had taken a valiant share in the days of June and who offered every political security. However it contented itself with the one being at the Ministry of War, the other at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and it unhesitatingly confided the executive power to General Cavaignac, precisely because he was Republican by birth and conviction. It thus flattered itself that it had dissipated all cause for umbrage, and was anxious that this disposition should not be in doubt for a moment.

The Rue de Poitiers party then unanimously proposed to place itself in communication with General Cavaignac by means of an official deputation composed of six members. This deputation was to inform the General that a feeling of confidence in him induced the party to renounce the direct nomination of ministers—a nomination which members had at first thought of demanding as a reaction against MM. Ledru-Rollin and de Lamartine; that it would openly and firmly support the new administration; that it desired that the portfolios should be confided to men who would not awaken any suspicion amongst the Republicans; and that it wished, in consequence, that this administration should be largely recruited from among the Republicans of long standing. No

individual names were directly or indirectly recommended to the six members of the deputation from the party, these six representatives being MM. Vivien, Baze, de Sèze, Vesins, Degousée, and myself. The same evening we asked for an interview with General Cavaignac, and it was granted us for the following morning at seven o'clock. The General, still exhausted by the fatigue of the battle, received us lying upon a camp bedstead, in one of the small drawing-rooms of the Hotel reserved for the President of the Assembly. He declared to us, with dignified and cordial good nature, that he did not know any of us, as M. Degousée, his old comrade, had, for some reason which I cannot recall, been unable to join the deputation. "I do not know your opinions," he said to us, "I am a soldier from Africa unexpectedly transported to a new soil. But I do not, at the same time, require more ample information in order to respond very frankly to your overture."

He then told us that negotiations were already commenced for forming the new Ministry as speedily as possible; that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was intended for General Bedeau, of War for General de la Moricière, the Interior for M. Sénard, Finance for M. Goudchaux. These, it will be seen, were the four most important posts, and they were given to men who had borne the burden of the struggle, General de la Moricière and General Bedeau on the barricades, M. Sénard in the Presidency of the Assembly, M.

Goudchaux as President of the Committee of the National Workshops. These four names at once obtained our support, while the names of MM. Bethmont and Thouret, suggested for the Ministries of Justice and Agriculture, met with equal approval.

General Cavaignac added that he did not foresee any objection to M. Carnot retaining the Ministry of Public Instruction. Until then M. Vivien had been our spokesman; some of the others now requested leave to speak, and greatly astonished General Cavaignac by telling him that several circulars by M. Carnot had produced considerable anxiety in many parts of the country; that his ideas, too sincere to vary, would be sooner or later a stumbling block to the majority; that it was necessary to foresee these crises and to prevent them from hampering the authority which he was endeavouring to reconstitute. General Cavaignac replied to us that only a vague echo of the educational controversies had reached him in Algiers; that he had never paid much attention to them; that he could not answer us as to facts and views which now presented themselves to his mind for the first time; but that he at the same time understood the character of our objections to M. Carnot; that he would refer to those of his colleagues whom we might consider as already forming part of the Ministry; and that he would gladly speak to us again in the course of the day. The explanations given by General Cavaignac and the sentiments that he had expressed had not fully satisfied us; but we could see that he was above

all things a soldier, and that we ought at least to give him time to acquire a strategy which he could not study either in Vauban or in Jomini. We were at all events sure that we had inspired him with confidence as to our support. The General was expected at eight o'clock for a large review of the provincial National Guards. We then separated, adjourning till the afternoon the only point remaining in dispute, viz. as to M. Carnot's remaining in office.

We returned to the drawing-room at the Presidency about one o'clock; the General was absent, but M. Sénard received us in his place. He told us that the incident relative to M. Carnot had placed them in great embarrassment; that he perfectly appreciated the reasons for our resistance, but that the General had, on the spur of the moment and not dreaming that the course could produce any difficulty, on the preceding evening asked M. Carnot to remain in the Ministry; that he considered himself bound to him, and that if M. Carnot did not set him at liberty, the difficulty might become a very serious one. M. Sénard complemented his speech by positive assurances of the desire which the Ministry felt to see Public Instruction directed in a less imprudent way.

We then offered to take upon ourselves the responsibility of the first overtures to M. Carnot. M. Sénard appeared enchanted at our offer, and after a few moments sent him to the room, where we had waited for him. With much frankness we explained to our honourable colleague the sentiments

of esteem and the motives for dissent which induced us to make him the confidant of our opposition; that his presence in the Ministry would certainly lead to an early and in every respect regrettable crisis; that we appealed to his loyalty and begged him to extricate General Cavaignac from a false situation.

M. Carnot, habitually smiling and impassive, because he rarely took any objection or difficulty into account, replied that he was far from being offended by our language, that General Cavaignac was not in any way bound to him, that he was consequently free to deprive him of his portfolio or to retain him at his post, and that his preparations for going into the country were already commenced. We replied that it was not a question of knowing whether General Cavaignac was or was not really pledged, since he believed himself to be so. We assured M. Carnot that he indeed felt this scruple. M. Carnot confining himself to the same answer, we persisted in the same reply. We were then forced to send for M. Sénard a second time, in order that he might explain his views as to how far General Cavaignac was pledged. M. Sénard unhesitatingly ranged himself on our side, not concealing from M. Carnot that he considered his resignation would help to strengthen the new Ministry. M. Carnot retired, telling us that he would explain himself to the General, and that certainly he would not complicate nor prolong on his own account the difficulties of the situation. We considered (M.

Sénard and ourselves) that M. Carnot's resignation was an accomplished fact, and we suggested several names which might, in our opinion, be usefully suggested to General Cavaignac, taking care always to confine ourselves to the narrow circle of Republicans of long standing.

While all this had been going on the Assembly had commenced its sittings. Our colleagues questioned us eagerly, and we told them that a Ministry would be formed and proclaimed that evening, for the Assembly was still sitting permanently, adding that in all probability, nay certainly, M. Carnot would not be part of it. The suspended sitting was resumed at eight o'clock that evening. One of the Ministers, taking us hurriedly on one side, informed us, with undisguised annoyance, that M. Carnot retained his portfolio. A few moments later the Ministry was proclaimed in the tribune, and an explosion of murmurs greeted the name of the Minister of Public Instruction. A few days later one of the most eminent men of the party of the Rue de Poitiers, a stranger by reason of his age and career to every ancient coterie, M. Bonjean, the future and courageous hostage of the Commune, produced in the tribune several volumes authorised by M. Carnot in the primary schools, and a very large majority at once passed the vote of censure moved by the speaker. This time M. Carnot did not hesitate about resigning. He had not been overthrown by surprise or through caprice, nor with a desire to inflict a check upon the

Ministry. This was so well understood that not one of his colleagues thought it necessary to join him in resigning. I did not know what had passed at the Presidency the week before between General Cavaignac and M. Carnot, nor what had decided them both to brave this rash venture. I imagine, however, that the incident may be explained in this way.

M. Carnot cared little for office, but he was much attached, in educational matters, to the ideas of his party. He made it a point of honour to shield them with his name and to insist upon their acceptance. General Cavaignac, upon the other hand, without caring for M. Carnot himself, cared a great deal for the memory of the elder Carnot, his father, and for all the souvenirs attached to it. Allowing themselves to go astray as to the gravity of the general circumstances, and making a personal matter of it, M. Carnot compromised his personal dignity not a little, while the new chief of the executive power gratuitously offended the party of order, which had lavished proofs of their esteem upon him. The majority, although alive to this objectionable conduct, did not retain any ill-feeling towards him. It had rejected in M. Carnot what it deemed to be incompetent obstinacy; it did not wish to go beyond that, and did not insist upon the selection of a minister who would be either the representative or the precursor of the ideas which it preferred. Its constant preoccupation was to show itself free from impatience or party spirit, and it was satisfied with M. de Vaulabelle, who, like M. Carnot,

was not particularly distinguished by special abilities or oratorical talent. He also belonged, like his predecessor, to the Republicans of yesterday, but he was inoffensive and fairly independent of the yoke of his dangerous friends. His manner of entering the Ministry made some sensation, for he arrived with a trunk carried on the shoulders of a street porter, kept this trunk open in his room, took from it whatever he wanted, and packed it up on the day of his departure, leaving behind him an almost Spartan reputation. Several of his friends even reproached him for an austerity, not of habits, but of tastes, which would have spoilt the Republic for them had his example been followed.

Our union with the Government was therefore maintained as long as its continuance depended upon ourselves. General Cavaignac had very high and rare qualities. His distinguished appearance, his proud soldierly bearing, naturally inspired respect; his sober, energetic speech, sometimes eloquent in its brevity, recalled the heroes of Plutarch. There was nothing either affected or unreal in him. If the envelope were a noble one so was the character. His language was not brilliant as a mere matter of chance, for his ideas were really elevated, and in matters which he quite understood they were also just and firm. He had at the same time not humility—the word is more Christian than he was himself—but modesty. No speaker ever surpassed the effect which his gesture and accent produced when, pointing to

General de la Moricière, he said, "What astonishes me is to see him in the second rank when I am in the first."

What, then, was lacking in General Cavaignac? The answer must be: an education worthy of him. He had a deep rich nature which had not received the good cultivation it deserved, but, what was far worse, had received a bad one. He was born and grew up in a circle full of unjust passions and narrow prejudices. Son and brother of men more ardent than himself, he accepted, as a point of honour and as an heritage, opinions and habits which, had he been a free agent, he would certainly neither have sought for nor adopted. This starting point at first appeared of service to him, but it soon compromised, paralysed, and finally ruined him. When his deficiencies and his errors were perceived, one could but part from him with regret, sadly turning one's head to see if he would not rejoin you, or if you could not return to him; and when the rupture became final, regret and sympathy were still felt for him. These sentiments are, in all sincerity, those with which he inspired me at different periods, and I venture to assert that for a long time they were shared by the whole Conservative party. The facts which I have to relate will prove this.

However prudent and moderate the majority might be, the abettors of anarchy could not console themselves for the outcome of the June days, and they endeavoured to awaken passions by pointing out the

spectre of the monarchy at every turn. Proudhon, who was reckless in his opinions even to cynicism, said before the Committee of Inquiry instituted by the Assembly—

"On the 23rd of June I believed there was a conspiracy of pretenders to the throne, using as their instruments the workmen of the national workshops, but, like others, I was mistaken. On the following day I was convinced that the insurrection was socialist!"

Such evidence, from such a quarter, ought to have exonerated all the parties who were being charged with the responsibility of the bloodshed which had occurred; but personal ambition and preconceived assertions are very difficult adversaries to discourage. The almost universal reprobation which then weighed upon the insurrection was heavy to assume. One Republican, little respected even by the Republicans themselves, M. Laurent (de l'Ardèche), then endeavoured to mislead public opinion by soliciting an inquiry into the monarchist participation in the days of June. This proposition, warmly supported in the demagogic journals, met with a very different reception in the bureaux of the Assembly, which put it quite upon one side. I did not consider this tacit condemnation sufficient for my friends and for myself. I publicly demanded that the motion of M. Laurent (de l'Ardèche) should be promptly discussed, summing up the reasons for my persistency in these words: "We must arm justice, or disarm calumny!"

General Cavaignac loyally but awkwardly intervened in this short skirmish. It was not the only time that he did disservice to the true interests of the Republic, through fear of appearing unfaithful to the Republic itself. We soon had a much more serious proof of this.

On the evening of the 15th of September, the meeting of the Rue de Poitiers was suddenly informed that it had that morning been decided by the Council of Ministers to choose from among the members of the Assembly seated on the Left, commissioners to be sent to each department, with almost unlimited powers, in order that they might rally the country to Republican sentiments. We were not less surprised than annoyed in the meeting. This strange measure was evidently meant as a token of mistrust for the regular administration, an attempt to intimidate the country, an undisguised effort to imperiously extend the yoke of Paris over the whole of France. It was, in fact, an inopportune and perhaps very dangerous evocation of the worst souvenirs of the Convention. Not foreseeing the revelation which was to be made in the Rue de Poitiers, I had gone that evening to hear *Guillaume Tell* at the Opera, with my colleague and friend M. Fresneau. It was, therefore, only the next day, when entering the Hall of the Assembly, that I was informed of what had passed. M. Baze was in the tribune, putting a question to M. Sénard, then Minister of the Interior, who admitted that the report was true, but failed to justify it. My first impulse, far

from being hostile, was one of courtesy towards General Cavaignac. I went to his seat and asked him in an undertone for some explanations, which he gave me in terms as embarrassed and as little reassuring as those of M. Sénard. Illusion as to the object of the scheme was no longer possible. I ascended the tribune, and I expressed my apprehensions with a sincerity to which the Assembly rendered justice, even beyond my expectations. I especially dwelt upon the puerility of the assumption to be incessantly founding the Republic, just as if on the 4th of May, the 15th of May, and the 23rd of June we had not given it the most unequivocal pledges. General Cavaignac, visibly annoyed, interrupted me more than once, but I completed my speech, eliciting not only the warm approbation of the Right but also applause from several benches of the Left. The Minister of the Interior vainly endeavoured to regain the lost ground. The sitting was suspended in order to seek for some means of reconciliation.

At this moment the Right had it in their power to inflict a decisive check upon General Cavaignac. I was urged on all sides to bring forward, at the resumption of the sitting, some very aggressive motions. There was a medley of such exclamations as, "It is all a trap!" "It's juggling with universal suffrage!" "They want to carry the presidential election by arbitrary means!"

M. Jules Favre, convinced that he was paying me a compliment, whispered this strange compliment in

my ear, "They said that I was the most perfidious man in the Assembly, but I yield the palm to you!" I protested, sincerely declaring that my opposition was only directed against the measure which I considered injurious, and that it was not in any way aimed at overthrowing General Cavaignac. At the same time I refused all the orders of the day presented to me. The Government, upon its side, understood that all it could do was to draw up the clauses of an honourable capitulation. The President of the Assembly, M. Marrast, himself undertook this duty, and proposed an order of the day agreed upon between the General and his Ministry. The censure was not mentioned in so many words, but it was implicitly admitted. The commissioners already nominated made no use of their power, and this measure, probably revolutionary in intention, extra parliamentary in any case, was never put into execution.

For the nonce, we had heard the last of the phantasmagoria of monarchical plots, which were henceforth relegated to the backstairs of the demagogues. But, at the same time, we only escaped difficulties of detail to enter upon the most laborious part of our task, viz. the production of a definitive constitution.

Before relating all that passed under my eyes on this subject, I must record a loss which touched me in my warmest and tenderest affections. M. de Rességuier had just lost at Pau a wife worthy of him. She was only twenty-six, and he was thirty-two. From that hour he commenced a life of sacrifice and devo-

tion which never varied. God rewarded him in this world by the two daughters who make their mother live again in all her charm and all her virtues.

I paid a short visit to Pau at this painful juncture. The castle, which had been the birthplace of Henry IV., was then occupied by Abd-el-Kader, and in this picturesque residence the rigours of captivity had been moderated by courteous consideration. The vicinity of this representative of Islamism reawakened many illusions in my mind. I was still convinced that France had a duty to fulfil or rather to continue in the East, and that railways, invented at an opportune moment, were really to become the "seven-leagued boots" of Christianity. But my hopes had been neither satisfied nor discouraged by the events in Algeria. The conquests of the last reign had at first been coldly adopted by the new; colonisation seemed to advance rather haphazard, but still it advanced. Sometimes a general had the whiphand of the Governor, sometimes a Governor overruled the Minister; it was never the soldier who said, "It is enough!" never France who said, "It is too much!"

Even at this time, in the midst of the perils of the scarcely repressed sedition in Paris, Africa offered to us an admirable outlet for the most pressing exigencies of the general situation. Each day, La Moricière, the Minister of War, sent fresh contingents of emigrants into Algeria, and Algerian questions became more and more French questions. During this time, what work was being accomplished in the hearts of the native

populations? Abd-el-Kader had represented resistance in its supreme degree; to what extent did he now represent submission? To me this was a curious problem; the Emir's captivity would perhaps enable me to study it.

Like Napoleon at St. Helena, Abd-el-Kader refused all walking exercise in order not to subject himself to a supervision which could not, however, as yet be dispensed with; but he gladly welcomed a few visitors, and showed especial interest in interviews which related to religious questions. I therefore easily obtained through M. de Rességuier, unhappy as he was, a letter of introduction to Captain Boissonnet, the prisoner's usual interpreter.

Abd-el-Kader, seated upon a bed, his legs crossed and concealed beneath ample white woollen draperies, received and saluted me without rising. His bed was placed in the darkest corner of a spacious gallery; a square carpet spread before it indicated the place reserved for strangers, and seats were already prepared there. I was first and chiefly struck with his physiognomy, his eye, full of fire, questioned and responded before he had opened his lips. His beard, black as jet, brought into relief the startling whiteness of his teeth. He was scarcely above middle height. While the interpreter repeated his words, one might have thought that he had lost all interest in them; his eyes were lowered, and he appeared to murmur a prayer or a few pious verses. One Arab only was present at our interview, but he took no part in it.

He was an uncle of Abd-el-Kader, an infirm old man struck with deafness and usually plunged in a reverie which bordered on somnolence. He was at the other extremity of the gallery, stretched upon a thick carpet surrounded with cushions, and only at rare intervals cast a chance look at the foreign visitor. Nothing appeared to trouble or distract him.

After a few preliminaries, which can have no interest, Captain Boissonnet kindly interpreted between the Emir and myself the following dialogue :—

"You have not the same God as I have," I said to him, "but you fervently believe in your own. You know that they both condemn untruthfulness in our words. Are you willing that we should call them to witness for what we are about to say?"

"Our Gods are not so different as you say. We are children of two different mothers, but of the same Father. I, like you, take God as witness of my sincerity. Question me as you please, I am like a sick man awaiting a remedy," and slightly raising his sleeve as he extended his left arm with a noble gesture. "I prefer," he added, "severe bleeding to a plaster, which is painless, but useless."

"I will frankly avail myself of your permission. There are two ways of being vanquished in this world: the weapons fall from the hand, or hatred falls from the heart. I only recognise this second order of pacification as definitive or durable. Is it the one which you intended to contract with us? Are you inclined to esteem and love Christians as brothers

whom God himself points out to you, and not as masters whom he imposes upon you?"

"We have accepted the Turkish rule for a long time, why then should we not readily accept the French?"

"Neither as a Frenchman nor as a Christian can I accept any comparison with the Turks. It is a quite new and very different fraternity which you ought to contract with us."

"France has already received a proof of the sentiments which you ask me for. I might have surrendered to the Emperor of Morocco. I preferred surrendering to your Sovereign."

"I gratefully recognise the feeling which guided you; but do you not now feel a desire to be faithful to it by initiating yourself, of your own free will, in the study of our customs and of our religion?"

"Man resembles a mirror: the mirror can only reflect the image of heaven when it is clear: the mind can only nourish great thoughts when it is free. I cannot, in the state of captivity in which I am retained, nourish any thoughts but those of my sorrow."

"I accept your comparison. The breath which dims the surface of a mirror is effaced almost immediately and it resumes its brilliancy. Over a heart like yours adversity can only pass like a breath, and your courage ought to restore to you the strength to think, as you would promptly regain that of acting if your horse were given back to you, or your prison doors thrown open to you."

"My thoughts to-day are the same as when I laid down my arms. I only wish for one thing; a pilgrimage to Mecca. I look upon myself as a dead man. I have, therefore, no other ambition than to spend my last hours in meditation and prayer."

"I cannot, knowing the activity of your genius and considering the youthfulness of your face, look upon you as a dead man. At the most, I can only regard you as a man asleep, but that is not enough to reassure me. A man asleep awakens with all the feelings which possessed him before sleep. I could wish that events had produced some new sentiment in your soul, and how much I wish to penetrate those sentiments!"

"I have no other thoughts than those I have named to you. My career is ended, I am now only a man of prayer."

"Do you not consider that you have hereditary rights to dominion over the soil of Africa, through your birth?"

"I firmly believe in my descent from the Prophet, but many others share this honour with me."

"No one has claimed it with the same energy and the same ascendency as you have."

"You are mistaken, I did not make events, they made me what I have been. When they changed, I ceased to exist. It requires great exertion to excavate a canal and keep it full of water; it requires none to allow a river to flow. My fortune has now flowed back to its natural bed; it must not leave it again."

"Since circumstances sufficed to arouse great ideas of war within you, does it not seem to you as though your captivity were also an indication that God intends to inspire you with great ideas of peace?"

"What do you mean by great ideas of peace, and what would you think if you were in my place?"

"We both look upon the events of this world as scattered fragments of the Divine will, but we draw different conclusions from it. With you Mahometans, your submission is passive, and you base your piety upon blindly submitting to what you call fatality. We Christians, on the contrary, only take these events as signs, and we seek in them the direction of the new efforts which heaven expects from our liberty. I, therefore, find it difficult to put myself in your place. However, placed as I see you, I should believe that God had sent me amongst Christians to consult with their learned men, with their priests, and to aid in drawing together two races and two religions which have been too long separated."

"Every day I study my own religion (Abd-el-Kader then raised a pile of Arab books buried under his pillow), and I am not yet equal to this study, but if freedom of worship is guaranteed to us in Africa our children and yours can be brought up together."

"You know that the freedom of your creed is respected in Algeria; but do not let us speak of that country, since I have no mission to regulate its destinies. Let us only speak of the movements of your own mind, of the thoughts that are born in it, and of the

impulse which you give them. I again ask your permission to examine into your heart more closely, if my persistency does not annoy you."

"Far from this conversation being disagreeable to me, it appears to me that your mind and mine blend like water and milk."

"I thank you, and I also assure you that my heart is full of all the sympathy and good wishes for you which you could possibly have poured into it yourself. Let us then continue to talk, not like men who artificially discuss the clauses of a treaty, but like friends who seek the same way out of the same difficulty."

"Well, yes, let us speak like friends, for I sincerely pray to God that the soil of France may be consolidated."

"It is consolidating itself, and will become, you may rest assured, the most hospitable on earth. But we must not turn away from the only subject which can usefully occupy the short hour that is allowed us. Your body is captive, but your soul is free. Your arm has renounced warlike weapons, but your heart cannot renounce prayer and contemplation of God's will. Instead, then, of telling me that you are dead, tell me that you feel yourself full of youth and life, tell me that you wish to render this second part of your life still more brilliant than the first, that after having distinguished yourself more than any one else in war you will now work for peace in harmony with us; that you have renounced the might of ancestry and arms, but that you are still ambitious for that of speech and

truth; tell me that you wish to love us, and before loving to know us."

"I like the French whom I know, and the Frenchmen who know me like me."

"Yes, but they are drops of water in an ocean. You have, in order to advance in this knowledge, two great paths before you; the study of our religion and that of our history. God has revealed Himself to us by great miracles, by admirable writings; will you read them and allow our priests to comment upon them to you? The God of a people reveals himself also in the history of that people, by the great deeds with which He inspires them, by the civilisation which He develops amongst them. Will not you compare our civilisation with your own? Will you not dive deep into its laws with our savants and politicians?"

"What you say responds to my most earnest wishes; I have frequently thought of this. More than once, I have expressed such a desire to Captain Boissonnet, but, I repeat, alone and isolated I can do nothing. The Arabs even would no longer listen to my voice."

"Ah, I quite realise the implied meaning of those last words! I understand your reserve and your pride, I understand that you would not leave this castle like a deserter from your own faith, and reappear before your brethren like a man who has gained freedom by apostasy. But do you not know that our God has a vicar upon earth whom he calls the Pope, and that this, the most venerated representative of our faith, possesses a capital where, for eighteen hundred years,

all nations meet together and all languages are spoken. Would you not find some pleasure in staying in Rome, and would you not gladly inquire into the origin of Christianity?"

"I respect the Pope, and I am acquainted with the existence of his capital. I look upon him as a friend of sincere believers whoever they may be. I have asked that the vessel which is to take me to Mecca should enable me to rest for a short time in Rome. If the Pope would like to form a Council there between his priests and mine, I shall be happy to take my place in it. Ask the Frenchmen who have been with me since I surrendered to you if these wishes are not habitual to me."

This unexpected overture surprised me greatly. I saw in it a great and noble perspective, which it was not for me to examine in the details of its execution; but it moved my heart and made me pause. Unfortunately for me an accident closed our interview. An Arab, escorted by three young children, entered the gallery and pronounced a few words in a low voice. He was one of Abd-el-Kader's numerous servants, who came to warn him that his family awaited him for evening prayer. Abd-el-Kader descended from the bed where he had been sitting, and, without advancing a step towards me, held out his hand. I cordially clasped it, he again expressed a few grateful sentiments, then, opening my fingers and crossing them with his own, said, "This is the most friendly farewell among Arabs!"

During this short farewell the three young children who belonged to him, grouped themselves round him. He introduced them to me, I embraced them, and he seemed pleased at my doing so. I offered the eldest some bonbons that I had brought for his brothers and himself. As he received them he said, with a very French accent, "*Merci.*" This Christian word, falling from that childish mouth under the folds of a burnous, in the foreground of this thoroughly Arab scene, produced a singular impression. Three generations were present there, like three symbols: the Emir's old uncle, holding aloof in the silent majesty of his grief, the ear and heart closed to the movements surrounding him; Abd-el-Kader, upright and friendly, hesitating between the Oriental impassiveness which he had broken through and the attraction to which he yielded with constrained sympathy; the child, who was, in a few years, to take the place of the old man going down into the grave and of the man in his prime going down into old age, the child pronouncing, like a word natural and pleasant to him, the expression of his gratitude. Was all this a vision of the future? Even now I do not yet know, and few people think of it. As for Abd-el-Kader, he has really remained what he showed himself to me, fervent, loyal, a friend of the Christians, without making one decisive step towards Christianity. I was to have seen him later on at Amboise, but an unforeseen obstacle prevented me from doing so. But his face, at once warlike and serious, has very often come

back and presented itself to my thoughts. Abd-el-Kader died thirty-five years after this interview, and this death consecrated a long existence faithfully devoted to the same sentiments of sympathy towards Christians.

On my departure for Pau I had left the Assembly peaceable; I found it on my return much agitated by an imminent ministerial crisis.

A weak act of General Cavaignac, with regard to a demagogic banquet at Toulouse, an impolitic speech from M. Sénard, although tempered by an impetuous sally from his colleague La Moricière, had again surprised and irritated the majority, and it was found necessary to give it some satisfaction. On the 13th of October M. Sénard was replaced in the Interior by M. Dufaure, M. Recurt in Public Works by M. Vivien, M. de Vaulabelle in Public Instruction and Worship by M. Freslon. This last, a deputy of the Maine-et-Loire, was an old Republican of whom every party thought very highly, but much less successful in the tribune of the Assembly than at the bar in Angers. MM. Dufaure and Vivien were the most eminent representatives of the Left Centre under Louis-Philippe. It was thought that their eloquence and their moral authority would give great ascendency to common sense and foresight in the debates on the constitution. But the hopes of their friends and the expectation of the public were disappointed. Through lack of strength they would not do even what they might have accomplished. M. Vivien, less of a

statesman than a lawyer, was more skilful in working out and classifying details than in grasping and bringing forward his views of a whole question. In his eyes the trees hid the forest, to quote an Oriental proverb. M. Dufaure, who had much less amenity than M. Vivien, displayed no more energy; he had the mind of a superior but the character of a mediocre man; his abilities were great, his views and ambitions were mean. Afraid of responsibility, he preferred descending the current to mounting against it, and he was much less suited to fight out a question than might have been supposed from his abrupt tone, his rigid manner, and the austerity of his private life. If the comparison might be allowed me, I should compare him to one of those horses the qualities of which depend upon the companion to which he is harnessed. Coupled with M. Vivien, under the hesitating guidance of General Cavaignac, he was sure to give full scope to all his defects, and he did not fail to do so.

The Constitution had another obstacle to encounter, probably the most dangerous of all, viz. to decide upon the mode of electing a President of the Republic. The first impulse of the majority was to claim this right for itself, and if it had retained this right, it would certainly have been used for General Cavaignac. He and his friends knew this well. Perhaps they allowed their reliance upon it to be too clearly seen beforehand. The unmeasured ambition of some led to the conclusion that the person

most interested was equally ambitious. It was felt necessary to ask General Cavaignac for some guarantees or personal engagements. They were refused, or, what was still worse, were given in evasive terms.

Hence distrust and hesitation were produced, and General Cavaignac's adversaries cleverly turned these sentiments to their own purpose. Still, the Conservative forces were not seriously weakened; the proposal to confide the election of the President to universal suffrage came from two different sides, from the extreme Left and the Bonapartist group. But these two parties inspired the majority with more umbrage than the victor of June; and its numerical superiority would have remained unaltered, but for an intervention which threw the Assembly into very unforeseen agitation. M. de Lamartine suddenly emerged from the shade in which he had remained since the humiliating check to the Executive Committee. He had allowed many suspicions to calm down, and no one had placed himself on his guard against the snares of his genius.

M. de Lamartine's speech opened by depicting the long fluctuations of his conscience, he then lavished congratulations or rather adulations upon the Assembly itself, to which a body of intelligent men ought to have been less susceptible. When the sympathy of his audience was once conquered, M. de Lamartine gradually unfolded his idea, and in language which he himself qualified as splendid—and it really was

so—he disguised his hardihood beneath the most ingenious metaphors.

This speech was not only distinguished by great wealth of eloquence; it stooped to professional trickeries. By insinuating to impatient Royalists and eager Bonapartists that they were defeated beforehand in the Assembly, and had no other resource but universal suffrage, he entrapped all who were more selfish than patriotic, and carried a very different vote from that which seemed certain a few hours previously. After M. de Lamartine's speech, pronounced during the sitting of the 6th of October, all the amendments reserving the election for the Assembly were rejected, particularly the radical amendment of MM. Grévy and Flocon, which excluded the idea of a Presidency at all. On the 10th of October the Assembly voted by a majority of 627 votes against 130 the 46th and 47th articles, thus worded:—

"The President is elected by secret ballot and the absolute majority of votes, by the direct suffrage of all the electors in the French departments and Algeria.

"If none of the candidates obtain more than half of the declared suffrages, and at least two million votes, the National Assembly will elect the President of the Republic by an absolute majority and secret ballot from among the five eligible candidates who have obtained the most votes."

In this vote of the National Assembly, the minority of 130 votes ought not to be taken as the exact number of the opponents. To them should be added a certain number of abstentions, not only because

many hesitated between two systems, but because they hesitated between two men. MM. Berryer, Thiers, and Odilon Barrot were among those who abstained from voting.

I was away on leave during this memorable debate, but I doubt whether I should have been carried away by M. de Lamartine's charm, for, when reading his speech, I felt stupefied and depressed. I asked myself whether the orator had complacently abandoned himself to the audacious enjoyment of a genius in love with itself, and anxious to display its power, or whether he had knowingly committed the crime at once smaller and yet more odious, of a personal calculation. M. de Lamartine despaired of the Assembly which had pronounced his downfall three months previously. Did he expect more success from universal suffrage, which judged him from afar, and was he coolly abandoning us to the chances of revolutions which so rarely fulfil what they promise, and which exact such a heavy payment even for what they give?

Shortly after the vote out of which Prince Louis Napoleon came triumphant, I allowed myself to put these questions to the Comte de Marcellus, one of M. de Lamartine's most true and faithful friends. "There must be bitter disappointment at the Château de Saint-Point?" I said to him.

"More than you can imagine," he replied.

"Did M. de Lamartine really cherish an illusion respecting the Presidency?"

"Not at first, but this is the view he has frequently expressed in his domestic circle: 'With universal suffrage,' he said, 'no one can obtain an absolute majority. Prince Louis, M. Ledru-Rollin, and myself will inevitably be sent back to the Assembly, according to the Constitution. I shall get into the tribune, speak in the plentitude of my political inspiration, trace irresistible pictures, and depict so magnificent a future that the Assembly will elect me by acclamation and perhaps unanimously!' This is the chimerical height from which M. de Lamartine fell! His last days were sorrowful, and any one who refused to pity him would be very severe. But what consolation and what pardon could he give himself? When a man has ruined his country through fanaticism, fanaticism survives and absorbs itself; but when one has only yielded to ambition, how can conscience or patriotism endure the complaints and reproaches of the country?

In a very short time the Assembly recognised its irreparable mistake, and anxiety succeeded to illusion when it realised the extreme difficulty of presenting a candidate of whom it knew anything to universal suffrage. General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Bonaparte, probably finding themselves alone in this situation, were about to dispute for the government of the Republic, without any possibility of escaping from either one or the other by a third combination which would have any possible chance of success.

I should certainly have been found amongst General Cavaignac's warmest partisans if the General himself

had not, according to his usual custom, applied himself to repel adherents rather than to conciliate them. Always beset by suspicious friends, General Cavaignac referred in the tribune without any provocation to his father's regicide vote. In the same speech, as though to double this painful impression, he did not hesitate to declare that he would immolate himself, even to his honour, for the Republic.

Finally, on the 7th of December, three days before the vote for the Presidency, a list was shown to the Assembly which had been presented to the Committee of National Rewards, and in which appeared, so it was said, the names of Nina Lassave, Fieschi's mistress, the wife of Pepini, Fieschi's accomplice, the sister of Lecomte, the author of an attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe, and several malefactors of all kinds.

The revelation of this list produced so great an effect upon the Assembly that M. Dufaure himself, the scrupulous M. Dufaure, delayed the departure of the mails in order that the departments should not hear of the scandal until attenuated by the explanations of the Government. This dealt the last blow to General Cavaignac's candidature. Public opinion detached itself completely from a party of which the most honourable members displayed such complacency towards crimes which they certainly would not have committed themselves, but against which they did not display that energetic reprobation which ought to assert itself, at the head of society, as a warning to some and a reassurance to others.

CHAPTER XI.

PRESIDENCY OF PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE—EDUCATIONAL LIBERTY.

1848—1849.

The ballot of the 10th December, 1848, was only deceptive in that it exceeded the expectations of the Conservative party. It was unmistakably a direct protest against the Republicans, who had, immediately after the 24th February, seemed eager to alarm France instead of reassuring and rallying her. The party of order then found itself officially charged with the direction of affairs. As its responsibility increased it was bound to show something in justification for assuming the responsibility, and as its work on the picture advanced to disperse the shadows from it. If before the election secret connivances had existed, they would now be revealed; if previous professions of faith had only been a move in the game, the mask would now be thrown aside, and the party would feel free from any engagements in the first joy of success. The electors of the 10th December did not conceal

their sentiments. Why should we now dissimulate our own?

The Assembly was reproached with the timidity of its movements and its caution. The intention manifested by the choice of a Napoleon was not the reawakening of the gigantic ambitions of the Empire, but it was solely and simply the expression of all that this name implies, of antipathy, of antagonism, of mortal aversion to the Republic. If the party of order had some hidden thoughts, they were now at rest; if passions had lost patience, they could now find expression; if political men had made bargains, the hour for their fulfilment had arrived.

The party of order had been sincere and disinterested, and order was still, after even as before the 10th December, its sole preoccupation. The chiefs of the majority, M. Molé, M. Thiers, M. Odilon Barrot, who with much spirit had seconded the vote for the President, and M. Berryer, who had followed them with more reserve and caution, had not allowed the emergency to arise without first obtaining some definite pledges. Those guarantees could be summed up in one sentence: the promise that the Ministry should be a parliamentary one, that is to say, that it should be taken from the ranks of the majority, and that every fraction of that majority should be fairly represented in it.

We read in the *Mémoires* of M. Odilon Barrot:—

"The selection could not be made from the Legitimist party without some difficulty; it was necessary that the minister

chosen to represent his party should possess its full confidence, and yet that he should ally himself on some point or other with the ideas of progress and liberty to which a ministry of the Republic could not fail to respond."

M. Odilon Barrot mentions that the choice fell upon me, and he kindly adds—

"M. de Falloux combined with very pronounced catholic convictions unquestionably liberal sentiments. I saw him at this time, and was fortunate enough to induce him to accept." *

M. Odilon Barrot is mistaken; it is true that he proposed the office to me, but it was the Abbé Dupanloup who persuaded me to accept it.

In the beginning of December, 1848, M. Odilon Barrot called upon me. He came in the name of Prince Louis Napoleon, who considered his election secure, to offer me the portfolio of Public Instruction and Worship. I received this overture with real surprise, and replied by a distinct refusal. M. Odilon Barrot did not strongly urge me to accept, but went away at once, with the air of a man who says in a tone of indifference, "We will try some one else!"

At the sitting of the Assembly, I felt it my duty to seek out Prince Louis in one of the lobbies, and thank him for the honour he had paid me. I then spoke to him for the first time, and intended to restrict myself to a simple expression of thanks. But the Prince graciously expressed a wish to converse with me for a few moments, and in order that our interview should not be interrupted by the public, we, finding the com-

* Odilon Barrot, *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 41.

mittee-rooms all occupied, passed into the old Chamber of Deputies, which adjoined our provisional house. We were alone in that vast hall, with its marble walls and columns; the temperature was at freezing point, and as we had left our hats in the cloak-room we both began to sneeze. The Prince briefly assured me of the regret my refusal had caused him, and with the same brevity I excused myself on the score of my health.

"If you are alarmed at the work of the combined ministries," he replied, "only take one of them, and choose whichever you prefer."

"I am as incapable of filling one as of two," I responded.

We then sneezed again. The Prince shook my hand, saying, "It's very cold here, but I hope your answer is not final."

We then separated, and ended our conversation by both making for the nearest stove. This was my first connection with any member of the Imperial family.

Nevertheless, the Prince's parting words made me reflect. In refusing to second the candidature of Prince Louis I had given offence to the men whom I habitually recognised as leaders of the Assembly. I could foresee that in refusing to enter a Ministry which they were endeavouring to form I should incur their displeasure to a still more pronounced degree. I therefore left the sitting with the firm intention of not reappearing at the Palais Bourbon before the ministerial list was finally closed.

The first attack that I received was from M. de Montalembert. Not finding me at home, he asked me to come and meet the P. de Ravignan upon the following day. I was punctual to the hour named, but found that this admirable priest, who has won the unanimous veneration of his contemporaries, had preceded me. No one ever more fully embodied Madame Swetchine's beautiful idea, the depth of which the experience of each succeeding day renders more transparent, "I should like every one to be a saint, but I wish still more that every one should be first and above all else an honest man."

In the presence of the P. de Ravignan and of M. de Montalembert, I felt myself before the two men, the two hearts, the two minds, who could best vanquish my resistance by persuasion, or overrule it by my respect for them. I listened to them with a beating heart, which would have deprived me of speech had I wished to say anything before hearing them, and when each of their arguments had penetrated my conscience, I replied to them much to this purport if not in the following words: "We are all at this moment chiefly concerned with the interests of religion, but in this instance, while you think you will be advancing them, I believe you will compromise them. There is not, you may feel sure, any difference in our devotion, but simply in our appreciation of the circumstances. It is not any monarchical scruple which stands in the way, for the monarchy is not now in question, and the Duc de Cars urges me to accept quite as much as you

both do. It is simply a question of religion, which can never be separated from the public interest. If I hoped to serve it I should not hesitate to sacrifice all my scruples, but the traditions of the Bonapartes, Prince Louis's education, his antecedents in Italy, do they authorise this hope? In pledging ourselves to follow him we assume a grave responsibility. If we appear to ignore the venture into which we may precipitate our country we shall deservedly lose all political reputation. If while foreseeing it we lend him our aid, we shall risk far more than our self-respect, for we shall have launched our cause and ourselves upon a decline, along which we shall know neither when or how to stop. If, as I fear, France is mistaken in her choice, let us give her time to recognise her errors, leaving the name and the man to bear their own fruit. But, as far as regards ourselves, let us continue, in the second phase of the Republic, to be what we have been in the first, the servants of order, the servants of society, without sacrificing to our individual advantage the right of telling the truth to the country. And, in order to give force to our words, we must always preserve the first claim to be listened to, viz. disinterestedness." My two illustrious companions were not easily moved, and their eloquence was out of all comparison with my powers of speech; but my conviction was so profound, it assumed at times an accent of so much emotion, that after a struggle of three hours it was ultimately successful. On M. de Montalembert's own table, and by mutual consent,

I wrote to M. Molé, in whose name the P. de Ravignan and M. de Montalembert had constantly spoken, that my refusal, irrevocable, and sanctioned by them, would soon, I ventured to hope, be also sanctioned by him. The same evening the following answer undeceived me:—

"Sir,

"You have received the approbation of men who command too much respect for their opinion not to have influenced your decision. I also find in it a warning and a lesson. I cannot concern myself in any question in which I should be so much at variance with those whose views must prevail and whom I deeply revere. For the future I must confine myself to good wishes for a cause which I feel I am perfectly incapable of aiding. I trust that your health will not long prevent your attendance at the Assembly, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of meeting you there.

"Accept, sir, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

"Molé."

The undisguised bitterness of M. Molé's displeasure grieved me a good deal, but did not shake my resolution. But this note foreshadowed other remonstrances, and I persevered in my intention of remaining absent from the Assembly for a few days. Knowing that I could not well close my door against my friends, I determined to go for a walk in the Jardin des Plantes, feeling sure that no politicians would go there in search of me. At the same time I asked Madame Swetchine if she would invite me to dinner, and shelter me in her drawing-room, until the hour when the Assembly usually met.

I had then in my service a Vendean, Marc Séjon,

known and liked by all my friends, under the nickname of *Marquet*. The son of one of my father's gamekeepers, he had been born and brought up in the house, and no one could be more full of political passion and of personal devotion than he was. Unknown to me, he had followed me unceasingly during the memorable days in June. Being sure of his unwavering obedience to orders, I confided my plan of campaign to him, telling him to bring me a cab to the Rue Saint Dominique at nine o'clock, without telling any one the secret of my retreat.

All went well until half-past eight, and I chatted gaily, like a man who had escaped from some great peril, when the drawing-room door, which I had thought was strictly closed to visitors, suddenly opened, and Abbé Dupanloup appeared. In a few words he apologised to Madame Swetchine, and then said to me—

"I have been at your house since six o'clock, vainly entreating Marquet in the name of the most serious interests, to tell me where I should find you. He unmercifully let me go without dinner, but seeing the time draw near when you ought to return home, he placed me in the cab which was sent to fetch you, and here I am."

"Well, what do you want me for?"

"To make you feel the full weight of your responsibility. Your refusal has been laid before Prince Louis, who replied coldly, 'I understand what this means. At M. de Falloux's age a man does not

willingly refuse a Ministry. His party will not allow him to accept. This is a declaration of war. I wished to lean upon the Conservatives; since this support is withheld I must seek one elsewhere. To-day the Legitimist party raises its standard, to-morrow the Orleanists will do the same. I cannot remain thus in mid air, and must ask the Left for the assistance which is refused by the Right. This evening I will see M. Jules Favre!' So you see, my friend," added Abbé Dupanloup, "this is the situation created by your obstinacy. You will abandon Italy to its convulsions, leave the Pope helpless at the mercy of his worst enemies, throw France back into anarchy when she only wishes for freedom, and cover the most eminent representatives of the Conservative party with confusion before her."

I was startled when Abbé Dupanloup unfolded this picture of the situation. All Madame Swetchine said was—

"But who told you all this?"

"First M. Molé, and then M. de Montalembert, who is dining, a few doors from here, with Madame Thayer, and who is very anxious to see you."

"Very well, take me to him."

I left Madame Swetchine a prey to the greatest anxiety, for she knew my inmost thoughts too well not to realise the extent of my sacrifice.

Madame Thayer, a daughter of General Bertrand, was a woman at once of great distinction and great piety. She was closely associated with the action and

desires of the Catholics. I had scarcely entered when M. de Montalembert exclaimed—

"We ought not to have given way to you! We ought to have foreseen this! Have things rectified, I entreat you, if it is not already too late!"

All present joined in the appeal.

"Well," I answered, "so far as I am myself concerned I will give way, but I must make certain conditions in your interest as well as in my own. Let us go at once to M. Thiers, whilst Abbé Dupanloup returns to M. Molé."

The drawing-room in the Place Saint-Georges was already beginning to fill. M. de Montalembert entered alone, and quietly told M. Thiers that I was waiting for him in another room. He at once hastened to me, both hands extended.

"Do not thank me yet," I said; "I am come to you because the priests send me." I purposely used this expression in order to place my interlocutor at once face to face with the difficulty. "I will accept office if you will promise me to prepare a bill for educational liberty and to support it. If not—no—"

"I promise, I promise," effusively replied M. Thiers; "and you may rest assured that I feel no difficulty in giving you this pledge. You can rely upon me, for my convictions are the same as your own. We have made a mistake on the religious question, both my Liberal friends and myself, and we may as well admit it freely. I had better at once go and see Prince Louis, who is even now listening to

detestable counsels; for perhaps in a few hours it will be too late to win him away from these sinister influences."

M. Thiers hastily bade farewell to his visitors. M. de Montalembert wished to go, on my behalf, to M. Molé and acquaint him with all that had passed between M. Thiers and myself. I returned home, saying, as I entered the house—

"Well, my good Marquet, you are going to join the Ministry. Who would have expected it?"

"I certainly should never have," he replied sadly. "However, since Monsieur has done it, I have no doubt that it is for the best, and we must resign ourselves."

In this way, and at this price, I entered office, for which I was so little prepared.

M. Barrot, when informed of the change in my resolution, offered me one of the two ministries, but I told him that, having made the sacrifice, I wished to render it as useful as possible to the cause of religion, and I therefore preferred the union of the two posts, which were, as a matter of fact, confided to me.

On the 20th December, 1848, the President took the oath to the Constitution before the Assembly, and the following list appeared in the *Moniteur*—

Minister of Justice and President of the Council: M. Odilon Barrot.
Foreign Affairs: M. Drouyn de Lhuys.
Interior: M. Léon de Malleville.
War: General Rulhières.
Marine: M. de Tracy.

Finance: M. Passy.
Agriculture and Commerce: M. Bixio.
Public Works: M. Léon Faucher.
Public Instruction and Worship: M. de Falloux.

The former Left, it will be observed, predominated in this combination, but it was represented by men who had always professed a sufficiently elastic Liberalism to prevent them from unreasoning hostility to any honest conviction. M. Bixio alone belonged to the old Republican school, but he had just given proof of his adhesion to the Conservative Republicans at the June barricades, where he had been seriously wounded.

The relations between Prince Louis Bonaparte and his Ministry were at first very embarrassed, and sometimes rather ludicrous. With the exception of M. Odilon Barrot, the Prince had little previous acquaintance with any of us. One might even add that, outside the small Napoleonic group in the midst of which he habitually lived, he had never been familiar with any one. He had now to become acquainted with the whole of France. Under these circumstances he felt himself exposed to every kind of slight, and his foreign accent, which the *Charivari* was always taking off, added to his embarrassment. It was easy to detect his ignorance of men and things, an ignorance one would never have expected to find in a pretender who had always aspired to govern them. He was well versed in the exact sciences and knew much that many others did not know; but, on the other hand,

he had very little of that general knowledge which most people have at their fingers' ends. He had scarcely any correct notion of literature or art. One day some one presented an album to him, requesting him to write something in it, and he wrote—

"Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux.
"RACINE."

And yet if there were one line of Voltaire's with which a Bonaparte should have been familiar it was this.

Having some occasion to mention to him the innumerable good deeds of the Duchess de Luynes in the faubourgs, and of the great acquirements of the Duc de Luynes, whom there was then some talk of placing at the head of the administration of Paris :

"The Duc de Luynes ?" he said, with the air of a man trying to refresh his memory. "But is not he a duke of the Empire ?"

"No, monsieur le President, he is the descendant of a Constable of the old Monarchy."

"Ah ! Then he is a Legitimist ?"

"Yes, monsieur le President."

"That does him credit."

But, for all that, he never missed an opportunity of doing honour to a worthy sentiment, and that in the most natural way. More than once when we were entering the Council of Ministers, he said to me—

"Monsieur de Falloux, I have heard something which will please you. My cousin, the Duchess of

Hamilton, heard from the Duchess of Parma this morning. The Comte de Chambord is very well."

Our first official meeting took place on the 17th or 18th December, in a mansion in the Rue d'Anjou. The drawing-room in which we were received was very handsome, and very richly furnished in the style of the empire. The Prince was waiting for us alone, and he held out his hand to each of us with a cordial air, saying very unaffectedly, "I thank you."

When we had all arrived, he requested M. Odilon Barrot to explain the object of the meeting. The President of the Council announced that we were to discuss the general terms of a programme which he was to lay before the Assembly in our name. In speaking for the first time in the name of the executive power, M. Odilon Barrot allowed traces of his long-deferred satisfaction to escape him, but in the tone of a man who believed himself called to a high mission, not with the boasting accents of vulgar ambition. One felt that mentally he indulged in illusions, but that no thought which would not bear the light of day troubled his conscience. Thus his programme was composed of those commonplaces which appeal to all parties, and which no one dreams of contradicting. This gave me time to quietly take stock of the place, and I asked my right-hand neighbour, M. de Tracy, in an undertone, "Whose house is this?" for no host had appeared.

M. de Tracy replied in the same tone, "The Queen of Sweden's."

I could not, without impropriety, pursue the query further while the President of the Council was speaking, but I did not feel any the wiser; so after a few minutes I turned to M. Passy, who was on my left, and repeated my question. He replied, "Madame de Clary's."

I then understood that the house we were in belonged to the family of the lieutenant of the First Napoleon, who had exchanged the marshal's bâton for the royal crown of Sweden, and the name of Bernadotte for that of Charles XIV.

M. Odilon Barrot in the meanwhile went on to dwell upon the importance of the era now commencing, and after the new President and his colleagues had expressed their approval, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, called our attention to the state of Europe, and particularly to the effect which the reappearance of a Napoleon presiding over the destinies of France would produce in England. An animated conversation ensued, and when M. Barrot considered enough had been said, he made an imposing gesture and said solemnly—

"Well, gentlemen, a messenger must bring us Lord Palmerston's decision in the course of twenty-four hours, and we shall then be immediately able to reassure France, which desires nothing better than peace."

This combination of confidence and simplicity did not excite any opposition, and curiously enough it succeeded, the prestige of France being then so great

that every one dreaded a rupture with her, or even the appearance of not being on good terms with her.

M. de Maistre said of Frederick the Great, "He is only a great Prussian," his meaning no doubt being that this prince, ambitious for Prussia only, did not seek to include the whole of Europe in the sphere of his policy, as Charles V., Henry IV., and Louis XIV. had done. In this sense we may also say that Lord Palmerston was only a great Englishman, but that he was a great Englishman there is no doubt. He was the last of a school of statesmen who, whether Whigs or Tories, would have considered that they were lowering their country had they not attached the prosperity of Great Britain to their influence in Europe. Lord Palmerston had little faith in the resurrection of a second Empire. In the event of a resurrection, he had little faith in its duration; but in the event of its duration he was quite prepared to make terms with the lucky adventurer, and was far from declaring a war of principles or of recommencing the policy of Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington. I must add that M. Molé and M. Thiers had profited by their former relations with the European Cabinets to plead the cause of peace with great energy, and to impress upon them how important it was that Europe should not provide a Napoleon with any pretext for war, however pacific this Napoleon wished to appear. The new Government was therefore installed in the midst of great internal party agitation, but in the fullest external security.

When, not without some timidity, I took possession of M. de Fontanes' office chair, carefully preserved in the Ministry of Public Instruction, the first object which attracted my notice on the writing-table of the great master of the University was a very handsome red morocco portfolio, the cover bearing these words, "De la part de M. de Persigny. Souvenir de Londres, 1835." It might be supposed that the donor of the portfolio had contributed to its being offered to me, but it will have been seen that he had nothing to do with it.

Our subsequent relations were as follows. Condemned by the Chamber of Peers after the attempt at Boulogne, M. de Persigny was transferred to the prison at Doullens, and he requested me to send him some books, leaving the selection to me. I forwarded *My Prisons*, by Silvio Pellico, St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and the *Philosophical Studies* of M. Nicolas, speaking freely to him of the Christian consolations to which a long captivity should awaken his heart and conscience. He was far from taking it unkindly; on the contrary, he gave me encouragement, assuring me that studies of this kind were agreeable to him, and might eventually be of use. He continued during this same period a scientific work upon the Pyramids of Egypt, to which he devoted himself so passionately that he nearly lost his sight. A serious form of ophthalmia declared itself, and enforced idleness aggravating the hardships of imprisonment, the governor of the prison, touched by his patient endurance, obtained permission for him to be transferred to an infirmary.

As he had no private fortune, he was sent to the hospital at Versailles, where the various authorities exercised the necessary surveillance over him in the kindliest manner.

The Mayor of Versailles, M. de Rumilly, treated his guest with real cordiality, and through his intervention M. de Persigny received permission to come to Paris once a week to consult the libraries there, and to submit his Egyptian theories to some members of the Institute. I often saw him on the occasion of these weekly visits, and each time he touched me by the invariable serenity of his resignation. Having one day returned his visit at Versailles, the sight of his attic in the hospital made me resolve to solicit his release, but I was not in favour, and no opportunity presented itself until, in 1846, I was elected to the Chamber. Among the colleagues who showed me the most kindness was the Duc d'Elchingen, the second son of Marshal Ney, aide-de-camp to one of the Orleans Princes, and I at once determined to utilise his favour to M. de Persigny's advantage. One day when we were sitting on the same committee, I said to him—

"Will you allow me, Duke, to bring to your notice one of my friends, who ought rather to be one of yours, for he has suffered in the Napoleonic cause for a long time."

My overture was graciously received, and a few days later in the Chamber the Duc d'Elchingen came across to my bench and said to me—

"That business of yours is settled. If M. de Persigny writes to one of the Princes, or if he prefers to the Minister of the Interior—then M. Duchâtel—basing his request on the state of his health and his scientific work, a full pardon will be promptly granted him."

"The business is not so thoroughly settled as you are good enough to suppose," I answered, "if a personal application is exacted from M. de Persigny. He knows nothing of my request to you, which was entirely my own doing, and from what I know of him I am convinced that, though in future his time will be entirely devoted to studies apart from politics, he will not even appear to disown his cause by any direct communication, nor give pain to the Prince to whom he is so passionately devoted."

I then made a fresh appeal to the Duc d'Elchingen, and step by step I obtained the promise that a letter simply addressed to me, and by me delivered to him, should suffice.

"Under these conditions I do not despair," I said to my good-natured colleague, thanking him most cordially; and on the following day I went to Versailles, where I related all the details of this negotiation to M. de Persigny.

"I can never thank you enough," he replied with emotion, "and if I accepted, it would be solely in order not to appear ungrateful towards a friend like yourself; but it is impossible that I should accept!"

"What! Impossible! You are mad!"

"Yes, you may well believe it. However, you will soon see that it is you who are mistaken. I will not ask for any favour even in the most indirect way, for to ask in any fashion whatever would be to promise, and I can promise nothing, because I should not keep my word."

I endeavoured to shake his resolve, but my efforts were useless, and when I left him he clasped my hand and said—

"Remember this, what I tell you, in a year's time we shall be in their places."

This happened in 1847.

When in the following year we found ourselves both sitting in a Republican Assembly, with the July Monarchy in the past and the Empire in prospect, M. de Persigny, I must admit, appeared in quite another light to my eyes. Until then I had treated him as a loyal fanatic and a chimerical genius, who was not to be taken too seriously. When he showed himself a true prophet I understood that it would be a mistake to trifle with him. He for his part, when he came to see me in the political arena, realised how deeply my convictions were rooted, how immutable they were, and how they formed the rule of my whole life. By mutual consent we never alluded to our differences of opinion, and out of mutual respect and esteem we ceased to speak of politics from the day when we both became politicians. He never even offered to present me to the Prince, whom I met daily in the Assembly, and he never once reminded

me of the ministerial promise about which we had so often jested since 1835. I no longer needed his confidential information to foresee the completion of his projects, and I was more inclined to feel alarmed at their probable success than to laugh at them.

Simultaneously with the portfolio from M. de Persigny, I found on my writing-table at the Ministry the following letter from Père Lacordaire.

"Dijon, 23rd December, 1848.

"My dear Friend,

"So you are a Minister. At any other time I should congratulate you, I should congratulate religion and the country upon the fact. But under present circumstances I chiefly congratulate you upon not having accepted until after prolonged and sincere refusals. For there is a probability that your accession to office will prepare for a monarchical return through the Empire. Now, feeling persuaded that this return would be fatal to France, because it would only lead to a sterile and inferior repetition of the past, I dread seeing your name and that of the Catholics compromised by a share in this work, one of the smallest drawbacks from which is that it can lead to nothing. But if blood, chaos, and a relapse of twenty-five years were also to follow it my regret would be still more bitter and painful. At all events, you have prepared for yourself the consolation of having accepted with reluctance and even with obstinate reluctance. Thank God for that. If I prove mistaken, and if the President of the Republic should listen to other inspirations than those suggested by an ambitious vulgar heart, or even by the impatience of a country astonished that it has to suffer from the revolutions which it has itself provoked, in this case I do more than congratulate you; I am delighted at and proud of your presence in the Ministry. You will be the first Catholic Minister France has had for sixty years; you will bear your share in the arduous work of regulating an unsettled and inconsistent epoch, you will attach your name to liberties which are doubly precious from the fact of their being brought to being upon the shores of

anarchy. You will not re-establish the Monarchy of Clovis, nor that of Charlemagne, nor that of Louis XIV., nor that of Louis XVIII., but the Monarchy of right and justice. Lastly, if you are not a man to cope with rioting, you will be a man to promote the only order of things which lasts, the things which involve time, pain, and virtue.

"To compensate for my little sermon, here is a petition from a Pole, an estimable and good Christian who has lost the indemnity granted to him after the Posen expedition, which had been authorised by the Provisional Government. It is addressed to the Minister of the Interior. If you can aid it in any way you will greatly oblige me. For my part, I shall never ask you for anything except to keep me a corner of your heart, wherever it may be.

"From Henri Dominique Lacordaire,
des Frères prêcheurs."

This letter would have eloquently called me to a sense of my duty had I been tempted to forget it, but I desired nothing better than to justify myself in my own eyes by undertaking, without losing an hour, my double task of assuring religious liberty in France and the Pope's safety in Italy. I applied myself, therefore, to hit upon the exact medium between prudence and timidity when a strange incident abruptly warned us of how precarious our tenure was.

We were scarcely installed in our ministerial duties when we received a note from M. Odilon Barrot, hastily summoning each of us to the Chancellery. We hurried there, and M. Barrot in a trembling voice read to us the following letters. The first was a letter from the Minister of the Interior to the President of the Council. It was thus worded—

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE AND DEAR COLLEAGUE,

"A serious disagreement which has arisen between the President of the Republic and myself renders it quite impossible that I should continue in office. I place my resignation in your hands. Kindly lay it before the President of the Republic.

"Your affectionate and devoted colleague,

"LÉON DE MALLEVILLE.

"P.S.—Kindly request one of my colleagues to undertake to-day the duties of the Minister of the Interior *ad interim*. I wish to retire immediately."

Here is the letter which produced this precipitate resignation.

"Elysée, 27th December, 1848.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

"I have asked the Prefect of Police whether he did not sometimes receive reports of diplomatic questions; he replied in the affirmative, adding that yesterday he sent you some copies of a despatch upon Italy. These despatches, as you will understand, should have been sent on to me at once, and I must express my displeasure at your delay in communicating them to me.

"I must also beg you to forward to me the sixteen reports I asked you for.*

"I wish for them by Thursday. Moreover, I do not intend that the Minister of the Interior should draw up the articles which refer personally to me. This was not usual under Louis Philippe, and must not be done now.

"For the last few days I have not received any telegraphic despatches. In fact I perceive that the Ministers whom I have nominated wish to treat me as though the famous Constitution of Sièzes were still in force, but I will not allow it.

"Receive, Sir, my compliments.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

* This referred to a bundle of papers relating to the Strasburg and Boulogne affairs, and to the trial of Prince Louis Bonaparte before the Court of Peers.

This letter was so singularly offensive that not one of us hesitated as to the decision which he would take. M. Barrot, who was the most affected, because he was the most astonished, stopped reading several times to exclaim, "This country is very unfortunate! France believed she was safely in harbour, and now she is thrown back into the trough of the waves. This country is very unlucky!" But although M. Barrot's thoughts were clothed in the formal language from which he rarely departed, he was not less sincere in his patriotism and honesty. Perhaps, indeed, M. Barrot was more modest than many of the men who would have paid more heed to their attitude and expression. Thereupon he indited rapidly, and with restrained indignation, the following letter:—

"Monsieur le President,

"It is with profound regret that we now place our resignations in your hands. In accepting office under difficult circumstances, we were inspired solely by the hope of aiding you to repair the misfortunes of our country. We see by the letter you have addressed to M. Léon de Malleville that it will be impossible for us to realise this hope. In form, it wounds our dignity; in substance, it fails to recognise the duties imposed upon us by our responsible position.

"We were well aware of all the difficulties which the double responsibility, still imperfectly defined, of the President of the Republic and of his Ministers might produce in our official relations; we relied upon our own deference on the one side, upon your confidence on the other, to overcome them. We were mistaken. That others may be more fortunate is our unanimous wish.

"We have the honour to remain, &c."

After we had all signed the letter M. Barrot entered

his carriage to take it to the Elysée. We were wondering with resigned curiosity what reception he would meet with, when we saw him abruptly re-enter the room where he had left us. "I have just found out," he said, "that I had started, not without my head, but without my hat." Our hats were scattered about the room, and M. Barrot being unable to recognise his we each put on our own. M. Barrot, joining in the laugh which this incident provoked, put on the hat that remained unclaimed and made a fresh start. He was not long gone. M. Barrot had two expressions by which we could at once tell what impression he wished to convey respecting the President. When it was an expression of displeasure or mistrust he said, "The Prince President." When it was an expression of confidence and mutual agreement, he called him "That excellent young man." He began his account by the second formula. "That excellent young man," he said, "is really as much to be pitied as blamed. His education has not in any way prepared him for his parliamentary duties. His character is still somewhat imperious and irascible. But his intentions are good, and you would have been touched, as I was, by the spontaneity of his regret. But, of course, I could not be satisfied by a verbal, uncertain assurance. Here is a declaration written and signed."

We were stupefied by this complete and sudden change, and listened to the following document, which was then read :—

"Monsieur le Ministre,

"I was extremely surprised and pained at receiving the letter which you addressed to me in the name of your colleagues. It is impossible for me to accept your resignation; it would be a calamity for the country, and the interest of our country must be the first consideration.

"I ought to tell you that I deeply regret that the terms of my letter should have wounded you. Nothing was further from my thoughts, for I had the fullest confidence in you and all your colleagues. I was, it is true, much displeased yesterday for a short time, thinking that I was scarcely treated as the responsible Head of the State, and I intimated my displeasure to the Minister of the Interior. But, I repeat, if I have offended M. de Malleville and the whole Cabinet I deplore it with all my heart, and I trust that after this explanation my sincere regret will be the only trace of this difference. Receive then, sir, for yourself and colleagues, the renewed assurance of my esteem and confidence.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

After this formal apology, it was impossible for us to persevere in a resignation which we could not possibly have justified to the Assembly. The Conservative party would have refused to understand how, through a susceptibility the reason for which no longer existed, we could run the risk of allowing M. Jules Favre, still so near the door of the Cabinet, to be called in a second time. We accordingly all resolved to take, on the following morning, some measures to persuade M. de Malleville not to separate himself from us, a step which M. Barrot, in his *Mémoires*, has inadvertently given on a wrong date. But nothing could heal M. de Malleville's wounded feelings nor change his resolution. M. Bixio, who had shared our feelings and withdrawn his resignation, also now persisted in it

to avoid deserting M. de Malleville, his old and intimate friend.

Some ministerial changes were, therefore, imperative. M. Léon Faucher replaced M. de Malleville at the Interior, M. Lacrosse took the place of M. Faucher as Minister of Public Works, and at my express desire M. Buffet succeeded M. Bixio in the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

We all remarked that the President took a great deal of trouble to efface any painful recollections which might have remained from the incident of the 27th December. On our side, we endeavoured to re-establish, by reciprocating his consideration, the good terms which were indispensable to our common action. We understood that the words of a taciturn man are not always as carefully meditated as they are few, and that he does not necessarily pass in reflection the time which he allows to elapse without speaking. We knew, henceforth, that the Head of the State might suddenly pass from a condition of somnolence to one of violent action, and that we might, almost without warning, be roused from our calm by an abrupt shock, perhaps by a sudden catastrophe. The proverb, "Silence gives consent," was never less true than with him. He never supported his opinion, but he renounced it still less. Lord Palmerston said of him—

"His mind is as full of projects as a warren is full of rabbits, and, like the rabbits, his projects bury themselves to avoid being interfered with."

We soon recognised the justice of this picturesque comparison.

Upon the accession of a definite Government, an amnesty for those condemned and exiled in June became the watchword and cry of the extreme Left. The President proposed to grant it full and entire to mark the date of his election. M. Barrot protested, and replied for us all that, in the state of the public mind, before receiving some security for a real and sincere reconciliation, an amnesty could only be a lure and a snare; those who demanded it, not thinking of relieving victims, but of recruiting and encouraging soldiers. He added that the Assembly having decreed these measures after the terrible days of June, to annul them within six months after their promulgation, would be to offer a terrible insult to the Assembly itself. While he was speaking, the impassiveness of the President never relaxed for an instant, and when M. Barrot had done, he said in his slow calm voice—

"I understand that this question must be adjourned; we will discuss something else!"

On leaving the Elysée we congratulated ourselves on this result, and breathed more freely. Twelve or fifteen days later at the outside M. Passy explained our financial situation to the Council, ending with these words: "Everything will soon recover its equilibrium if the public regain confidence."

"You are quite right, M. Passy," answered the President. "Everything depends upon the public confidence, and a country only shows confidence in a

strong Government. The best sign of this strength would be the amnesty. It must be asked for at the same time as the vote for the Budget."

These words, which nothing had led up to, and which nothing followed, struck us all dumb with astonishment. But M. Passy, one of the men best acquainted with the Assembly, was not long silent. Raising his forefinger—a favourite gesture of his in hot argument—and half rising, like a man ready to leave his chair,

"M. le President," he said, "I resign my portfolio to whoever will have the hardihood to present at the same time the Budget, which should heal wounds, and an amnesty, which would reopen them all."

"Ah, if that is your opinion," replied the President with a good-humoured expression, "I leave it to you."

And we resumed the discussion of the Budget as though it had not been interrupted. On leaving the Council we sadly said to each other: "He is a monomaniac, upon whom reasoning has no hold. However, we must be patient so long as he adheres to his resolution of not letting his natural obstinacy get the better of his amiability." M. Passy's decided answer had been pronounced in such a decided tone, and the President had been so visibly disconcerted by it, that we believed the matter was at an end; but far from it. A few weeks later M. Drouyn de Lhuys was describing the state of our external relations, and not disguising his anxiety, when the President said—

"You have not sufficiently indicated the means of overawing Europe. This might be done by showing that all our parties are reconciled, and as a pledge of this reconciliation proclaiming an amnesty."

This deduction, quite as unexpected on this as on the preceding occasion, caused us to exclaim with so much unanimity that the President could not help laughing, and he said—

"I see that the amnesty is decidedly not in favour with you all."

Upon this we all laughed too, feeling that the victory thus acknowledged was decisive, and, in fact, the subject was not alluded to again. Henceforth he knew us better, and we knew him better too. We thus had a proof that if it were impossible to convince it was not impossible to restrain him.

For my own part, from the first, and ever afterwards, I had every reason to be pleased with him. He knew perfectly well how far and under what circumstances he could rely on my support, and since I never gave him any cause for self-deception, so I never caused him the least annoyance. Upon one point, however, I was quite in the dark about him, and this was precisely the point that I had most at heart, viz. the religious question. In this respect, too, M. de Persigny was not better informed than myself, and when I said to him, "Try to prevent your Prince from making the situation too difficult for us; it will be bad enough without his endeavouring to aggravate it," M. de Persigny answered by a very sincere

assurance of his personal sympathy for Catholicism, but without guaranteeing in any way the President's dispositions towards it. Every day, moreover, showed me, without any explicit avowal from M. de Persigny, that his friends and councillors in misfortune were not the only ones who surrounded Prince Louis, that success had already brought its usual crowd of new men, and that the most devoted servitors were no longer those most listened to.

In reality the President, very anxious to do more, and to act differently from the Governments which had preceded him, adopted, *à priori*, every Utopian idea, flattering himself that he could destroy pauperism by a single stroke, and increase the fortune of France a hundredfold by chimerical schemes. M. Émile de Girardin inspired him with absolute confidence. His first impulse had been to commit to him the Ministry of Finance, then the Directorship of the Post Office. Meeting with equal opposition to both plans, he consoled himself by making him his private adviser. When leaving one of the first councils held at the Elysée I mistook the door as I went out, and found myself face to face with M. de Girardin, who was waiting in a small drawing-room until our meeting should be over, before in his turn having his almost daily audience.

In the midst of all these impediments I determined to proceed quietly forward, confining myself strictly to the duties of the two offices confided to me, but to maintain my full freedom of action there.

To play this part properly, all I had to do was to refrain from spoiling it by my personal blunders. I had only to follow the impulses given by my friends, who were at the same time my predecessors and my masters. My errors could only be of two kinds: either to allow an opportunity to escape, or to attempt to make of free education an exclusive triumph for my party and myself. I was not, thank God, tempted to do either the one or the other.

The law of 1850 has been sometimes imputed as a crime, sometimes as an honour, to me. In reality, I have no right either to these reproaches or to this praise except to a very limited extent. My sole merit consists in knowing when and how to efface myself. I had not much faith in the future of the Ministry of which I formed part, nor in my own future. I felt that I must devote myself to a work capable of surviving me, and one which could, in case of my failure, be justified by others. How was I to act towards this end? I could only call upon the representatives of every sincere party to aid in a common task, in which each would have its own work and its own responsibility to protect. This conception was clear enough, and M. de Montalembert suggested the idea to me, if indeed it did not arise spontaneously from our mutual inspiration and our equal devotion.

Accordingly, we at once agreed upon the principal line of conduct to be observed: to invite the assistance of every party without guaranteeing the pre-

ponderance to any one except to the party of freedom; to appeal to the honour of those who had taken part in the preceding struggle, ascertaining, however, that they believed that the hour of peace had come; to invite the University itself through its most eminent representatives to recognise the necessity and to secure the credit of loyal assistance; lastly, to take as our watchword liberalism enlightened by experience, and sincerely resolved to repair its injustices and errors. This plan once accepted, suitable names immediately suggested themselves.

On the 4th of January I published in the *Moniteur* a report to the President, and the names of the two committees, which were almost immediately joined into one, and entrusted with the preparation of a wide legislative reform of primary and of secondary education. This Committee was composed of twenty-four members, and with regard to the interests which each member represented, it could be analysed in this way:—

For the University, MM. Cousin, St. Marc Girardin, Dubois, Poulain de Bossay, Bellaguet and Michel; for the Catholics, partisans of freedom in education, MM. de Montalembert, de Melun, Laurentie, Augustin Cochin, Henri de Riancey, de Montreuil, Roux-Lavergne, Abbé Sibour, cousin to the Archbishop of Paris, and Abbé Dupanloup; for the State and the Assembly, in order to maintain, in case of dissension, the balance between the different parties, MM. Thiers, Freslon, de Corcelle, the pastor Cuvier,

Eugène Janvier, Peupin, Fresneau, Buchez, and Corne. The two last, after some hesitation, sent in their resignation, and were not replaced.

I have sometimes been reproached for not having appointed on the Committee—in place of M. Roux-Lavergne, one of the principal editors of the *Univers*—M. Louis Veuillot himself, just as I had appointed M. Laurentie for the *Union* and M. de Riancey for the *Ami de la Religion*. It was thought that I might thus have avoided the dogged attacks directed by the *Univers* against the work of the Committee. I certainly did not anticipate that M. Louis Veuillot would become what he afterwards did. We were even on good terms, but I could not mistake the general tendencies of his character and his mind. After much reflection, I preferred to expose him to the temptation of criticising reforms accomplished without him, to arming him with the right of preventing them from being carried out at all.

It was not without some anxiety that I inaugurated the meetings of such a Committee for such a work, but if I had looked forward to this with some uneasiness, I was speedily reassured by the affectionate cordiality which was at once established between men assembled from such different points, many of whom now saw and spoke to each other for the first time. I soon became sanguine as to the results when I saw those whose hostility, or at least coolness, was to be feared, displaying the warmest zeal, and when, on the other hand, I saw those from whom one might have dreaded

some exaggerated zeal or some imprudence giving immediate proof of moderation, both in views and in words. My enforced attendance at the Council of Ministers and at the Assembly preventing me from fulfilling the duties of President with regularity, I invited the Committee to make its own arrangements, and the unity already reigning between the members was manifested by the unanimous election of M. Thiers to preside over the debates whenever I was absent. One of my chief hopes rested upon Abbé Dupanloup, whom I had known for a long time, and who had just brought himself before the public by his fine work, *De la Pacification Religeuse*, which, by its title alone, comprised our common programme. From this date Abbé Dupanloup had found his vocation, and for thirty years he never departed from it. Moreover, he was naturally formed to treat with men, and to exert influence over them. He had in equal degrees all the vehemency of conviction and all the delicacy of true charity. When he became roused—I may say, when he became excited—you felt that his heart contained no malice, and that even an opponent always had a place in it. When, on the contrary, he made some advances, and in some degree concessions, you could see perfectly well that he would never yield beyond a certain definite point, and you felt that he would not fail in the cause of truth for lack of discernment any more than for lack of energy. The attraction of M. Thiers for Abbé Dupanloup, and of Abbé Dupanloup for M. Thiers, soon became evident to all eyes.

Our council table was shaped like an elongated horse-shoe. As President, M. Thiers sat at the head; Abbé Dupanloup had modestly placed himself at one of the ends of the table. When the Abbé spoke, M. Thiers was not content to assent by nods and gestures. I remember seeing him leave his place several times, pass along the wall behind his colleagues, enter the middle of the horse-shoe, and stand in front of the Abbé, listening to every word with the air of a man who says, "I have found truth at last."

I am disinterested in what I now relate, just as I remained disinterested in the discussion, for I had imposed absolute silence upon myself, and one day, when M. Thiers appealed to me in very affectionate terms, I replied, "The Committee must not think about the Minister seated here; he is present to listen, and to learn from you; he cannot take any part in the debate."

This attitude was rendered easy to me because the members of the Committee came to an immediate agreement upon the two essential points, the existence of social peril and the urgent need of opposing some remedy to it.

No one surpassed M. Thiers in his ardour to point out the evil, and in his energetic appeal to religious sentiment as alone capable of combating and overcoming the threatened anarchy.

"We must not sleep under these grave circumstances," he exclaimed. "Only a Condé could sleep on the eve of Rocroy."

Soon afterwards he thus enlarged on the same idea:—

"Ah, I understand how when the weather is fine, when the air is calm, and the sea tranquil, passengers sleep peacefully, especially if the captain has experience and the vessel is well under command. But woe to those who sleep when the sea is rough and the tempest unchained, for shipwreck is imminent. We have been on this troubled sea for the last thirty years; in our imprudence we have slept, and now the winds have risen with violence and we have nearly foundered in the storm. Let us therefore get resolutely to work. Away with illusions; we are face to face with dangers only too real, and already the consequences are very terrible. . . . . Alas, it was only by running aground that we escaped complete shipwreck!"

M. Cousin, although less convinced than M. Thiers of the extent of the evil, was not less explicit in his appeal to the clergy.

"I eagerly look back," he said, "to the traditions of 1808, when three bishops and the director of St. Sulpice were included in the council of the University. I am all for religious authority; far from dreading it, I invoke it with all my heart. If the clergy and the University approach each other with a view to a full reconciliation, the problems of primary education will be easily solved."

The most Catholic members of the Commission played as it were the part of the moderators. M. de Montalembert demanded free competition more forcibly than ever. M. de Riancey added—

"Protection will never equal liberty! The Restoration sought to create monarchical and religious committees, and they only served to stir up passions against what they called the clerical direction of education."

M. Laurente said in his turn—

"It is rather a negative part than an active mission which should be given to the State in educational matters, but above all it is necessary in its own interests that the State should avoid imposing any doctrine. I will not quote any other proof of this than the Government of the Restoration, which lost so much of its strength in public opinion because it was believed to impose certain doctrines, particularly in education. It was therefore with good reason that an ecclesiastic, who when the Bishop of Hermopolis asked what he could do for an establishment directed by him, replied: '*The greatest favour that I can ask from you is to withdraw your protection from us.*' The Bishop of Hermopolis, who was very clear-sighted, understood the force of this answer. When they began to discuss the question of gratuitous education M. Cousin was inexhaustible in his effusive praises of the liberal endowments of the past."

M. Cousin—"Jesus Christ said, *Paupers evangelizantur*. This is, in fact, the greatest work that the Church has accomplished."

M. de Montalembert—"And she has not failed in it, her schools have always been gratuitous. This great Conservative institution, the grandest of all,

has never shrunk from the duty of gratuitous instruction."

Abbé Dupanloup—"And she will not fail in the future any more than she has in the past."

M. Cousin—"Yes, and for that reason the Church will always be blessed."

M. Thiers repeated several times—"But the schoolmasters must not be *anti-priests* everywhere."

All the members of the Commission applauded, too, the noble language of one of their number, M. Michel, which was reproduced in the explanation of the objects of the law.

"To aspire to train a child to the yoke of discipline and obedience, to create in him a principle of energy which will enable him to resist his passions, accept of his own free will the law of labour and duty and contract habits of order and regularity, is, unless this force is derived from religion, to attempt an impossible task."

Enforced education was rejected with almost complete unanimity, and with regard to gratuitous education, it was agreed that if it were rendered universal, it was not to mean that no one should pay for education, but, on the contrary, that it should be paid for by a tax, that is to say, by everybody.

At the same time, the Commission perfectly understood that it could not shut its eyes to the precarious and often miserable state in which primary instruction now languished in many of the departments, and that a sure means of improving the schools was to improve

the position of the schoolmaster himself. The preamble was also an echo from the report of the Committee when it said: "Indigence and pride cannot be brought into juxtaposition with impunity. A Government has no right to set such a trap for any one. The individual would fall into it first, and society would perish by it soon afterwards. Let us show ourselves inflexible towards wrong, but not until after we have relieved suffering."

The salary of the schoolmasters was increased.

Before proceeding to draft the bill, the Commission was anxious to obtain some further information by personal inquiries, and summoned Brother Philippe, the superior of the brothers of the École Chrètiennes, and Father Etienne, the superior of the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity, as well as MM. Ritt and Rapet, inspectors of the University, to appear before them.

The question of secondary education was still more rapidly agreed upon. The evil, as every one recognised, was less serious, the remedy easier, and everything resolved itself, as it were, into the question, whether entire liberty should be granted, or whether, borrowing from the eighteenth century some examples, which were not the most commendable, liberty should be inaugurated by proscribing the religious orders, particularly the Jesuits. M. Thiers was full of doubts on this point, but, while owning his inconsistency, he had not the courage which he afterwards displayed in the tribune of the Assembly.

On the day appointed for the solemn discussion of

this most important point, there was a full meeting of the Committee; victory was not secured without a struggle: the triumph was not final until after two moving speeches from the Abbé Dupanloup.

"What!" he said, "you admit, and for my part I certainly admit, all Protestant sects, with their subdivisions, to the benefits of the law; you allow the fullest liberty to Quakers, why then, with regard to the Church, do you offer the grievous insult of refusing these advantages to certain congregations which she approves? And yet, you say that you wish to be at peace with the Church; well then, come to an agreement with her!"

M. Thiers replied with some spirit, while defending himself from the imputation of sharing vulgar prejudices.

"Assuredly," he said, "I do not fear Ultramontanism as it may have been feared in the past. I am even ready to hold out my hand to it. But still it appears to me a most serious thing to renounce those great maxims, solemnly laid down by the Church of France."

M. Cousin also raised the question of Gallicanism, but, at the same time, declared with M. Thiers that since the Revolution Ultramontanism no longer offered any danger.

M. Dupanloup replied:—

"M. Cousin tells us in language as kindly as the feeling which inspires it, that he takes the liberty of most respectfully pointing out to the Church that, in

the interest of her own religious influence, she was perhaps wrong to unite the fate of the Jesuits to her own, through an exaggerated sentiment of self-respect. I reply to M. Cousin—and here, although I hold no brief for the Church, I can nevertheless assert that such is her thought—that the tenacity of the Church in favour of the Jesuits is not a matter of self-respect. The Church may possibly not consider the Jesuits perfect in all respects, but she does believe that they are perfectly innocent of the accusations brought against them. This is her profound conviction; she cannot have any other; and as the Church is justice itself, she cannot like Pilate condemn what is just, and consider herself free from responsibility by washing her hands, because she has not committed the deed herself but allowed others to do it. . . . . I find the Institution of the Jesuits solemnly sanctioned by the Council of Trent; again in 1761, in a general assembly of the French clergy, only one bishop out of twenty-one was unfavourable to them; four others confined themselves to asking for a few modifications in the rules of the Institution, although the King had convened these bishops in order to obtain a verdict against the Jesuits. . . . Their cause is that of justice and virtue."

At the end of this memorable sitting M. Thiers seized, in the presence of M. de Montalembert and myself, M. Cousin's arm, exclaiming: "Cousin! Cousin! do you see what a lesson we have just received? He is quite right, that Abbé! Yes, we

have been fighting against justice and virtue, and we owe them some compensation."

A bright light had shone in upon M. Thiers' mind, and a grand reconciliation was about to take place between Truth and Liberty. A fruitful peace would have been secured for the future of France, if France and the future had remained faithful to liberty as well as to truth.

Since then, in spite of immense services, we have had serious reproaches to make against M. Thiers. He has more than once, since 1871, been untrue to the noblest sentiments and the best actions of his career. We must none the less acknowledge that, if his youth was given up to revolutionary enthusiasm and his old age to ambition disfigured by personalities, in his mature age, that is to say in the full vigour of his intelligence and strength, he openly belonged to the Conservative party.

It has often been contemptuously said that he was alarmed in 1848. Well, even supposing that were true, does he not still merit our gratitude? Fear troubled many others at that date, and fear more often gives bad advice than good. Fear, even more than evil intentions, created the Terror in 1793, and if it did not produce the same crimes in 1848, it powerfully contributed to the follies and dangers of that period. The man whom it brings to avow his faults and whom it stiffens to resistance is at once imbued with something superior to those who go to swell the train of imbecility and tyranny. With such a man, fear ought

to be called patriotism, clear-sightedness, and in certain cases heroism. Contemporary history has few of these examples. Do not let us fail to recognise them, and if I have to speak severely of M. Thiers hereafter, I will not commence by ingratitude. Let us render justice to his services, that we may have the right to condemn his failings. But, above all, let us hope that the more men forget the good which has been done, the more God will remember it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROMAN EXPEDITION—THE CHOLERA—GENERAL CHANGARNIER—END OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

1849.

The strength of the Ministry consisted in its uniform homogeneity, its integrity, and loyalty; its weakness in the little personal acquaintance that existed between its members and the great diversity of their political antecedents. Prudent from necessity as much as from inclination, it was bound before entering upon business to study itself, and to thoroughly understand the principal person with whom it would have to arrange its plans. Everything was strange and novel in their position—the powers, the duties, and the men. The Republican party still held the cards, even at a time when France thought they had fallen, and wished them to fall, from its hands. The tremendous check which it sustained in the great popular election seemed to have been simply an accident, and the Republican experiment, which appeared to be upon its last legs, resumed its course unchecked. M. Dufaure, who in 1847 had separated himself from the Left Opposition because of the campaign of banquets and the refusal to

toast the King, had been the last minister of General Cavaignac, and M. Barrot, who had ardently joined all the movements of the Left, became the Prince President's Prime Minister. The Prince himself, upon descending from the tribune, after taking the oath to the Republic, sought out General Cavaignac on his bench, who received him very ungraciously, but the Prince pressed his hand, as though anxious to show publicly his desire to link the policy he was now inaugurating with that which had just ended.

The Republican party ought to have welcomed our Ministry as an unlooked-for good fortune; but, on the contrary, it displayed an ill-humour almost amounting to hostility. M. Odilon Barrot, with indefatigable courage, and M. Léon Faucher, with more energy than tact, maintained an incessant opposition. Owing to their many personal friendships they gradually succeeded in rallying the moderate Left, and in separating it from the extreme Left upon cabinet questions; but they never gained more than a doubtful ill-disposed majority, which supported the Ministry for want of a better and for fear of a worse, rendering its existence a very precarious one, and selling it dearly its daily bread.

The Roman question was the first and most important battlefield. General Cavaignac had warmly urged Pius IX. to accept an asylum in France if he found it impossible to remain in Rome, and the President as well as his Ministry loyally supported this proposal. We conveyed our expression of it directly to the Holy

Father through the man most likely to secure his assent, M. de Corcelle. It will be readily believed that I personally was not backward in this matter, and I sent through our Ambassador a letter which I had the pleasure of finding, some years later, in a collection of the letters of homage which had most touched the Sovereign Pontiff during his exile, a collection which he had published under the title of *Orbe Cattolico*.

Those who had honoured me by choosing me as their fellow-labourer were not all of the same opinion as myself respecting the Roman question.

The President of the Republic had been brought up in entire opposition to the temporal power of the Popes. He and his brother had from their youth repaid, by armed aggression, the hospitality that, since 1815, the Imperial family had received from the generosity of the Sovereign Pontiffs. The Prince of Canino, President of the Roman Assembly, assumed the most aggressive attitude. The President did not go quite so far, but neither did he display any feeling in favour of formal and sincere reparation.

In the Ministry M. Passy alone nourished and manifested anti-Catholic prejudices. When he wanted to blame or criticise anything he would borrow his expressions and similes from religious terms. For instance, he said of M. Ledru-Rollin, or of M. Jules Favre, that they retained a *monkish* aversion for such and such members of the extreme Left.

M. Barrot, on the contrary, entered frankly into the feeling of admiration for Pius IX., and freely ex-

pressed his respect for the Catholic creed. But with him it was natural instinct and good will, not religious convictions. M. Drouyn de Lhuys and M. Léon Faucher regarded the Pope as the keystone of the European edifice, and they desired to retain his throne like that of any other sovereign. M. Drouyn de Lhuys often said, "I prefer a good Pope to a bad one, but I prefer a bad Pope to none at all." M. Faucher applauded this sentiment. By a good Pope they meant a sovereign pontiff such as Pius IX. had shown himself from 1846 to 1848. By a bad Pope, they meant the indignant discouraged ruler surrounded by absolutist influences which were endeavouring to gain empire over him.

M. de Tracy, by the elevation of his character, inclined towards the cause of Pius IX., but he had belonged to the Left for a very long time, and could not easily separate himself from his old friends.

M. Lacrosse was anxious to regulate his conduct by the supposed wishes of the President, and his compliance already foreshadowed his adhesion to the second Empire should it ever be proclaimed.

General Rulhières, M. Buffet, and I generally thought in the same way and acted by mutual agreement, but we only formed a minority in the Ministry, and could not become a majority unless we first obtained the support of M. Barrot, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and M. Faucher, without either offending or alarming the President. We therefore considered that the first resolution passed on the subject of Italy, that of

not recognising the Roman Republic, gave us a material advantage. The Duc d'Harcourt, General Cavaignac's Ambassador at the Court of Pius IX., rejoined the Pope at Gaëta. The Papal Nuncio never for an instant interrupted the discharge of his official duties in Paris. The messengers sent by the Roman Republic were not received by the President nor by any of his Ministers.

The President, M. Barrot, and M. Passy would have preferred to have gone no further, but events would not allow of this. The President would not at any price risk his popularity, and perhaps his power, in the Pope's service; but neither would he at any price consent that Austria, already too preponderant in Italy, should invade the remainder of the Peninsula and place it under her exclusive rule. These two conflicting interests were not easily reconciled, and to escape this difficulty, by a device which he regarded as ingenious, he resolved to make Piedmont the agent of his own policy. He was as determined on his side to make me agree to this scheme as I was to win his approval for different ideas. "The endeavour to conceal France behind Piedmont," I said to him, "is like trying to hide a giant under a blade of grass. Everybody will see us, Austria first of all. France by openly declaring herself would stop Austria, but France hiding under cover of Piedmont would be defeated without an opportunity of defending herself, and without obtaining the benefit either of the revolutionary propaganda or that of the conservative

action." When I pressed him too warmly on this subject the President fell back upon his usual method, and ended the conversation by a silence which one could interpret as one pleased, but in his heart he adhered to his own scheme.

He caused Abbé Gioberti to be sent to him from Turin as ambassador, hoping to find in him an eloquent and persistent exponent of their mutual ideas. Gioberti was in great renown all over Italy at that time. He was a learned, sincere man, but his ideas were chimerical and warped. He honoured me with frequent visits, and placed himself in communication with many of the members of the Assembly, not less unsuccessfully, it is true, with those of the Left than with the Right. With the Left his ecclesiastical position and religious convictions were all against him; no one on the Right regarded Piedmont as a reliable, disinterested protector of the Pope. Gioberti could answer nothing when he was asked, "How could Piedmont disarm or conquer Austria?"

This dialogue, which was very animated on both sides, threatened to last a long time, when King Charles Albert, half ascetic, half carbonaro, moved by the secret ambition of a lifetime, over-excited by continual provocation from the Elysée, suddenly threw down the glove to the Emperor of Austria, his former ally and near relation. A single day saw his illusions and his reign vanish. We heard at almost one and the same time of his defeat and abdication, then his passage incognito through the south of France, his journey

through Spain, and his final halt, when he seemed as it were at land's end. For some months he lived in a Portuguese monastery. Neither his wife nor any of his relations had obtained permission to follow him, and after a short time of deep depression he died, expressing sentiments of the most fervent piety. He had risked his crown and, so far as it depended on himself, his life on the battlefield of Novara. He carried to the tomb the secret of the inconsistencies of a reign which will remain an enigma for posterity.

This event came like a thunderstroke to the President of the Republic as well as to the House of Savoy. The Italian question was cleared from its deceptive preliminaries, and France found herself face to face with formidable realities. I allowed the first disagreeable impression to pass over at the Elysée, and then I went and asked the President if we were to allow Austria, who was already preparing for her march forward, to absorb the Papal states and render Pius IX. unpopular by placing him under the protection of a Power so repugnant to Italy. "To-day you are right," he answered; "France can no longer remain a passive spectator, and in face of the triumphant Austrian flag, ours will be hailed in Italy with unanimous acclamations!"

From this time the President wished for and hastened on the departure of our troops, already concentrated on the coast of France by General Cavaignac. At the same time, and through the same motives as the President, the whole Ministry agreed

to the project of promptly despatching an expedition. Catholic convictions were not the only decisive considerations, the Catholic interests and French interests were indissolubly linked; one may even say that the personal interest of the Revolutionists was not indifferent to the expedition. Intervention for intervention, that of France would certainly be more merciful and, in the best acceptance of the term, more liberal than that of Austria. Without owning this fact, the Left was fully aware of it. Provided that it was allowed to assume an indignant attitude for its electorate, it readily resigned itself to our actions, and with but few exceptions expressed its good wishes for the success of our enterprise. Without this last remark one could easily account for what now took place in the Assembly.

M. Bixio, who had recently occupied the diplomatic post at Turin, and who left the Ministry with M. de Malleville, belonged to the Republican party, and now took the initiative in a motion the terms of which had been arranged with the Government. It was thus worded—

"The National Assembly, anxious to secure the preservation of the two great interests confided to it, the dignity of France and the maintenance of peace founded upon respect for nationalities:

"Concurring in the views expressed by the President of the Council at the meeting of the 28th inst.:

" Confiding in the Government of the President of the Republic:

"Declares, that if, for the better guarantee of the integrity of Piedmontese territory and to better uphold the interests and honour of France, the Executive power believes it calculated to give force to its negotiations by a partial and temporary occupation of Italy, it will receive from the National Assembly the most cordial and full support."*

This motion, the wording of which was intentionally vague, led to a long and confused debate. MM. Barrot and Drouyn de Lhuys spoke for the Government, MM. Molé and Thiers upon behalf of the Right; MM. Billault and Jules Favre, in the name of the Opposition, asked for more clearness in the language of the Government than they ever introduced into their own language. What was meant by the partial occupation of any portion of Italy? Was it intervention in the Roman States? Was this intervention in favour of the Italian Republic or a support to the sovereignty of the Holy See? The respect for nationalities invoked in the first phrase, was it applied to the ephemeral and bloody Republic of the Roman triumvirs, all three strangers to Rome, or was it used to designate the eight centuries' old Government of the Sovereign Pontiffs? The extreme Left, then called the Mountain, alone spoke out openly. It did not believe, no one could believe, in any serious resistance from Italy, but it thought this a favourable opportunity for re-awakening the passions of Paris, and that was the real object of its violence. I cannot reproduce here

* *Moniteur*, 31st March, 1849.

the style of language it used in this discussion and in all the debates that followed on the subject of the Roman expedition. When M. Thiers pronounced the words "Italy is in the hands of ridiculous disturbers," applause broke out on the Right and clamour on the Left.

At last, after indescribable tumult, M. Bixio's motion, amended by M. Payer, was carried in the sitting of Saturday, 31st, by 444 voices against 320,* and the French expedition promptly set sail.

On the 28th April, 1849, the Government received the following despatch from General Oudinot:—

"Civita Vecchia, the 26th, 11 a.m.

"We are masters of Civita Vecchia without striking a blow. The authorities offered no resistance. The inhabitants and the National Guard received us with acclamations."

No one then doubted but that forty-eight hours later a similar despatch would reach Paris dated from Rome, but we were to be bitterly disappointed. After as before the event it was proved that no resistance would have been offered but for the too generous confidence of the commander-in-chief. On landing at Civita Vecchia he found there six hundred volunteers of all nations, well armed and accustomed to street fighting, who promised that, if granted their liberty, they would not use their arms against us. General Oudinot was so imprudent as to accept this promise, and to open the gates of the city to them. They left it at once, hastened to Rome, and summoned Garibaldi,

* *Moniteur*, 1st April, 1849.

who hurried from the Neapolitan frontiers and speedily rejoined his friends at the head of twelve or fifteen hundred men. These troops were sufficient, helped by the terror which they created, to impose upon the Roman population a resolve which was contrary both to its habits and wishes, viz. to oppose our entry; so that when our regiments presented themselves, without a single battery of artillery, they found the gates closed. Our peaceful words were answered by the mouth of the cannon. The military check was easily repaired, but morally the repulse involved and was followed by serious consequences.

The Ministry met every morning at the Elysée, and disagreeable despatches from General Oudinot arrived there a few minutes before the time of one of our meetings. When I entered the room where our sittings were usually held, the President came forward, and with no little kindliness said to me, "You will be very grieved, and so am I, but I think that M. Barrot takes the misfortune too much to heart." At the same time he took me up to the President of the Council, who was nearly fainting in an arm-chair. The President's reception showed me that he quite understood the situation, and that I could rely upon him to impress it upon M. Barrot. I therefore did my best to arouse him from this stupor. M. Drouyn de Lhuys soon came round to my view. M. Buffet was less inclined than any of us to draw back, and we gradually induced M. Barrot to realise that, instead of wasting our strength in useless lamenta-

tions we must all prepare to wear a calm countenance and adopt a firm tone to the Assembly. Was it not evident, in fact, that Austria would, after our check, be still more threatening than before, and that any humiliation of our army not immediately repaired would be a double blow to French influence and to the liberal spirit in Italy? This furnished a subject for a speech such as M. Barrot excelled in. He was not always very quick or very far-sighted, but he listened in good faith to opinions that differed from his own, and when he had adopted them, above all when he had once advocated them in the tribune, he assimilated them so completely that he believed them to be his own. His *Mémoires* give us more than one proof of this lucky and pleasant gift. Many a statesman may have possessed more penetration than he did, but no one, his resolutions once being made, spontaneous or not, could have championed them with more courage or more loyalty.

As to the President, he had during our deliberations paid great attention, and shown himself very much alive to all that concerned our military honour. The army preoccupied him as regarded the present, and probably still more as regarded the future, so this side of the question was of more importance in his eyes than any other point. So much was this the case that, without asking the consent of the Council, he wrote direct to General Oudinot a letter which raised the most violent clamour in the Assembly, which most of the Ministers would cer-

tainly have refused to sign, but which they dared not disown, even M. Barrot defending it warmly.

This letter, although published by the *Patrie*, was not inserted in the *Moniteur;* but nevertheless it provoked an interpellation from M. Grévy, violently commented upon by M. Ledru-Rollin. The former accused the Government of placing itself in complete antagonism to the policy traced out by the Assembly. M. Barrot replied that no policy could compel us to be so inconsistent as to enter Roman territory, and, after taking possession of it, allow the very event to take place which we had gone there expressly to prevent, viz. the triumph of cosmopolitan demagogues. The inconsistency pointed out by the President of the Council would have been so shameful for France, so perilous for Italy, that the Left could find no means of proposing or of carrying any policy in opposition to that of the Government.

M. Barrot, however, anxious to afford some scrap of comfort to the Opposition, agreed to the despatch of an envoy extraordinary to attempt once more to find some pacific solution. This delicate mission was confided to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who afterwards justly acquired so much renown. Recently French consul at Barcelona, M. de Lesseps had there given proofs of great energy. We therefore thought that we should find in him a man having both experience in revolutions and a perfect knowledge of the character of the southern populations.

He took with him definite instructions, and, after

conferring in the French camp with General Oudinot, went into Rome with the consent of the three triumvirs.

But to our great surprise our envoy allowed himself to be either intimidated by the rhodomontades of Garibaldi or seduced by the skill of Mazzini, and he ended by concluding an unacceptable convention with the Roman Republic. It was rejected by the French General and referred by us to the Council of State, which censured M. de Lesseps: 1st, for having adopted an attitude exactly opposite to the instructions he had received; 2nd, for having agreed to stipulations prejudicial to the interests of France and to her dignity. On returning to Paris M. de Lesseps felt himself in such an inexplicable situation that he showed visible signs of a kind of mental derangement. His language became incoherent, and thirty years later M. Odilon Barrot in his *Mémoires** asks himself whether the strange conduct of our representative might not be explained by his connection with the chiefs of the extreme Left, and by the confidence which they expressed to him of an approaching revolutionary explosion in France as well as in Italy.

However that may be, I resume my narrative where I broke it off. M. Barrot's speech in Paris and M. de Lesseps's departure for Rome had restored some latitude to us. Our freedom of action remained intact. The President's letter to General Oudinot was acted upon, and the siege of Rome conducted according to

* Odilon Barrot, *Mémoires*, vol. iii., pp. 218, 288, 369.

rule amid clamours from the Left, which was not in reality sorry that it was unable to alter our policy. During these fruitless agitations, which attracted more attention in the press and the tribune than in the country itself, the President was busy fostering his popularity. He received some significant proofs of it, to one of which I was myself a witness.

In the spring of 1849 cholera again invaded Paris, and appeared to threaten several of the schools. I was anxious to make sure that every precaution had been taken, but I found this had been done, so all that remained for me was to calm the minds of the people. I related to them the Eastern fable of the plague telling its story to an inhabitant of Smyrna, and saying, "I have killed barely one-tenth of the victims, fear has killed the rest." This slight incident did not appear to me worth laying before the Council of Ministers, but the President had been informed of it, and on the morrow he said to me, "If you had advised me I should like to have visited the schools with you. However, I will not follow your bad example. I propose going through the hospitals, and if you like I will take you with me." I accepted, and on the following day we commenced with the Salpetrière. This establishment gives shelter to a great number of people, and among the inmates were a number of former canteen women and soldiers' widows, remains of the Empire. The President had scarcely entered the first court when a troop of these old women rushed towards him, struggling and vying with each other to seize his

hand or his coat. Those who could not owing to the crush approach him passionately kissed both hands to him, crying at the top of their voices, "Vive mon petit Napoleon!" "Vive mon amour de Napoleon!" "Vive le Prince Eugene!" "Vive le roi Joseph!" We had all the trouble in the world to pass through this positively distracted crowd. I had not expected such a demonstration, and I was still more struck to find upon leaving the Salpetrière that a large crowd had assembled round the entrance, and the same ovation and the same cries greeted us and escorted the President's carriage as long as it was in sight.

I must add that when visiting the sick the President always appeared very simply and sincerely compassionate. He devoted more than two hours to them, exhausted all the money he had brought, and borrowed some hundreds of francs from me, and added to his liberal gifts kindly words which really came from the heart. During his reign he showed more than one trace of hardness, but I believe that it was exceptional with him. His first impulse was naturally benevolent and gentle. I shall mention as I proceed several instances of this, in which policy and the surrounding circumstances could not have influenced him.

M. Trélat was doctor at the Salpetrière; I had not seen him since our heated discussions on the subject of the national workshops; I thought that cholera was a calamity which ought to place all angry feelings on one side, and I asked the doctors who accompanied us

where I should find M. Trélat, for I wished to shake hands with him.

"He is very ill in bed," replied one of them.

"I am very sorry," I answered, without giving myself time to think. "Kindly take me to him for an instant." The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I realised their foolishness, well confirmed by the embarrassment of my informant. I smiled and said no more. When we had returned to the carriage the President said to me—

"Did you notice M. Trélat's absence?"

"They told me that he was ill."

"They told me the same thing, but I did not believe it. I know that he is very charitable, and I intended asking you to propose to the Council to-morrow that he should receive the cross of the Legion of Honour."

"If I thought that he would accept it his absence to-day does not appear to me any reason for not carrying out your wish, M. the President."

"You are right. We'll make some inquiries."

I did inquire, and learnt that M. Trélat, disinterested as he was, was also full of the keenest political resentment.

The Constituent Assembly had another battlefield as well as the Roman question. This was the Changarnier question, and it is difficult to separate one from the other. Those who were bent upon taking revenge for the days of June knew that they had no more formidable adversary than the general commanding the army of Paris. The ascendency of his name over the

troops equalled the skill of his tactics, and in this respect the Mountain did not deceive itself. A striking instance of this had recently occurred. After the election of the 10th of December the moment seemed favourable for regulating the status of the Garde Mobile, which had been provisional until then. It became necessary, while not overlooking the services rendered by this heroic army of the children of Paris, to make their corps subject to the same regulations as the whole army. It may even be asserted that the men who now fomented the discontent of the young mobiles and urged them to insubordination, would not have espoused their cause so warmly on the day after the defeat of the insurrection. But against the President and his Ministry everything served as a means or a pretext, and a corps of eighteen thousand young men, perfectly equipped, quartered in the heart of Paris itself, would have been an invaluable weapon in the hands of those animated by hostile sentiments. The outrages that had been showered on their prowess against the rebels now ceased. On the contrary, every encouragement was given to the discontent natural in any circumstances among men who believe themselves injured as soon as it is proposed to them to convert their condition from one of privilege to that common to other people. Suspicious conferences took place, and the chiefs of the clubs said openly, by way of mutual encouragement, that if the Government had its general the Democracy had its army.

General Changarnier was well aware of the plot,

and he suddenly, one fine morning, summoned all the superior officers of the Garde Mobile before him. In a few striking words he pointed out the result of their unreflecting impulse, proved that he knew all about their secret plots, and declared that four of the commanders of regiments then present should at once repair to the Abbaye. One of them, M. Aladenise, got into a violent rage, not only against his general but against the Prince, whom he had accompanied in the freak at Boulogne. The General had M. Aladenise arrested on the spot, saying to his comrades, "Remember, gentlemen, the advice which I have given you, and rest assured that henceforth those who tear up the pavements of the capital will never put them back." General Changarnier had summoned the men whom he believed to be the most refractory. They retired with mutinous gestures and tones. The same evening, several battalions returned to their barracks, crying, "*Vive la République democratique et sociale!*" (Long live the democratic and socialist Republic!)

However, the General's brief address had circulated from rank to rank. Similar measures were taken and energetically carried out. The secret societies held permanent sittings. The Ministry thought this a favourable opportunity for drawing the attention of the Assembly towards the clubs, and M. Léon Faucher urged the immediate necessity for a law which would arm the Government with the right to close them. Upon the report of M. Senard this

necessity was negatived by 418 votes against 342. Thus a check in the Assembly, and a disturbance, perhaps an insurrection, among the garrison of Paris, such was the aspect of affairs from the 25th to the 28th January. Natural susceptibilities urged the Ministry to resign. The possibility of danger commanded it to remain at its post. In this alternative the Ministers unreservedly laid the position before the President, leaving the decision in his hands. By his order the following note appeared in the *Moniteur*—

"Paris, 28th January.

"The Council of Ministers met to-day at the National Elysée. From the account which Ministers have laid before him of the incidents of yesterday's sitting, the President of the Republic declares that he sees no reason for modifying his policy and that the Cabinet may rely upon his firm and constant support." *

The public defence being still confided to us, General Rulhières and General Changarnier took, by mutual agreement, the most rapid measures for baffling the plans of the insurgents, which consisted in simultaneously invading the Champs Elysées, the President's house, and the seat of the Assembly. The troops were moved on the night of the 28th to the 29th. At daybreak a proclamation was placarded upon every wall calling upon the National Guard to aid the army for the public safety. Numerous mobs, sinister faces, precursors of the riots, the arrest of a colonel of the National Guard, M. Forestier, all this announced a formidable collision. But the completion

* *Moniteur*, 29th January, 1849.

of the military demonstrations and the attitude of the population soon discouraged the most enthusiastic ringleaders. At two o'clock in the afternoon the President, followed only by some officers of his staff and a few dragoons, rode down the front of the troops and of the National Guard; he was received all along the line with the heartiest acclamations. The peril had been averted in the street but not yet in the Assembly.

From this day General Changarnier had the honour of becoming with the Pope the target for interpellations of every kind. If he wrote an order of the day, read and placarded in the barracks of the army of Paris, he was violating the Constitution. If he took measures for the safety of the Assembly he was threatening its independence.

In this tumult of blind passions we must, however, note one remarkable exception. One man belonging to the Left acted as an impartial, clear-sighted president: this was Armand Marrast. He steadily refused to join in the plots concocted in the lobbies, and frequently baffled them by his skill in conducting and closing the debates.

One of the highest tributes which can be paid him is to say that he died in poverty and obscurity. After having sought notoriety and refinement he succeeded in making his retreat and oblivion his best title to honour. Public morality has often to complain now-a-days of too indulgent rehabilitations; honourable conduct is not sufficiently honoured, doubtful conduct

is too easily glorified. M. Marrast had made culpable use of his pen; he had embarked upon a course of systematic disparagement, and never ceased ridiculing others until after he had been gibbeted himself. However, it is only fair to state that, from the commencement of the Provisional Government, he saw, understood, and resisted. Perhaps he was not influenced by the most serious aspects of the situation, but propriety of feeling, when once conscience is awakened and courage provoked, is at least a quality which merits recognition.

The more the Assembly thus struggled in order to prolong its existence the more it lost the support of public opinion, and the country presented petitions, daily increasing in number, demanding its dissolution. M. Rateau, in the first place, and soon afterwards M. Lanjuinais, who was called a moderate Rateau, put these petitions into the form of a bill. The Assembly was thus forced to deliberate upon the question of its own existence. Though realising the uselessness or the peril of a too obstinate resistance, it nevertheless indulged in it, and like a wild boar at bay it still dealt formidable blows.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY—MINISTERIAL CRISIS—THE INTRANSIGEANT CATHOLICS — KING JEROME — PRINCE NAPOLEON — EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS — A TOUR IN THE WEST.

1849.

THE resignation of M. Faucher was not the sole cause of the ministerial crisis. A new spirit, in a new majority, also manifested new requirements which had to be satisfactorily represented in the Government. We were therefore agreed as to the necessity of re-assuring the President in this respect, and of restoring to him the fullest liberty in his action with the new Assembly.

M. Barrot had, for his own part, another motive, which he thus expresses in his *Mémoires:* "I also yielded to a consideration which, although personal to myself, was not without some importance. The efforts which I had been forced to make during the five months of determined struggle through which we had just passed had quite exhausted me. I felt the need of being more efficiently seconded in the tribune than I had been up to that time." *

* Odilon Barrot, *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 276.

These complaints and this desire were natural enough. M. Barrot had, in fact, been untiring of his exertions, and his exhaustion was increased from having frequently, through unforeseen incidents, exhibited when speaking more courage than real inspiration from his subject. But it was exclusively from his old friends that he wished to derive help, and he presented three names: M. de Tocqueville to replace M. Drouyn de Lhuys, to whom the embassy of London was offered; M. Dufaure, to replace M. Faucher; M. Lanjuinais to replace M. Buffet.

M. Barrot foresaw one objection which suggested itself, viz. the unfavourable moment. It was, in fact, singular to select, for an advance towards the Left, the very day when the Assembly was morally and numerically reinforcing itself on the Right. He therefore wished to put this proposal in writing, and he presented it, with a long explanatory letter, to the President for consideration. This note was very badly received at the Elysée, and a very abrupt answer was vouchsafed to it. "You must," said the President, "choose men devoted to my person, from the prefects to the commissioners of police. You must watch the actions of each of them, in order to prevent them from being a source of danger in case of insurrection. You must dismiss the majority of the agents nominated by M. Dufaure. We must everywhere re-organise the National Guard on a military footing. In short, we must revive, not the recollections of the Empire, but of the Emperor, for that is the only sentiment which

can aid us in contending against subversive ideas. With this aim in view, I scarcely think that M. Dufaure is an appropriate man for the situation."

M. Barrot held his ground. The President consented to allow the former minister of General Cavaignac, who had so hotly opposed his candidature, to enter the Cabinet, but he only accepted him on condition that the portfolio of the Interior should not be accorded to him. M. Barrot and M. Dufaure both refused this arrangement. The President thereupon, with every appearance of sincere regret, declared that he preferred parting with M. Barrot.

I became at once the recipient of his confidence; he displayed it in almost affectionate terms towards me, pressed me to accept the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and left the choice of forming a new Cabinet to me and to Marshal Bugeaud, who was to have the Ministry of War and the Presidency of the Council. I refused to leave the Ministry of Public Instruction for any combination whatever, but I had no reason for refusing to confer with the Marshal. The President wished to place in the Ministry of the Interior Count Mathieu de la Redorte, son-in-law to the Maréchale d'Albufera, and Marshal Bugeaud was anxious to secure M. Piscatory, whom he intended to make the Minister of Marine. The distribution of the other portfolios brought up the names of many different persons, but they all were strong adherents of the party then called Reactionary. When I saw this I begged the President to weigh the following objections:

General Changarnier's energy and the prompt arrest of some of the ringleaders have averted the plot of the 29th January; but its elements still exist, and revenge for the days of June, by a desperate assault against the whole of society, still remains the constant dream of various socialistic groups. They tried to make the appeal to arms coincide with the last convulsions of the Constituent Assembly, they would now take for their watchword the monarchical composition of the Legislative Assembly. If the entrance of M. Dufaure and his friends into the Ministry had the drawback of making the scale weigh far too heavily towards the Left, we were also running a very different but very dangerous risk by giving everything to the Right without any compensation to the Left." These considerations were drawn from facts of unquestionable truth. They sufficed to justify my counsels of prudence in my interviews with the President, but in my own mind I still felt much anxiety of another kind.

Always reasoning on the hypothesis of an approaching insurrection, an hypothesis so well founded that it was realised a fortnight later, the 13th June, I put before myself this dilemma :—either there would be a split in the army, a possibility that even Marshal Bugeaud admitted, because of the Republican tendencies of the artillery, or the ascendency of Marshal Bugeaud and of General Changarnier would preserve the military spirit and discipline. Then doubtless the insurrection would be easily suppressed. On the contrary, in the event of a partial mutiny of the garrisons

of Paris, we should not only suffer from the revenge of the men defeated on the Parisian barricades, but we should see a terrible cataclysm unchained over the whole of France. The new Ministry would become responsible for this terrible defeat of the Conservative party, and would not escape the reproach of unpardonable provocation, even on the part of those who had driven us to it.

On the other hand, in the more probable event, as I admit, of a new check to the attempts at a revolution, where would the victory end? The Royal House was divided, the monarchy was not ready, either in the public mind or in the circumstances of the time. Would Marshal Bugeaud and General Changarnier, formerly brothers in arms of the Orleans Princes, refuse them a share in the battle, above all on the day after the battle? Did the President on his side, who did not seem in the least afraid of a conflict in the street, candidly proclaim all his thoughts? Would he not revert to Persigny, now outwardly forsaken, and was he not, in his impenetrable discretion, taking all his measures for whatever might happen?

I was full of perplexity and I opened my heart to M. Berryer. His patriotism and his friendship for me were fully displayed in this private consultation. We considered together all the aspects of the situation, at once so serious and complicated, and we agreed that, as Bossuet, one of his favourite authors, says, we must leave nothing to chance which we could avert by thought or foresight. We therefore arranged that I

should make a double effort, and try to dissuade Marshal Bugeaud from such a tremendous enterprise, and induce M. Barrot to resume the Presidency of the old Ministry, moderately reinforced according to his personal views.

I succeeded more readily than I had anticipated with Marshal Bugeaud, who succumbed a few days later to an attack of cholera, and who was already very weak. His will was wavering, his mind had no longer its lucidity, and he lost himself in interminable digressions, in which agricultural topics and the introduction of potatoes into Algeria occupied the chief place.

Moreover, he did not agree well with General Changarnier, not through petty jealousies as has since been wrongly asserted, but through military exigencies the extent of which it was impossible to ignore. With General Rulhières at the Ministry of War, that is to say with a man most sincerely modest and very sincerely deferential towards General Changarnier, the commander of the army of Paris, could not possibly give rise to any conflict. With Marshal Bugeaud the relations would be very different. Equal in renown, they were not so in rank, and both believed in and clung to their own ideas. At the critical moment, and in the heat of the contest, what would become of the unity of command? From whom would the real word of authority issue: from the Rue St. Dominique, the seat of the Ministry of War, or from the Pavilion of the Tuileries, which was then the usual quarters of the commander of the army

of Paris? I was the mute, attentive witness of the debate in which the two valiant captains discussed this delicate question. Equally competent and equally patriotic, they continued to discuss it with the utmost frankness and the most perfect cordiality; but at the same time, the question remained an obstacle to the creation of a new Cabinet.

But was there also another obstacle, never put into words? I cannot assert anything positive on this point, but I believe that in reality another difference existed between the two soldiers. Marshal Bugeaud was among those who, on the day after the Revolution of February, voted for the return of the Legitimate Monarchy, and he at once entered into communication with the Comte de Chambord. General Changarnier's convictions were less prompt and his conduct more circumspect. A former officer of the Royal Guard, his entire sympathies were for the reconciliation of the two branches of the House of Bourbon, but he had not been able to overcome the resistance of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and this resistance had checked his efforts. But still he would not have consented to engage in any struggle against the Orleans Princes, for whom, like all the army, he professed the most cordial esteem. But inasmuch as, whatever may have been the secret motives of their hesitation, Marshal Bugeaud and General Changarnier could not agree on military questions, it became superfluous to endeavour to bring them into harmony on political topics, a ground, moreover, upon which no

one would ever have been able to reconcile M. Dufaure and Marshal Bugeaud.

Without any ill-will towards me, M. Barrot had taken umbrage either at my too monarchical or at my too religious sentiments. He would not have made any serious effort to retain me in the new Cabinet. He allowed me to see that he intended my portfolio for M. de Tocqueville, well knowing that I would not accept any other. For my own part I rendered full justice to M. Barrot's good qualities. I thought, moreover, that his presence in the Ministry was as acceptable to the Legislative Assembly as it had been to the Constituent Assembly, but I deemed him too parsimonious towards my friends and too generous towards his own.

For some years I had seen a good deal of M. Dufaure, and the deficiencies or the weak points in this fine intellect had struck me too much for me not to wish to preserve the new Cabinet and myself from too tight a yoke. I therefore responded to the President's advances, not through any wish for a superior post—the interests of religion being my sole reason for accepting power—but in order to secure new colleagues who would not be either too exclusive or too adventurous. Probably M. Barrot never knew, and in any case he never knew from me, how much the President inclined towards combinations from which the veteran orator of the Left was omitted. Thus when he learnt from me that the Left Centre combination was in the ascendency he placed himself

entirely under M. Dufaure's direction, and M. Dufaure became more and more imperious.

When once Marshal Bugeaud was removed it was with M. Dufaure more than any one else that we had to come to an arrangement. The latter did not equivocate in any way, but declared from the first that he would not enter the Ministry without some support, without the assistance of his two personal friends, MM. de Tocqueville and Lanjuinais.

I had for M. de Tocqueville an old and deep sympathy ; I only dreaded his American views on the subject of the Roman question. I asked him for a frank explanation, and it completely reassured me.

"If I had formed part of the Cabinet since the commencement of the expedition," he said, "I should have opposed the departure of the troops until the Roman people had pronounced their opinion upon the temporal power. But engaged as we now are, and the French army being able of itself to prevent the entry of the Neapolitan, Spanish, and Austrian troops into Rome by occupying the city themselves, you may rely upon my support." With M. de Tocqueville these words sufficed, and his presence brought additional force and great credit to the Cabinet. One of the first difficulties was therefore removed, but others arose.

The President had ended by accepting with cordiality M. Dufaure as Minister of Justice in place of M. Barrot, who remained President of the Council, but without a portfolio. This combination was frus-

trated by the obstinate refusal of M. Barrot and M. Dufaure. The former considered himself too much effaced by the simple Presidency of the Council. He caressed the idea of great judicial reforms, and was not sure that some of the services and a little of the renown of Chancellor d'Aguesseau were not reserved for him. M. Dufaure was acquainted with the terms of the President's private memorandum and was deeply affected by the words: "We must revive on all sides, not the souvenir of the Empire, but of the Emperor." He saw in this the undisguised avowal of projects which only a Minister of the Interior could effectually thwart. It was therefore this Ministry that he was anxious to occupy and no other, and on this point I did not consider either his anxiety or his precautions exaggerated. But he did not stop there, and M. Lanjuinais was, in his eyes, no less necessary than M. de Tocqueville. Feeling sure that M. Barrot did not attach the same importance to M. Lanjuinais's entrance, I resolved in my turn to interview M. Dufaure. I called upon him in his small apartment near the Opera, a curious quarter for a man sincerely devoted to the most serious studies. I rang the bell, but no one opened the door. I rang again, and at last M. Dufaure appeared in slippers and night-shirt, with a coloured handkerchief tied in a great bow above his head. The whole effect was so comical that the recollection of it has never been effaced from my memory. I apologised for a visit which I had not supposed could be so inconvenient at

that hour (half-past nine in the evening) to M. Dufaure, but without any further explanation he led me into his room and went back to bed to discuss the matter.

"You place me," I said, "in such a false position towards my political friends, that it is impossible for me to accept it. Not only do you refuse them, in the Ministry, the share which fairly belongs to them, but you wish to remove M. Buffet solely in order to introduce M. Lanjuinais, whom we all appreciate as much as you do, but who is not in any way indicated by the present situation. Be careful what you do, for this appointment would be a cause of great weakness for the whole Ministry."

"You cannot ignore," replied M. Dufaure, "the President's prejudice against me, and the difficulties he will infallibly create for me. I cannot therefore fight single-handed and without feeling myself strongly supported by tried friends."

"Your language authorises me to observe to you that I also feel the need of some strong support in the Cabinet in order to carry through the measure upon education, as well as to bring the Roman difficulties to a satisfactory end. Allow me to add that my friends can be relied upon as thoroughly as your own to contend against these exactions of the President to which you allude. We have been able to thwart them hitherto, we should be still better able to fulfil this task reinforced by you and M. de Tocqueville."

"My mind is made up, and I cannot possibly make any concession."

"Then you must take my place, for I cannot yield either."

"No, I will certainly not do that; the Ministry is already too weak on the Right, as you were just now arguing. How much worse it would be, therefore, to exclude you."

"There are plenty of men my equivalent on the Right."

"No, there is not one. You have full knowledge of the state of affairs, and possess the entire confidence of the chiefs of the majority. My position would be untenable without you, and I will not expose myself to it."

"Very well, that is your ultimatum? You will not allow me either to leave the Ministry, or to remain, under the conditions which I have, however, endeavoured to render very modest, since I confine myself to asking for the retention of M. Buffet, against whom you do not raise and cannot raise any complaint."

"It is not I who exact this; it is the force of circumstances."

I still persisted, but in vain. I can only compare M. Dufaure, under such circumstances as these, to a hedgehog, hiding his head and feet and only showing a ball bristling with sharp intangible spikes. We accordingly parted utterly at variance, he declaring that he would not enter the Ministry without me, whilst I was equally resolute not to form part of it with him under such conditions.

On the following day, at an early hour, I returned to M. Berryer, and gave him an account of how I had passed my evening. He was silent for some minutes, and then said very gravely:

"My friend, you were wrong. The President probably counted upon this, and you have played his game. You are now personally and honourably set free. But what will be the end of all this? The President, left to his own devices, will expose himself and us with him to every danger. What have we to oppose him with? A royal house divided against itself, a wavering army, and leaders also divided against themselves. France has pronounced twice, in less than a year, against the Republic, first by the election of December 10th, and then by the election of the Legislative Assembly; but she will blindly accept whatever is offered to her under the disguise of order and repose. When you took office to keep Jules Favre out, you did a good and self-denying act. You will do a still more useful action if you baffle an enterprise which will be the inevitable result of a riot that every one anticipates and that a few look forward to. No, stay where you are, and help to prolong this Provisional Government, which maintains internal and external security, until something more and something better become possible."

M. Berryer expatiated a long time on this theme, with that accent of emotion and that incomparable eloquence which escaped in floods from his lips whenever he spoke of France. As if by magic he made

men forget all that was personal; he effaced what I believed to be my objections, and which, perhaps, were but my susceptibilities. I left him vanquished and calmed, saying to him and saying to myself, for my consolation and sustenance, that when once the educational law had passed, and the Sovereign Pontiff had re-entered Rome, I should recover my liberty of action. This was not the whole of my dream. I said to myself that when again free to work out the ideas of my whole life, I would unceasingly devote myself to the reconciliation of the two monarchical parties, the sole means of reconciling the two branches of the Royal House, so that when the destined hour arrived, the country might see a true and strong national monarchy in place of the treacherous and dangerous monarchy of the Napoleons.

In the meantime I must return to realities. I wrote to M. Odilon Barrot to say that, in spite of the objections that I had urged for the last time, he could inform M. Dufaure of my submission to the terms which I had repudiated the previous evening. I afterwards saw M. Dufaure, who did not attach more importance to courtesy from others than in himself, and I said to him, without holding out my hand, "I am not your colleague, but your prisoner." On the following day, the 3rd June, the list of the Ministry appeared in the *Moniteur*. M. Drouyn de Lhuys left soon afterwards for the embassy of London, and M. Buffet retired without any other reward than that so worthy of him: the profound regret

of his friends and the satisfaction of a disinterested conscience.

Since that time our country has been the prey of the most melancholy and the most contradictory events. Who, therefore, can be certain of having at this crisis rendered her good or evil service? For myself, I cannot look back without renewed apprehensions to my anguish at this epoch and to my responsibility of a day. All I can say, after a lapse of thirty years, in favour of myself is that I endeavoured to do my duty and believe that I succeeded. Even after what has occurred since, I cannot say whether it would have been better to let the President take his course and exhaust his destiny at once. I do not know what would have happened if the Government had been placed in more docile hands, whether a Napoleonic attempt, an Orleanist attempt, or a demagogic effort would have got the upper hand. But I am quite sure of one thing, that by contributing in a decisive way to prolong a prudent honest policy, by depriving force and audacity of their best chances, by giving sincere and serious men of all parties the time to collect themselves, to draw together and to prepare deliberately and skilfully a loyal and solid Government, I believed that I was securing for my country the best conditions of safety, and that I was doing my best to ensure a national and durable future. As to the imminence of disturbance, I was certainly not mistaken. It broke out on the 13th June, ten days after the modification of the Ministry, upon an appeal

to arms which M. Ledru-Rollin only made from the tribune of the Assembly hesitatingly and with visible repugnance. Thanks to General Changarnier's skilful energy, M. Ledru-Rollin's defeat was so complete that it rendered him ridiculous, and, in Paris at least, it did not cost one drop of blood. The Assembly, scarcely installed, was little moved by it, and leant more towards indulgence than severity. The very questionable disavowals of the principal members of the Mountain easily disarmed it, and it put an end as quickly as possible to all irritating measures and discussions, to enter upon its legislative career with calm dignity.

During the five months which had elapsed since the formation of the Ministry no time had been lost either by the Commission charged with the preparation of the educational law nor by myself, and I introduced the measure at the sitting of the 18th June. It was very well received by the majority of the Assembly, but it encountered an unexpected opposition from the *Univers*. It was at this date that M. Louis Veuillot's Separatist action commenced amongst the Catholics. He opened it by polemics which foreshadowed the excesses of conduct and language to which he afterwards abandoned himself. I can but too easily justify, when the time comes, the judgment which began from that time to form itself in my mind and of which I now note the first impressions. M. Veuillot's imprecations at first had little success with the episcopacy. Soon, however, by dint of perseverance, the *Univers*

became more dangerous, and its protests, brilliantly worded and incessantly renewed, alarmed some conscientious persons.

I could not, as Minister, enter into direct controversy with a newspaper. But I could, in my own name, appeal to the good sense and confidence of my friends. I set myself to find an opportunity for this. M. de Vatimesnil was president of a Catholic club founded for the young men of the schools by persons of position and influence. M. de Vatimesnil called a general meeting of the members of this club, of its adherents, patrons, &c., and I was officially invited. The vast hall was nearly filled by men who, from far or near, from Paris or the departments, had devoted themselves to the controversies of religion.

Led astray by his constant kindness for me, M. de Vatimesnil conceived the unfortunate idea of deputing to me, in spite of myself, the presidency of this meeting, and of addressing a personal compliment to me, instead of preparing some ground upon which I could offer an explanation of the educational bill. I thanked him aloud, and upbraided him *sotto voce*. He admitted thinking "that I had brought a set speech with me, and was anxious to let me deliver it as it seemed best to me." I replied such a course would bear too much resemblance to an official act, which would not meet the approval of my colleagues in the Ministry; and making the best of this unfortunate circumstance, I requested the author of some written treatise which I cannot now remember to read it. I was going to close the

meeting after this address. But in all meetings which include persons of extreme opinions there are always some men who have the knack of doing the wrong thing, and who have a peculiar genius for compromising the cause they wish to serve. The man who rose to request permission to speak was one of this kidney. This was the Marquis de Régnon, a small fiery man, eminently worthy of respect, an obstinate Breton, with a naturally paradoxical mind, who ruined his numerous family by printing pamphlets and books which nobody would buy. "Now we are well out of the mess!" I said under my breath to M. de Vatimesnil, and I gave M. de Régnon permission to speak with a satisfaction of which he was far from suspecting the real reason. Never was expectation better realised than mine. Not an argument of the *Univers* was omitted, everything was exaggerated and presented under the most favourable form for refutation. This made my situation inexpugnable, for no one could complain if I parried blows dealt at close quarters, and I gave myself full scope.

One of the most disputed innovations of the measure was that of raising the number of rectors to eighty-six. The bill created a council of instruction for each department, introducing into this council the bishop, magistrates, and fathers of families. The University, therefore, should in its turn also have been represented on these councils, and it appeared to us that only a rector could combine a sufficient amount of competence and authority.

"What a windfall for the members of the Universities!" exclaimed the *Univers* every day. "What a delinquency on the part of the Catholics!" cried M. de Régnon.

In answering him on this point I said, "M. de Régnon is entirely mistaken about the institution of new rectors. It is not, as he pretends, the University multiplied by 86; it is—a very different operation—the University divided by 86." This definition was warmly applauded.

I must here note a characteristic feature in such men as the Marquis de Régnon. They are not only responsible for their own faults; they have also to answer for the errors which they force others to commit. My opponent obliged me to use a weapon against him which more serious adversaries might seize, and which they did not neglect to use before the Chamber, fortunately with great want of success.

M. de Régnon had found great fault with the provisions of the bill respecting qualifications, and declared that free institutions would not find professors under such stringent conditions. I replied, "You do not know the clergy; you do not know the educational brotherhoods. In any case, I do not deny that the Catholics have some progress to make. But this progress I ardently wish for, and I shall be happy to stimulate it."

Then, striving to avoid speaking in too ministerial a tone, I had recourse to a fable.

"In my youth," I continued, "I visited, near

Potsdam, the *Ile des Chinois*, and I asked from whence it obtained this name. They told me that in the last century two young Chinese had been landed from a vessel stranded in the Baltic. They were at once rescued and conducted to the Prussian Court. Being questioned as to their origin, they stated that they were the two sons of a mandarin, and Frederick the Great arranged that they should be treated according to their birth, and be taught all the European sciences. At the end of a few months the two little shipwrecked strangers solicited an audience, and then, on their knees, they implored the King's pardon for a fraud of which they had not calculated the extent. Their father, they asserted, was not a mandarin but a simple gardener. They could not accustom themselves to the studies imposed upon them, and they implored as a favour that they might return to the labours befitting their station. The King consented. The lads were made to leave their dictionaries and grammars, and were given the pickaxe and spade. But at the end of a few weeks there was another request for an audience. 'Sire,' said they, 'we are overwhelmed with work beyond our strength. In our country a gardener means one that walks in the gardens.' This time the King of Prussia, renouncing all interest in his two new subjects, gave himself no more trouble with them, leaving them the enjoyment of the island that still bears their name.

"Well! the Catholics do not desire to be and should not be Chinese gardeners. They have not

conquered, at the price of such long struggles, the field of liberty in order to promenade there in idleness, with a parasol over their heads. They have conquered it in order to clear it by the sweat of their brow, to dig and fertilise it."

Lastly, M. de Régnon had stigmatised in very hard terms the idea of any reconciliation with the University, which ought, according to him, to be simply abolished. "Take care," I said, "more than one battle has been lost because the victory has been pushed too far. You and I are both from the west; do not therefore be surprised if I answer you with an anecdote of the Vendéan war.

"Charette was besieging Nantes. He had already forced the first lines of the defence, when the Prince de Talmont, quite out of breath, galloped up, exclaiming, 'General, the gate of Vannes had been left open. The whole Republican army precipitated themselves through it in great disorder. I have taken it upon myself to place batteries of artillery upon the road; in a few hours the terrified enemy will have ceased to exist.' 'Alas!' cried Charette, striking his forehead, 'We are lost!'"

"And, as a matter of fact, the Republican army, finding itself driven back upon this road, which the general had prudently left open, re-entered the city, made a last despairing effort, regained the abandoned positions, and Nantes, the key of Vendée, was lost to the Vendéans for ever. Allow me then, Marquis, to tell you, in the name of Charette, that

you must never thoughtlessly close the gate of Vannes."

I must acknowledge that I enjoy recalling the events of that evening, not because it is pleasant to me but because I believe it is still useful. For a long time perhaps, and probably for too long a time, it is desirable that man should be taught to repeat, "Non recuso laborem." Not less suitable would it be that the victorious should be made to say, "Do not push your victory too far if you wish to make it secure and durable."

As to my personal relations with the President, they had gradually become as affectionate as they well could be with the reserve which we each imposed upon ourselves. He never alluded before me to any Napoleonic ambition or hope. He even one day said to me, "Show me the House of Bourbon reunited, and you will then find me quite ready to take up my hat and stick." I did not allow this remark to slip, and hastened to repeat it to those who were, as I knew, in communication with the Princes, adding, "The accent appeared sincere, but even if the utterer is less so, it would be equally important to take him at his word and pin him to what he said."

In the meantime I never lost an opportunity of speaking frankly to him. "We are on the road to the Monarchy," I said to him, "and on the way you will find me a faithful resolute Conservative. Once our aim is attained, I shall no less resolutely separate myself from whatever is not the Monarchy." Under

these circumstances we mutually felt at our ease, and I believe that his sympathy was unfeigned, for I found him the same at the Tuileries many years afterwards, when I had to go there in the name of the French Academy.

Some of my colleagues in the Ministry were very assiduous in their attentions to the members of the Bonaparte family; I dispensed with all this, and the President never showed me any ill-will on this account. It is told that King Jerome said one day to his nephew, after a storm of reproaches—

"You have nothing of the Emperor about you!" and that the President answered bitterly, "You are mistaken, my dear uncle, I have his family!"

I cannot assert that these words were ever spoken, but I can assert that they were thought. During the first few days after the 10th of December, the President mentioned his uncle to me with visible embarrassment: "He is needy," he said to us, "and I have no means of relieving his painful position except by conferring some lucrative post upon him. But I own that this will not be easy." M. Lacrosse, the most zealous among us in such matters, proposed the government of the Invalides. The Emperor's tomb guarded by the last of his surviving brothers inflamed M. Odilon Barrot's imagination, and the President displayed real gratitude like a man relieved from great importunity.

When he honoured me by dining at the Ministry of Public Instruction I did not consider myself obliged

to invite either King Jerome or Prince Napoleon, who sat in the Assembly on benches far distant from my own. On the contrary, I surrounded my guest with several members of the Right, at the same time as with the most notable Legitimists of the Faubourg St. Germain, such as the Duc de Rohan, who left the following day to pay a visit to the Comte de Chambord, the Prince de Chalais, and the Duc de Maillé. The President appeared to enjoy himself in this society. He prolonged the evening, and when retiring said to my wife, "I thank you, madame, and I particularly thank your husband for the guests you have invited me to meet."

Prince Napoleon, on his side, was determined that I should not be ignorant of his displeasure. The following week I dined with him at the house of the President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, who, through an oversight, or through the mischievous humour of which he was so prodigal, placed me by the side of Prince Napoleon. "You see," said the latter, as we seated ourselves at table, "there are some people who think they can ask me to dinner." This did not prevent me from seconding his wish for the Spanish embassy, which he desired, no one knew why; for he was scarcely installed at Madrid before he placed himself in opposition to Queen Isabella and the whole Spanish Government. The Queen promptly addressed a complaint to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and demanded the recall of our ambassador. A refusal was impossible towards Spain, yet it was a delicate matter to arrange

with the President. M. Drouyn de Lhuys communicated his difficulty to us, and we all promised him our support. At the following council M. Drouyn de Lhuys entered with much periphrase upon the series of accusations. The President soon interrupted him with his usual coolness and deliberation: "I see your conclusion, M. Drouyn de Lhuys. You may believe that I am well acquainted with my cousin. My cousin is a monster!" These last words, articulated without violence, without even a change of tone, with an accent of profound conviction, rescued M. Drouyn de Lhuys from his perplexity, and he went on to relate how Prince Napoleon on his way to Bordeaux had visited the prisons in order to shake hands with several political prisoners, to whom he gave an assurance of speedy liberation, at the same time indulging in diatribes of every kind against his cousin. He added that, once in Spain, the ambassador immediately placed himself in communication with the enemies of the Government to which he was accredited, loudly asserting that the house of Bourbon ought to be expelled, with their consent or by force, from those countries where they still reigned. M. Barrot, who never lost sight of the public tribune, and rightly so, because it was his field of battle, did not dispute the necessity of recalling our ambassador, but insisted upon other difficulties that his return would produce in the Assembly. "You are right," said the President, "we must guard against that." And, in fact, he personally undertook to send an aide-de-camp to

Tours to forbid the Prince from going any further, and to arrange for his departure from the country. This forced exile was accepted, and, so far as I remember, the Prince left for England without passing through Paris.

Several railways were inaugurated during the Barrot Ministry, among others the Chartres railway. I did not join the Ministers, who travelled in the carriage reserved for the President and his friends, because I carefully confined myself to my own functions, partly through want of leisure, partly through my distaste for state ceremonials. I was informed that the President would be addressed in the name of the clergy, and I took care to assure myself that his reply would be satisfactory. The speech was made by a vicar-general, as substitute for the bishop, M. Clausel de Montals, who was eighty-five or eighty-six years old. The President responded in terms that were then highly applauded by all the Catholics. On our return he said to me, "I made a point of calling upon the old Bishop of Chartres, of whom you spoke as of an apostle. Nothing more venerable can be imagined. The grand vicar whom you induced me to nominate as bishop is far from pleasing to me. He speaks too much, and without tact. I think that we have been deceived with regard to him. If we had known Abbé Pie before his nomination he would never have been Bishop of Poitiers!"

Abbé Pie occupied the see of Poitiers for thirty years with great distinction. He had displayed, ac-

cording to those who were able to judge, great theological powers, but he retained in questions where personal judgment has more liberty that lack of balance and moderation which was noticeable in his conversation.

A short time afterwards I had to propose a new candidate for the President's signature, and I presented the name of Abbé Dupanloup. Both spent the same number of years, the one at Poitiers, the other at Orleans. I need not here define the difference between their two careers. This difference has not escaped their contemporaries, and will not escape the notice of posterity. A third bishop, who in some ways resembled them both, the Bishop of Orleans in eloquence and the Bishop of Poitiers in certain tendencies, M. Mermillod, the proscribed Bishop of Geneva, has well expressed this difference, saying that "Mgr. Pie occupied himself chiefly with ideas, Mgr. Dupanloup chiefly with souls." I will confine myself to retracing under what circumstances the promotion of the Bishop of Orleans took place and was forced upon him.

Abbé Dupanloup had made an ineffaceable impression upon the mind, I may even say upon the heart, of all those who during four months had studied the various social evils with him, and had worked at their cure with the same patriotic devotion. Several among them, particularly M. Thiers and M. Cousin, frequently repeated to me, "This man must be a bishop." I was far from contradicting them. But still it was necessary

that a see should be vacant, and that this see should not take him too far from the political and intellectual centre of our country. An unforeseen death decided the matter. M. Fayet, the Bishop of Orleans, and a member of the Assembly, where he was much beloved, was suddenly taken from us, after a few hours' illness, by cholera. His successor, evidently, was Abbé Dupanloup; but I had reckoned without Abbé Dupanloup himself. He repulsed my first overtures with an accent which showed me that I should not easily overcome his resistance.

I at once summoned Père de Ravignan to my assistance, as he was both the most intimate and the most influential friend of Abbé Dupanloup. Père de Ravignan cordially endorsed my wishes, but, to my great surprise, he was not more successful than I had been.

At the same time, other friends interposed in a contrary direction. M. Molé especially declared that the idea of sending Abbé Dupanloup away from Paris was absolutely fatal, that no one could replace him there, either for the guidance of young men nor for the direction of souls of every class and condition. I did not yield to these ardent protests, but pointed out that there were also young men and souls in the provinces; that the episcopal position gave authority to every quality of a man from a social point of view, while from a religious point of view it enhanced a virtue that nothing could supplement. I insisted upon the proximity of Orleans to Paris. I even went so far as to drag into my argument the railway and all the

new facilities which it offered to devotion. I added with perfect sincerity that the new bishop would not be rigorously bound to residence; that assuredly, as a general rule, a bishop should be nominated, first of all, for his diocese, but that some bishops should also be nominated for the whole episcopacy, and that if this were an exception, it would under the circumstances be fully justified. These arguments triumphed over most of our friends, but they could not vanquish Abbé Dupanloup, and Père de Ravignan came and told me with sorrow that we must definitely renounce our plan. I gave it up. Some days later I received Cardinal Girard, Archbishop of Cambrai, on his way back from Gaëta, where he had undertaken an official mission to Pius IX., to which, for my part, I attached great importance. After talking to the Cardinal for a long time about his mission and its results, I mentioned the bishopric of Orleans, and I asked him whom he would choose. "There is but one," said he, "Abbé Dupanloup."

"He has refused me point blank."

"You must send Père de Ravignan to him."

"I have done so, but Père de Ravignan has failed like myself."

The gentle and venerable Cardinal Girard then assumed a very severe expression as he said—

"I have just examined closely the misfortunes of the Church: will you authorise me to describe the picture to Abbé Dupanloup, and make him blush for a refusal that cannot be persevered in?"

"Not only do I authorise you, Monsignor, but I entreat you to do so."

And I added, "Do not content yourself with a few respectfully evasive words, which would leave us in the same difficulty. Exact a written promise, and kindly place it in my hands before your departure."

It will be seen how greatly I feared the Abbé's resolution, and I was not far wrong. The Cardinal did not reappear for forty-eight hours. After several interviews, in which he was forced to invoke all that could touch and conquer a priest's heart, he at last brought me the following letter:—

"Easter Friday.

"Monsieur le Ministre,

"The saying that decided you has decided me. *Satius est Dei causâ servitutem subire, quâm crucis fugâ perfrui libertate.*

"It is then ended; I give you my sorrowful but sure promise. Yes.

"In spite of the painful influence which you will have had over the close of my life, you are not the less dear to my heart, and you know how much God has filled it with tenderness and respect for you.

"F. Dupanloup."

This is how the man who will be known in history as the Bishop of Orleans entered the episcopate.

Soon afterwards the railway to Angers had to be inaugurated. I could not refuse the honour of accompanying the President to the department that I represented, but I ventured to make one condition. I demanded that all the Royalists still confined in the Mont-Saint-Michel and in the other prisons for their participation in the rising of 1832 should be made the

object of a special amnesty. I applied for a complete list of these prisoners to the Duchesse de Narbonne, the Vicomtesse de Saint-Priest, and the Comtesse de Botderu, who for seventeen years had unceasingly occupied themselves about them and their families, and I sent this note to M. Barrot, trusting that, in his position as President of the Council of State, he would hasten the completion of the necessary forms. After a long delay, whether intentional or not, M. Barrot brought the bundle of papers to the Council of Ministers on the eve of the day appointed for our departure. To my great surprise, the Council of State gave an unfavourable opinion, and although this was not necessary, first M. Barrot and then M. Dufaure insisted that the President should not depart from it. They protested that the Left, to whom they refused an amnesty, would be astonished and indignant at our indulgence towards another party. I answered my colleagues by saying that there was no possible comparison to be made between an insurrection which had caused so much bloodshed in Paris and a disturbance which had vanished as quickly as it had arisen; that there was no point of resemblance between the two events, and still less between the two punishments, for while scarcely a year had elapsed since the crime of June, seventeen years of captivity had already weighed heavily upon the heads of the insurgents of the West. M. de Tocqueville warmly and nobly supported me. The President remained mute, and the majority of the Council, taking his silence for the condemnation of my

address, ratified the decision of the Council of State. The sitting was closed. I allowed my colleagues to leave, and remained alone with the President. I then declared that I would not follow him to Angers even if I were forced to resign in consequence. He interrupted me before I had got further and said—

"You know that I dislike useless discussions. I would not therefore join in this one. But my resolution is not shaken by it. Your susceptibility is perfectly right. I am myself ashamed of this incident, for if I had known sooner of the existence of these prisoners they would have been at liberty already."

Then, taking the bundle of papers that had been left for him to sign from the table, "Take them home with you," he added, "and write over each name the commutation of sentence that you consider suitable."

This was done very simply and said very naturally, and I effusively thanked the President.

I did not repeat my thanks on the Ministerial bench, where I promptly rejoined MM. Barrot and Dufaure, in order to write under their eyes at the bottom of each paper, "Free Pardon." They displayed some annoyance, but M. de Tocqueville undertook to console them, and I only occupied myself with the formalities for the despatch of the pardons.

The President invested his journey to the West with much solemnity, and showed himself particularly prodigal of kind intentions towards the Legitimists.

After stopping at Etampes, in order to review the National Guard, after kneeling in the cathedral of

Orleans, which was filled with an immense crowd, he dined and slept at Saumur. He wished to enter the city on horseback, in order to find himself in contact with the population assembled from all parts, and to receive their petitions more directly. His expectations were not disappointed, for neither petitions nor acclamations were lacking. On the following morning he attended a brilliant tournament at the Cavalry School, and left for Angers. The venerable bishop, M. Angebault, was waiting for him at the station. He addressed some suitable respectful words to him, and then the bishop commenced the touching ceremony of blessing the railway locomotives.

This descent of the Loire was full of stirring incidents. At Saint Florent the population was gathered in a crowd on the shores, which re-echoed with the heartiest shouts of welcome. Our boat stopped, and the President bowed several times. I stood silently behind him, watching this fine spectacle, but also looking further forward. Beyond Saint Florent I saw the whole of La Vendée. At Saint Florent itself I perceived the monument to Bonchamps, and I saw, as it were, the spectre of that terrible crossing of the Loire, the supreme blow which ruined the struggles and hopes of La Vendée. My eyes filled with tears. M. de Heeckeren saw it, and coming up to me clasped my hand. Neither of us spoke, we did not need words to understand each other.

At Nantes the official reception was very different from that of Angers. A magnificent tent had been

erected on the Place Graslin. A splendid banquet was provided, followed by a beautiful ball in the theatre, magnificently illuminated inside and out.

On the following day we posted back to the railway station of Angers. The Prince took M. Dupin and me with him in his carriage. The President of the Republic had no love for the President of the Assembly, who returned the compliment up to the 10th of December. The conversation was therefore chiefly addressed to me.

"I was much amused last evening to see you dancing opposite to me," said the President. "You did not dance like a Minister. You looked as though you were dancing on your own account."

Conversation between three persons shut up together for six hours in a carriage is not inexhaustible. It was, however, necessary to maintain it, so long at least as the President, who never added much to its animation, appeared to desire it. I therefore sympathised with his kindly feeling towards the authorities of the Loire-Inférieure, and then I added that charity frequently assumed strange disguises, even that of avarice, and I related an anecdote that I had heard from the Comtesse de Rességuier, a *dame de charité* at Saint Roch. Receiving a liberal donation from a man whose clothes and dwelling led her to imagine him very poor, she returned and knocked at his door as soon as she saw what the sum was. "You have made a mistake, perhaps," she said to the supposed poor man; but looking round at his modest furniture

he replied, "Madame, it is only by living as I live that I can afford the pleasure of being charitable."

"You are quite right," replied the President in his turn. "No one knows what charity is capable of doing! Will you believe that I who am now talking to you have stolen to give?"

"I will believe it, sir, when you have kindly told us by what means you reconciled your benevolence with your honesty."

"I was in Switzerland with my mother, and I had a great liking for a young neighbour who was destined to enter the army. He had not a penny wherewith to purchase the case of mathematical instruments which were necessary for his studies. My purse was no fuller than his own. I ran upstairs, entered Dr. Conneau's room, took a beautiful box of compasses which he never used, and gave it to my young friend, concealing from him the origin of the gift. This was wonderfully successful for some months, but one morning M. Conneau came and complained to my mother that he had been robbed, declaring that only one servant entered his room and that this man must have been the culprit. In face of such a direct accusation I was forced to denounce myself. My mother gracefully compensated Dr. Conneau, who promised to keep my secret from my young neighbour, and was true to his word." *

* One of my friends assures me that my memory is at fault, and that this incident took place at Ham, between the Prince, then a prisoner, and an officer of the garrison in the fortress. I

Thus, what with chatting and dozing, we reached the château of Serrant, a magnificent residence near Angers, which Napoleon I. called the finest castle in France. The owner, Count Alfred Walsh, who had formerly relations of his name in the service of the Imperial Family, had prepared a splendid reception for the Emperor's nephew. The President was treated as a sovereign according to all the rules of the old etiquette. The master of the house yielded his place at table to him, and only claimed his right to toast the President, standing, in the excellent wine of the *coulée de Serrant.* The august guest responded in very aristocratic terms, and we then passed through Angers, where we rejoined the railway. At Tours there was another review, which I did not consider it necessary to attend, and another banquet. I lodged at the Archbishop's palace, M. Morlot, since Archbishop of Paris and Cardinal, having himself come to the Ministry to honour me with an invitation. It was to this circumstance that I owed my ignorance of the presence of a very undesirable foreigner in the President's suite, who had very mysteriously accompanied him during the whole journey, and whom he now lodged in the apartment of the Receiver-General, then absent.

have vainly endeavoured to obtain an explanation of it from Dr. Conneau. I do not, however, think that I am mistaken. But in any case the story was related to me by the President himself, and the place where the incident occurred is of little consequence.

M. Barrot in his *Mémoires** relates that he indirectly made on this subject some rather strong representations to the Elysée, and moreover that they were badly received. It was not until then that I was informed of this incident, and I was once more astonished at the curious contrasts of the human heart. No one was more master of himself than the President, no one was more preoccupied with his own ambition; his whole journey in the West was devoted to endeavouring to win over the religious and Legitimist parties, and yet he was unable to impose upon himself four days of respect for others and for himself.

* Odilon Barrot, *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 361.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY — PUBLIC RELIEF — THE ROMAN QUESTION — LETTER TO COLONEL EDGARNEY—MOTU PROPRIO—ILLNESS—RESIGNATION.

1849.

During this time the Roman question had entered upon a fresh phase, and the Mountain was bent upon making it a firebrand of discord. To substitute the members of the clubs for the soldiers, and, if they could have done it, the tribunal for the captain, became the error, the illusion, the infatuation of nearly the whole of the Opposition.

It is grievous to find, at nearly every revolutionary crisis, that the men who affect the most exaltation as patriots lose the very sentiment of patriotism as soon as it interferes with the current of their dominant passions. "Patriots," said M. Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat*, "no longer wish for the public to be victorious, because their victories are advantageous to the Directoire." This painful spectacle recurred in our days. The whole time that our expedition lasted the Mountain loudly expressed its wishes for the failure of the French army.

The siege of Rome was prolonged by the orders given to the artillery to spare the principal monuments of the Eternal City, and one of our soldiers, wounded by the explosion of a shell, gaily exclaimed, "But I, too, am a monument." Officers and soldiers were animated by the same respect for the Christian capital and its masterpieces, while the Mazzinians of Rome and Paris treated these precautions as a new pretext for disparaging our army and sneering at its impotence. The inhabitants of the Roman country and the Romans themselves solicited the Pope's return. They were met with false accounts of the state of France, and were promised the accession of a French Republic, sister to the Roman Republic, while resistance was imposed upon them by sheer terror. However, when manifest symptoms of weariness broke out and almost became a revolt, Mazzini endeavoured to secure his personal safety by a tardy resignation. The municipality, followed by the foreign consuls, went to General Oudinot to implore an armistice. A cessation of hostilities was accorded in courteous terms, but without conditions. On the following day, the third of July, the French general entered Rome at the head of a brilliant cortège. Cries of "*Vive la France! Vivent nos liberateurs! Vive Pie IX.!*" accompanied our troops through all the populous quarters of the city. All along the Corso, the Café des Beaux Arts, which was the usual meeting place of the central club, was the only point at which a few antagonistic demonstrations were attempted. They were immediately repressed, and a flag sur-

mounted by a red cap, the last symbol of the expiring Republic, was lowered without difficulty; while the foreign bands of soldiers that had not retired with Mazzini and Garibaldi were dispersed. The corps of Carabinieri, that is to say the Roman police, eagerly placed themselves under the orders of the French staff officer, and General Oudinot, by confiding to them the guard of the Colonna Palace, the residence of the French Embassy, where he was then living himself, gave the Romans a pledge of well-merited confidence. In fact, the real people of Rome, left to themselves, showed more zeal in destroying the barricades than they had displayed in raising them.

At the same time, Colonel Niel, the head of the engineers' staff, left for Gaëta, in order to restore to the Pope the keys of his pacified capital. Pius IX. received the valiant soldier with emotion, as he spoke in the name of France, and answered—

"She never promised me anything, yet it was upon her that I relied. I felt that, at a fitting moment, France would shed her blood for the Church, and, what is perhaps more difficult for her valorous children, would show a restrained courage, a persevering patience, to which I owe the preservation of my city of Rome, the treasure of the world, the beloved city, towards which, during my exile, my heart and my eyes, full of anguish, are ever turned!"*

This was truly the language and inspiration of a Pope, but it was not the sentiment of the retrograde

* *Expédition de Rome*, by M. Léopold de Gaillard.

party in Rome, nor the tendency of the foreign ambassadors. At this epoch, Russia and Prussia were closely allied to mutually raise and defend the traditions of their past; Austria, who had only ceded the first place to us with regret, fully intended to claim it in all the rest of Italy, and the King of Naples was well aware that every concession made in the Roman States would inevitably be enforced in the Neapolitan States. Thus a concert of recriminations against French influence was sounded in the ears of the Holy Father. Every one had some auxiliary amongst the Pope's intimate friends. The young Cardinal Antonelli, who filled provisionally the functions of Secretary of State, affected an extreme modesty and appeared to aspire to disinterested service of the Church only. However, he allowed clear-sighted eyes to pierce through his apparent zeal and read the passion for dominion and lucre with which his long ministry will remain sullied. Cardinal Antonelli was in many respects the antipodes of Pius IX. He was as cold in his calculations as the Sovereign Pontiff was spontaneous in his impulses. His haughty immobility allowed the smiling amiability of Pius IX. to give itself free scope, and waited to exercise its influence until the Pope was in a difficulty. It was by yielding in details that he ruled in great matters, and history will never fully reveal what injury he wrought to a reign begun under other auspices and aiming at the highest results.

Pius IX. was a Louis XVI., whose journey to

Varennes had succeeded. Unassailable and unassailed in his spiritual sovereignty, he had promised much, and had much to perform before any durable restoration of his temporal power could take place. No one knew this better than he did, nor at times gave wittier expression to it. Cardinal Antonelli with much adroitness repeated to him that by throwing himself into these reforms he had only gained and would only gain ingratitude. Did he forget that ingratitude is the merit and glory of those who would do good? If the ungrateful were able to make justice recede and goodness repent, to do good would no longer be a virtue but a traffic, and one of the purest elements of human greatness, one of the characteristic traits of the genius of princes and of the skill of statesmen, would disappear. The first impulse of Pius IX. was to repulse these suggestions and these selfish councils, but his prudence ultimately took alarm. It was represented to him under every form that duties changed with circumstances. In this way an endeavour was made to delay his return among his people whom he was eager to bless. No one can now say what acclamations would have greeted him from the whole of Italy had Pius IX. obeyed his first impulse and left Gaëta for Rome on the day after the reappearance of the Papal flag on the Capitol and the Castle of Saint Angelo. The promoters of discord and unhappiness would not allow him to do so, and the greatest difficulties arose in consequence.

In Paris, the Left regained courage from all that

was passing at Gaëta. Agitation recommenced on the Roman question, and at the Palais Bourbon a sincere but inconsistent Catholic, M. Arnaud de l'Ariège, undertook to open the breach.* His speech called up M. de Tocqueville to the tribune.

"Whatever we may dream," he said courageously, "the religion which comes from on high is made to live among us here in the midst of the conflict of our interests and passions. Although its kingdom is not of this world, according to the oft-quoted words of its divine Founder, it does not exert a less constant and immediate influence over the events of this world. It is, then, of the utmost importance that the Head of religion should not have to submit to the preponderance of any Power. The liberties of our souls and the tranquillity of States are at stake. Now, up to the present time, no one ever thought of any other means of retaining the independence of the Pope except that of leaving him a temporal sovereignty."

M. de Tocqueville was sincere when making this profession of faith from the tribune, but he would have stifled his thoughts in the depths of his heart if he had not been able at the same time to add the following words:—

"I am convinced—and I am not afraid of making this prediction from the tribune—I am convinced that if the Holy See does not introduce considerable reforms into the laws and the judicial and adminis-

* Sittings of the 6th and 7th of August, 1849.

trative customs of the States under its rule; if to these it does not add liberal institutions, compatible with the actual condition of the people; I am convinced, I repeat, that however great may be the force attaching itself to this old institution of the temporal power of the Popes, however powerful the hands may be that will be stretched out to support it from one end of Europe to the other, this power will soon be in great peril. For my own part, I am profoundly convinced of this fact. . . . . I have the deepest admiration, greater than I can describe to you, for this admirable moral power, the greatest that has ever been seen, which is called the Catholic Church. (Murmurs from the Left.) I ardently hope that she may preserve her power of government and of expansion in the world. (Murmurs on the Left.) But I am convinced that there is only one way of her doing so, and that is for the Church not to unnecessarily sever herself from the spirit of the age, but wherever the age presents moderate ideas possible of application, facts that can be justified, thoughts which can be admitted, wherever such things are met with, for her to approach rather than eschew them."

While listening to this speech, irrefutable if read calmly and in good faith, I had a presentiment that it would be misinterpreted at Gaëta and used against us. When I saw M. Jules Favre ascend the tribune to reply to M. de Tocqueville, I also felt the conviction that it would be easy to answer the orator of the Left, and that without retracting anything of what M. de Tocqueville had said, I could with advantage supple-

ment it. I had often found it hard to be silent in the Constituent Assembly, but silence had often been imposed upon me, for of all the members of the Cabinet I gave it the most umbrage. I had not the same motives for reserve before the Legislative Assembly. I did not conceal anything of my double impression from my colleague of Foreign Affairs, who, with the most cordial good-will, consented to retouch a few lines of his speech, giving me all the documents which could be necessary for the morrow's conflict. These documents were accompanied by the following note, in which M. de Tocqueville's perfect simplicity and perfect loyalty will be recognised:—

"My dear Colleague,

"Forgive me for not having sooner replied to you. I have spent my morning in attentively reading over all the letters from Corcelle; I have not found anything in them that refers to what you said, nor anything that would be useful to your project; but, on the other hand, there are many facts, opinions or affirmations, relative to the absolute necessity of the Pope and the Church making sincere reforms, and to the universal hatred felt by the Roman populations for the abuses of the Pontifical Government.

"I send you the despatches for which you asked. We will discuss in Council the use you are to make of them. I do not see any disadvantage in your availing yourself of them, particularly if you end by reading the passage in which the Pope binds himself towards us, and authorises us to say so. I wish this last passage to be read if anything is read at all, in order to prove that I did not go too far yesterday, and that I do not withdraw to-day, through you, anything of what I said.

"I beg you will read the last part of my speech in the *Moniteur*, in order that you may be able to tell me if I have really grasped your idea in the modifications you wished for.

"Yours sincerely,

"Tuesday, 9, 1/4." "A. de Tocqueville.

M. Jules Favre quite fulfilled my expectations; he was so prolific in violent recriminations that he was unable to finish his speech in the same sitting, and only completed it on the following day. He was visibly preoccupied with the attempt to insidiously win by flattery the private sympathy of the President, of which he never absolutely despaired. He demanded what secret will, what mysterious and persevering influence, had inspired, supported, and directed the President of the Republic in this strange policy. "The Popes and the Bonapartes," he exclaimed, "are not destined to live amicably together. In 1809 the Emperor Napoleon decreed that the Pontifical Government was incompatible with a healthy administration. In 1831 two of Napoleon's nephews, one of whom was destined to die for Italian liberty, wrote a joint letter to Gregory XVI., entreating him to lay down his tiara before his rebellious subjects. Follow these examples given by your own family," added the orator; "remember the Emperor Napoleon, whose lessons you often quote, and they are, in fact, well worth quoting when they are glorious and national."

Then, passing from personal flattery to the favourite theories of all Republicans, he challenged France to consult the Roman populations as to which government they preferred. The length of M. Jules Favre's speech having given me the time to arrange with M. de Tocqueville and to arm myself with despatches from our ambassador, I was able to reply, proof in hand, that it was not the Romans who had resisted,

but adventurers from all parts, assembled at the voice of two leaders, Mazzini and Garibaldi, neither of whom was a Roman. I made the Left a present of the avowal that we had spoken too timidly before the Constituent Assembly, but I made the Left itself responsible for this through its passion and excitement. In my turn I invoked Napoleon, the restorer of Catholic worship in France, and in the best days of his glory, in the happiest inspirations of his reign, the respectful protector of the Popes. The hearty support of the majority compensated me for the violent imprecations of the Mountain, and the discussion was closed without any attempt from M. Jules Favre to continue the debate. 428 votes against 176 sanctioned the results of our expedition and the re-establishment of the temporal power.

The Pope, more and more divided between influences either favourable or hostile to France, full of affectionate confidence towards our two representatives, MM. de Corcelle and de Rayneval, but more implicated than he imagined in the policy of Cardinal Antonelli, which, though outwardly undecided was absolutely retrograde in substance, took a middle course. He announced his return to Rome, but upon the condition of being previously represented there by three cardinals, who in his name would take the most urgent reparatory measures. These were Cardinal Della Genga Sermatei, Cardinal Vannicelli Casoni, and Cardinal Altieri. They reached Rome on the 31st of July, 1849, at ten o'clock at night.

Cardinal Della Genga, nephew of Leo XII., Pius IX.'s last predecessor but one, was by his position and character the preponderant member of this provisional government. He was believed, with or without reason, to belong entirely to the Austrian party. It was said that the proof of this was found in the first proclamation of the cardinals, who bestowed lavish praise upon "the invincible and glorious arms of the Catholic armies which had wrested all the Pontifical States from anarchy." But the French army was not alluded to in any other way and received no special mark of gratitude. "This, like all injustice, was a mistake," truly said M. Léopold de Gaillard, the conscientious, well-informed historian of the events of this epoch.

General Oudinot, personally hurt, but too faithful to the Sovereign Pontiff to give way to any feeling of annoyance, resolved to present himself at Gaëta. He entrusted his powers to General Rostolan, and courageously went to represent to Pius IX. with all the authority given by his unexceptionable devotion the disappointment of the Romans and the astonishment of France at seeing systematic obstacles being raised one after the other to delay the return of the Sovereign Pontiff to the midst of his subjects. The General added that the enemies of Pius IX., that is to say the Absolutists and the Revolutionists, would be the only persons who could profit by this delay; the Absolutists would justify their opposition to his first reforms by the secret repentance with which they credited

him, the Revolutionists by deriding our victory and predicting that we should speedily deplore it. To complete the difficulties of the situation, M. de Corcelle fell seriously ill at Gaëta, and M. de Rayneval in his despatches did not conceal his despondency. M. de Tocqueville, not less discouraged, at length put on one side all diplomatic reserve, writing to General Oudinot, on the 4th August, "You have certainly no orders to give to the Papal authorities, but when the moral interests of your army or care for the honour of your Government appear to you compromised by the results of any measure you are justified in offering advice, and you must offer it in such a way that it will command reflection before any action is taken. We are counsellors with a sword at our side, and this must not be forgotten." M. Barrot and M. de Tocqueville did not omit to communicate their grievances to me, even reproaching me with too much timidity in using the credit which my efforts and my constant solicitude had secured for me at Gaëta. To which I answered "that it was not my timidity but their impatience which had served the retrograde party," and they ended by agreeing with me. But fresh despatches brought new complaints and threw the Council into a state of inexpressible uneasiness. The President, always reserved in his attitude, always cautious in his language, particularly towards me, whom he wished to convince that his sympathy for Pius IX. still continued, now showed some depression. It was

easy to realise that an ardent struggle was going on in his heart between the earliest sentiments of his youth and the opposite engagements that his accession to the head of a Catholic nation imposed upon him. "Ah! Monsieur Molé, dans quelle galère m'avez-vous mis là!" (Ah! Monsieur Molé, what a mess you have landed me in) he said one day, and M. Molé repeated the remark to me.

I was gratified that the President never allowed any of these exclamations to escape him before me; but I could not conceal from myself that reproaches would burst forth sooner or later, and that the explosion would be all the more violent from having been so long compressed. The Holy See was represented in Paris by an intelligent loyal Nuncio, Monsignor Fornari. I frequently saw him at the Nunciature, and I never ceased repeating to him: "Take care, Monsignor, do not allow the least illusion to be entertained at Gaëta. They rely upon my presence in the Ministry to avert all danger, and I really think I deserve the honour, but remember that should any crisis occur I have no other weapon than my resignation, and that my resignation would probably be the signal for a change of system, upon which you would have little reason to congratulate yourselves. I know quite well that you must negotiate with five or six great Powers, who all hold very different views, but there is one Power that you neglect too much—public opinion. In order to govern the world you must first convert it; to diminish the number and obstinacy of claimants, it is

necessary to send some at least away satisfied. For three centuries or more ancient Europe has witnessed monotonous and sad spectacles in matters of reform; everything is taken, and, alas! nothing is given. How well it would become the Church, and how worthy of her it would be, to inaugurate another method!"

Thus my situation became more delicate from day to day, and my responsibility increased, placed as I was between men, all equally conscientious and all equally imperious, some thinking that I did too much, others that I did too little. Under this cross fire, in this incessant perplexity, my health became affected, and I was seized by a commencement of nervous fever. Dr. Récamier, an ardent Catholic, prescribed for me a rest of some weeks at the baths of Néris in the interests even of the mission, which he so greatly wished to see me pursue to the end. I requested leave of absence from the President and my colleagues in the Ministry. The leave was readily accorded, and on the day of my departure I attended the Council once more. The President was seated with the President of the Council on his right, and on his left the Minister of Foreign Affairs, near whom I usually sat. On that day, M. Passy placed himself between M. de Tocqueville and me. He read a voluminous report upon the finances, to which we all listened with a slightly distracted air, for no one pretended to equal M. Passy's knowledge of the subject. I then saw, without either astonishment or anxiety, the President lean towards

M. Tocqueville, say a few words in his ear, and give him a paper. M. de Tocqueville read the paper very attentively, and passed it to me, behind M. Passy, without adding one word. In my turn I read as follows :—

"My dear Edgar,

"The French Republic has not sent an army to Rome in order to stifle Italian liberty there, but, on the contrary, to regulate it by guarding it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis by replacing on the throne the Prince who first of all boldly put himself at the head of every useful reform.

"I hear with regret that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, like our own action, remain fruitless through hostile influences and passions. It is sought to base the Pope's return upon proscription and tyranny. Say to General Rostolan from me, that he ought not to allow any act to be committed under the shadow of the tricolour which could alter the character of our intervention.

"I thus sum up the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope : a general amnesty, the secularisation of the government, the Code Napoléon, and a Liberal Government.

"I have been personally grieved on reading the proclamation of the three cardinals to see that there is no allusion to the name of France nor to the sufferings of our soldiers.

"Any insult offered to our flag or to our uniform cuts me to the heart, and I must beg that you will let it be known that if France does not sell her services, she at least exacts that her sacrifices should be acknowledged.

"When our armies made the tour of Europe, they left everywhere in their rear, as the trace of their passage, the destruction of feudal abuses and the germs of liberty. It must not be said that in 1849 a French army could act in a contrary way and be followed by other results.

"Tell the General to thank the army, in my name, for its noble conduct. I have learnt with sorrow that, even physically, it has not been treated as it ought to have been. Nothing should be neglected for the suitable accommodation of our troops.

"Believe me, my dear Edgar, to remain your sincere friend,

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

When I had read this through I made no attempt to conceal my first impulse. I rose, passed behind M. Passy, who continued his explanation, behind M. de Tocqueville, who watched me with an anxious air, and I said quickly, though in an undertone, to the President—

"Monsieur the President, what is this?"

"A confidential letter, that Edgar Ney will communicate to General Rostolan."

"Has this letter gone?"

"Yes, last evening."

"Then, Monsieur the President, you promise that it shall never be published."

"Oh! no! never."

With that I returned to my place, without interrupting M. Passy, which gave me about twenty minutes in which to reflect, and this time was quite sufficient for me to resolve not to enter any protest against this letter. I had no useful advice to offer since it had left on the preceding evening, and since its strictly confidential character had been guaranteed to me. My confidence in this promise was perhaps less naïve than would appear after the close of the incident. "*My dear Edgar*," instead of "*My dear Ney*," as it afterwards read in the *Moniteur*, and other equally familiar expressions or details, which also disappeared, at first added to my illusion. However, I was also influenced by other motives, of which I make open confession here.

The letter, with or without the transformations

which it underwent for publication, was the justification of my perpetual warning at the Nunciature: "Take care! you are playing with fire." From the moment that the letter had been communicated to General Rostolan I did not doubt that it would pass, sooner or later, under the eyes of the three cardinals, and I considered that in more than one respect, for their own interests, it was rather desirable than the reverse. "They will judge now," I said to myself, "whether I have exaggerated the President's irritation, and whether I have warned them of imaginary dangers. It is a private experiment which may, perhaps, spare them one more disastrous and more irremediable."

I must add, in justice to the President himself, that the mention of the Code Napoléon was less unreasonable in a confidential message than it afterwards appeared in a public document. In a confidential message the allusion was neither astonishing nor offensive, for it was the echo of Pius IX.'s own words. In an interview with M. de Rayneval, an interview which the ambassador had transmitted with much satisfaction to his Government on the 31st of July, the Pope had said, "You Frenchmen are always in a hurry; you go too fast. We Romans prefer to take our time. I admit that occasionally we take a long time, but that must not shock you. Have patience, and I will in the meantime give you some good news. I wished to do something pleasant to France. We have lately been working at a code. Well, I said

yesterday that we must simply take the best of codes, the Code Napoléon, for our model. We must make a few changes in it, but after all it is easy to correct details in great and good things."

The Holy Father then pointed out that the Code Napoléon, with a few corrections, was applied in the Neapolitan States and produced excellent results. I used the twenty or thirty minutes which the reading of M. Passy's report allowed me in asking myself to what extent M. Barrot and M. Dufaure had really ignored or inspired this letter. I was quite sure that they had not drawn it up. It bore too faithfully the touch of the man who, speaking rarely, needs to relieve his mind when he does speak. But, except in form, it contained the exact thoughts of the two principal members of the Cabinet, and they would have stubbornly defended it to the last point had I attacked it outright. I therefore thought it infinitely preferable not to offend them, on the condition that they joined in the promise of secrecy. And, in fact, when the financial question was ended, the President read his letter, repeating aloud what he had just said to me privately. I, in my turn, having already got up to go to the railway, expressed my regret that the Council had not been previously consulted, and I left, if not satisfied, at all events reassured by the unanimous engagement, very clearly expressed by the President and my colleagues, that they would keep the matter secret. My sojourn at Néris was not consecrated to such complete repose as I could have wished,

for I was commissioned by my uncle, Comte Henry de Bombelles, to announce to Madame Swetchine the death of the Comtesse de Nesselrode. I went to Vichy to fulfil my melancholy task, and to convey the expression of my sympathy to an inconsolable grief. My colleagues wrote little to me, and I felt grateful to them for it. I considered their silence and my own the best proof of the political *statu quo* arranged between us. However, at the end of three weeks, M. Lacrosse, the colleague who usually kept me best informed of what was going on, made use of words that alarmed me. His letter was rather embarrassed, and could be summed up in these words: "The Italian complications are increasing, and you would do well not to prolong your absence." My departure was at once arranged for the following day. I lunched at the Château de Meillant, near St. Amand, of which the Duc de Mortemart has made a magnificent residence, and which I visited with the Abbé de Girardin, my travelling companion. They talked a great deal of the invasion of cholera in Berry, and gave me a heartrending picture of the ravages of this scourge in the little town of Nérondes. The mayor, it was said, abandoned the commune, and the terrified population fled from the inhabited houses, believing themselves safer in the midst of the fields. Abbé de Girardin and I thought that we might recall the mayor to a sense of his duty by fulfilling our own. Nérondes was almost on our road, so we went there, sought out the mayor, and obtained, not without some

trouble, the application of the most urgent measures for the suppression of the scourge. Then we pursued our journey towards Bourges, where we rejoined the railway.

On entering the station I bought the newspapers. My surprise and indignation may be imagined when I found in them the President's letter to Colonel Edgar Ney. On reaching the Rue de Grenelle, I learnt from the head of my office, M. Charles Jourdain, since member of the Institute, that public feeling was very strong, and that the President was absent from Paris inaugurating a railway at Sens. I can now allow a witness of my first impressions to speak, who was certainly impartial, M. Merruau, then secretary-general at the prefecture of the Seine.

"M. de Falloux," he said,* "was absent on the day when the letter appeared in the newspapers. He returned in haste, and just as he re-entered the office of the Ministry of Public Instruction I happened to arrive there, wishing to call upon him and consult him upon some municipal business. He could think of one thing only, and that was to send in his resignation. He begged me to be, as it were, his second, and I did not leave him that evening. I at first endeavoured to persuade him to abandon his intention, representing to him that he would by so doing create a violent separation between the Catholics and the Prince, who had rendered great service to the cause of the Holy Father, and who was the principal hope of order and religion. M. de Falloux's retirement being a party act, would it not be impolitic, dangerous for the country, and marked by some ingratitude? I could not induce him to even consult some of his political friends. When he left the table he hastened to place the resignation in the President's hands, but the latter refused to accept it in the

* Merruau, *Souvenirs de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris*, page 392.

most affectionate terms, and gave M. Falloux every satisfaction that he could reasonably ask for. I received at the Elysée itself a conciliatory note, which I hastened to publish in the *Constitutionnel*, where I still exercised some influence."

This was the external picture; now here is the other side. They told me at the Elysée that the Prince had not yet returned, but they expected him to dinner. "I will wait for him too," I replied. He only returned towards nine or ten o'clock in the evening and he immediately entered his study, although he had several guests who were impatient to commence dinner. "Monsieur le Président," I said at once, "you have just given me my dismissal, and I must add that I should thank you for it if I did not leave you full of anxiety for very serious interests."

"Leave me," he said, with an air of great astonishment. "Why?"

"You have published what ought to have been kept secret."

"Do you think that the publication of my letter will entail a change of policy? I do not look upon it in that way. It is only a legitimate retaliation upon Cardinal Della Genga and his two colleagues. But that does not affect the Pope, and cannot in any way change the policy which I have been pleased to follow with you for the last year."

"Such may be your intention, Monsieur le Président, since you do me the honour of telling me so, but it is no longer in your power to arrest the fatal impulse you have raised in France and Italy."

"I will tell you the strict truth, Monsieur de Falloux, and you will see that you exaggerate the importance of the incident. I wished to keep my promise to you and let my letter do its work in silence, when an English despatch, intercepted by the police, was placed before me by the police. This despatch represented me to the English Cabinet as the plaything of the Austrians, and it overwhelmed me with stinging sarcasms, causing me an irritation to which I yielded without reflection. I sent orders to General Rostolan to make known the contents of my letter to the French army and to Rome. The General refused to obey this order, objecting that the letter was not countersigned by a Minister, and that it would produce a dangerous ebullition in Italy. The Ministry still hesitated to support me against General Rostolan, when my letter appeared almost integrally in the *Moniteur Toscan*. Your colleagues then no longer saw any objection to its insertion in the *Moniteur*, and it appeared there. It was a thoroughly personal satisfaction to myself, the effect of which I had scarcely calculated; and I own this to you in all sincerity, it ought not to have and it will not have, you may be sure, any external influence over the whole tenour of our political conduct."

"This confidence certainly modifies my private opinion of the fact in itself, but the public cannot be expected to know this, and I cannot remain the reponsible editor of a document of which my colleagues have accepted the responsibility without me."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur de Falloux, the public must know the truth, I do not wish to conceal it in any way."

He at once seated himself at his writing table, wrote a few lines rapidly, and held the paper to me, saying, "Here, Monsieur de Falloux, will that satisfy you?" It was a disavowal of the letter in the most categorical terms. I saw in my turn the exact reproduction of what had passed nine months previously with M. Barrot with regard to M. de Malleville. But this case was still more serious. It was necessary to consider at the same time the dignity of the President in the eyes of the country and the attitude of the Ministry before the Chamber. I regret not having kept this important memorandum, which the Prince did not ask me to return. I naïvely gave it back to him, saying, "It is too much, Monsieur le Président, it is too much for MM. Barrot, Dufaure, and Tocqueville, who authorised its publication. Since you assert that nothing is changed in our common policy we must not give it so violent a shock. The *Patrie* has published a note which, as I have just been informed by M. Merruau, comes from M. Dufaure himself. Allow me to take this opportunity of retaliation, and above all of peremptory explanation." The note in the *Patrie* was thus worded:—

"Several newspapers have asserted that the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship had left Paris in consequence of a serious disagreement that had arisen between him and the other members of the Cabinet, on the subject of the letter addressed

by the President of the Republic to Colonel Ney. These newspapers are misinformed. Before his departure, M. de Falloux was present at a Council of Ministers, to which the President communicated his letter; M. de Falloux gave the letter his full approbation. (*Official communication.*)"

I seated myself at the writing table in my turn and wrote :—

"Reproduce in the *Moniteur* the note from the *Patrie*, and insert the following lines after it: 'The Minister of Public Worship has sent us this rectification: "The note published in the *Patrie* was not communicated to M. de Falloux; he was therefore unable to authorise its terms. The communication of the President's letter was purely official, and excluded all idea of publication."' "

"If the *Moniteur* publishes that to-morrow morning," I said to the Prince, handing him the paper, "I cannot ask anything more."

"You may feel easy about it, I will see to it," he replied, affectionately clasping both my hands; he then remembered his dinner and graciously invited me to join him. I refused and went home to bed. On the following morning my letter appeared word for word in the *Moniteur*.

Père Lacordaire has said in one of his conferences at Toulouse, "Contempt for death is the principle of moral strength. So long as the conviction of justice does not reach this height there is nothing to expect from man on great occasions." In applying this fine axiom and language to a lower order of ideas I would say, "Contempt for portfolios is the principle of political strength." On that day I made a successful

trial of this axiom, and I recommend it to all those coming after me who may fall into a snare and have to free themselves from great embarrassments. M. Barrot, M. Dufaure, and M. de Tocqueville were my elders, and consequently my superiors. They had shaken off their engagement too easily, but when closely pressed they felt that they had gone too far. They drew back in good faith, acknowledged that I had used the right of legitimate self-defence, and we resumed our mutual work without any recriminations. I should have liked to remove some of its bitterness from the cup, but the press would not allow of it.

After reproducing the story as told in the various papers, the *Univers* added—

"This story is creditable to M. de Falloux. He very honourably wished to retire from the Cabinet, he remains there with equal honour. His last speech will be quoted as the exposition of French policy in the Roman question, and the too famous letter of the 18th of August is frankly and simply withdrawn."*

At the opposite extreme, the *National* wrote—

"If the President of the Republic can adapt himself to this more than peremptory language, if he accepts this lesson, these public rebukes, these raps on the knuckles, given him by a handful of beadles, he is better tempered than most men. . . . . Master of the field, M. de Falloux will not long put up with troublesome colleagues, whom he has shown what a firm will can do, and who have not been able to understand how much a statesman gains by showing resolution."†

* *Univers*, 13th September, 1849.
† *National*, 13th September, 1849.

Lastly, the caricaturists also took the matter up, and represented the President seated in the dock between two gendarmes. I was presiding at a tribunal, composed of M. de Montalembert and of M. Faucher, and I was reading out the following reprimand:—

"A paternal warning from the Reverend Father Falloux. What will be left of all this? Nothing, we hope, except a severe warning for M. the President of the Republic. He must not expose himself a second time to seeing one of his Ministers insert notes in the *Moniteur* similar to that which appeared in it this morning. And above all he must be aware lest, by rashness and levity of this description, he awakens against himself recollections of a past which a continuance of good behaviour only can cause us to forget." *

This incident once over, I asked myself, I ask myself still, which of the President's two assurances had been the true one. If, while promising me that he would keep the letter secret, he had already resolved to publish it, what advantage could he expect to gain from a duplicity of forty-eight hours, and how could he spontaneously prepare for himself the situation in which my inevitable return from Néris would certainly place him? Assuredly, if this was the case, he was not, for the nonce, to be credited with premeditation or foresight. If, on the other hand, he had only yielded, in publishing his letter, to a passing feeling of ill-temper, how would this letter affect the programme of his personal policy? In this hypothesis it would have to be admitted that duplicity cost him

* The *Journal pour rire*, 29th September, 1849.

very little, and that he had not that strong repugnance towards it which honest men feel for this moral dishonesty. To deceive when giving a promise is equivalent to cheating at cards; it is dishonourable, and does not even secure renown for great skill. Men who do not abstain from it themselves out of conscientiousness should at least avoid it out of self-respect. I simply put a question which the historians of Napoleon III. must answer. For my own part I felt none of the aggressive sentiments which were attributed to me by the serious papers and the *Journal pour rire.* I deplored the incident, but I did not triumph through it, trying, on the contrary, to efface the traces of it as much as I possibly could. I must do my colleagues the justice to say that for their part they all showed the same disposition as myself.

At Gaëta the emotion produced was great and the effect disastrous. Instead of going to Castel-Gandolfo, near Rome, as we had reason to hope that he would, Pius IX. was anxious to place a still greater distance between himself and the French army. The King of Naples offered the Palace of Portici. Cardinal Antonelli, a few prelates of the pontifical house, and some members of the diplomatic corps vied with each other in repeating that the Pope would take refuge in America, where former memories attracted him, sooner than allow there to be any doubt as to his independence. Nevertheless, the persistency of our ambassadors, the certainty that the Assembly now in vacation would display unalterable fidelity to its former policy,

touched the heart of Pius IX., and imposed silence upon the irritation, whether sincere or calculated, of the malcontents.

The *Motu proprio* signed by the Pope on the 12th of September, brought to Rome on the 19th by M. de Corcelle, and published on the 20th, was modelled in a great measure upon the *Memorandum* presented to Gregory XVI. in 1831 in the name of the five great Powers. The municipal arrangements were reorganised in the Roman States on a wider basis than those of the French municipalities. Civil and judicial reforms were promised; the Consultum of 1847, instituted by Pius IX. himself for the settlement of the taxes, was maintained; the amnesty was not a complete one, but the exceptions were to be specified formally. This was not all that the French Government had demanded, but it was enough to satisfy a large number of the Romans, and from this starting-point they could gradually and peacefully rise to more important ameliorations.

M. Thiers, who was the reporter upon a vote of credit for the expeditionary corps, and who was impatient to speak in the name of the majority, seized this opportunity to make, in spite of the invectives of the Left, a solemn declaration. "Your Commission," he said, "has leisurely examined the *Motu proprio* of Pius IX., not that it believes that France has the right to decide upon the merits of the institutions of a foreign people (noisy interruption from the extreme Left), but the Commission has examined it to

ascertain if the advice it was justified in giving had borne sufficient fruit to prevent France from regretting her intervention in Roman affairs. Well! a very large majority of your Commission declares that it perceives in the *Motu proprio* a first really beneficial advance, the value of which only the most unjust prejudice can fail to acknowledge!"*

The discussion upon this report and upon the financial vote commenced on the 18th of October. The Left was not blind to the fact that it had to face a firmer and more compact majority than in the days of the Constituent Assembly, but, flattering itself that it would reconquer the President, it never ceased to alternately irritate and caress his susceptibilities, affecting to adopt the letter to Colonel Edgar Ney as his programme. M. Thiers in his report had never spoken of this letter. M. Matthieu (of the Drome) sought to interpret this mission as sign of disdainful hostility. "Can the President," exclaimed the orator, "as the executive power, make himself the agent and the instrument in Rome of a policy which he himself denounced in his letter of the 18th of August? . . . . In order that he may do this, he must first be forbidden to call himself Napoleon."†

M. de Tocqueville, whilst dwelling upon M. Thiers's report, endeavoured to console the President, who deeply felt M. Thiers's omission. He compared the ministerial despatches with the letter in question. "It

* *Moniteur*, 14th October, 1849.
† *Moniteur*, 19th October, 1849.

may be considered," he said, "as a concise summary, rapid, familiar in style, if it is true, but a faithful recapitulation of our policy, interpreted in a proud, generous spirit. We have never disowned it, nor do we ever intend to do so."

M. Victor Hugo then gave his solemn assent to the language of the Opposition. This desertion in the presence of the enemy called M. de Montalembert to the tribune. "The speech which you have just heard," he said, "has already received the chastisement that it merited in the applause that it evoked." The Left, rising in a mass, complained of being insulted. M. de Montalembert calmly resumed his speech: "Since the word chastisement wounds you, gentlemen, I withdraw it, and I substitute the word recompense." In the same speech he pronounced these words, which have remained and will remain in men's memories as one of the finest expressions of convincing eloquence. "*L'église, c'est bien plus qu'une femme, c'est une mère* !" (The Church is far more than a woman, she is a mother). Inexpressible emotion was felt in the public galleries as well as in the Assembly, and the vote, that is to say the acceptance of the *Motu proprio* and of the report of M. Thiers, was passed on the 20th of October by 469 voices against 180.

I had not the consolation of mingling my applause with that which for some minutes drowned the voice of M. de Montalembert. No one could encourage, congratulate, or strengthen his friends so well as he could himself. He had clasped me in his arms when,

a few months before, I descended from the tribune after rendering my tribute of homage to the Papacy. How delightful it would have been to me to return with the same effusion the expression of the same sentiments! But illness disposed things otherwise.

My strength, very insufficiently re-established during my too short visit to Néris, was no longer equal to the struggle against the painful trials which had immediately followed my return to Paris. I do not mean by this either the attacks of the clubs, as blind as they are unmerciful—for I had honestly chosen my party, and I was convinced that they had a great chance of being right, from the moment that they were not of the same opinion as the *intransigeants*—nor my differences with the President or my colleagues in the Cabinet. These conflicts were certainly of frequent occurrence, but they were softened by the always courteous, often affectionate manner shown towards me. My most painful and most fatiguing struggle was that which I carried on in my own heart. Alone in my views in the Cabinet since M. Buffet's withdrawal, with whom could I take counsel? Where seek for inspiration? Where seek for a look or a sign, when I had to come to a sudden decision upon the most delicate questions.

It was exactly the same situation as that of M. de Corcelle at Naples. Neither of us, therefore, was surprised when we succumbed nearly at the same time. We enjoyed, he in Italy and I in France, the same honour and the same rewards. If we had not

been able to sacrifice our life to our cause, we had, at least, both devoted ourselves entirely to it, and exhausted ourselves in its service. Dr. Récamier had recourse to very severe remedies to arrest or calm the fever which had seized me since the middle of September. In the early days of October he had sent me away to the Château de Stors, near the Isle-Adam, the Duc de Valmy's house, under the care of a young doctor named Masse, who, by his orders, watched over my convalescence, which was still very doubtful. I required equal repose of mind and body, but the proximity of Paris rendered this calm impossible; friends and business were too near. I announced my resignation, and was firmly resolved upon it, but some sought to dissuade me from it through sincere sympathy, others foresaw that my resignation would involve a ministerial crisis, which they dreaded. The latter wanted me to continue to fill my place *ad interim*, while the former endeavoured to convince me that I could, after passing a few weeks in the south, return once more to the burden of political life. M. de Tocqueville in particular made the kindest efforts to make me think this. He wrote to my wife—

"MADAME,—

"I have waited until now to answer the letter you were kind enough to write to me yesterday in order to be able to convey to M. de Falloux the news that I expected from Rome today. The post has not brought anything. Pray repeat to him that he may reassure himself on this question, that he will be kept posted in everything that takes place from day to day, and

that no important resolution will be taken without his being previously informed.

"I wish I could tell him that the business relative to General Oudinot* is settled, or nearly settled, but I am not yet in a position to do so. The President appears to me rather undecided, and I must say more inclined to abstain than to act. I will mention it to him again to-morrow.

"A. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

"Paris, 19th October, 1849."

On Sunday the 21st M. Molé wrote to me—

"I shall leave for Stors unless unsurmountable obstacles prevent me from doing so. M. Thiers asked me yesterday to write to you and beg you to defer sending in your resignation as long as possible in order to delay the discussions upon your educational bill. I think it would be better to adjourn this discussion until the month of January if we can. We must allow the emotions produced by the debate which we have just ended to calm down and the Roman affairs to become more settled before we open the great question of public instruction. But the moment for severing your connection with the Cabinet must and should only be chosen by yourself. For my own part, what I most wish is, that since as we are told the south is necessary for you, you should go there at once while retaining the title of Minister, or reserving your resignation until you can no longer withhold it. If I were quite sure that it would not injure you, I would try to see you and tell you all that I cannot say here. But I think that we do you harm by so often going and disturbing your rest. What are your plans? Shall you come to Paris before going further away?

"Montalembert has surpassed himself. He never rose so high before, and I never before saw human words act so forcibly upon an Assembly. Rest assured that we may consider ourselves satisfied with the *dénouement;* but many are still anxious. Men feel themselves drifting to a future which is as obscure as it is formidable. If God does not interfere I do not know where we shall be. Do not fatigue yourself by answering this, only let me

* Elevation to the dignity of Marshal of France.

know your plans. For your own sake, as well as for mine, I am anxious to know them.

"Receive, my dear Minister, the expression of sentiments which are well known to you, and which will only end with my life.

"MOLÉ."

I think I may conscientiously say that I founded my determination neither on the wishes of my friends nor on the isolated conveniences of the party. I had entered the Ministry for two great interests—educational freedom in France and the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff to Rome; and if I now believed myself free to reckon with my own strength it was because I believed those two interests were secure.

The bill on education was being examined by a Committee which gave me every desirable guarantee. It was composed of MM. Thiers, de Montalembert, Fresneau, Armand de Melun, Janvier, the Bishop of Langres, Abbé de l'Espinay, Baze, Beugnot, Sauvaire-Barthélemy, du Fougeray, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Salmon, Coquerel, and Rouher. The adoption of the bill by such a Committee entailed the certainty of its acceptance by the Assembly, for every fraction of the majority was represented in it by eminent members. The Catholics, who, in the Chamber of Peers, had acquired the most experience and displayed the most enlightenment, MM. de Montalembert, Beugnot, and Sauvaire-Barthélemy, were there to exchange with their new colleagues the fruit of so long a struggle. M. Coquerel, a Protestant minister, worked harmoniously with the Bishop of Langres,

and M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who had never ceased to oppose me, found himself face to face with his friend M. Thiers, towards whom he always assumed a deferential attitude. Every resolution, except a few questions of detail, was passed almost unanimously. M. Thiers was, so to speak, the President of the Right, and, what was still more significant, M. Beugnot was elected Reporter.

On the Roman question, the Assembly authorised the same hopes and gave the same guarantees. At Rome the three cardinals, whose provincial administration had not been very satisfactory, were about to disappear. The Pope was on the point of re-entering the Eternal City, and the manifesto which preceded his return was accepted in France without enthusiasm, but also without any disquieting reserve. It must have required more presumption and more ambition than I possessed to imagine my presence necessary, or to dream of further successes. On the contrary, I considered myself very fortunate and well rewarded by the results obtained. I had, for their completion, perfect confidence in my friends, and I was sure that nothing left in their hands would be in danger so long as the Assembly remained sitting. I felt, moreover, that my only partially cured and probably incurable malady had sounded the hour of my *Nunc dimittis*. I therefore took the irrevocable step of retiring without further delay. I had informed M. de Persigny of it at Stors, where he visited me as a friend, without, however, concealing from him that I

should wait for the Assembly's vote on the *Motu proprio* before considering the most arduous difficulties of the Roman question solved. This vote passed, I sent in my resignation to the President, sincerely thanking him for the continual kindness he had shown me, and I had no sooner sent off my letter than I hastened to Paris to prepare for my journey to Nice.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY—THE LAW OF EDUCATION—VISIT TO NICE—JOURNEY TO TURIN—EPISCOPAL NOMINATIONS—MONARCHICAL QUESTIONS.

1849—1850.

While I was closely following my letter of resignation to Paris I received an anticipatory answer from the President, which crossed my own message and was sent after me. It was in the following words:—

"Elysée National, 24th October, 1849."

"My dear Monsieur de Falloux,

"I have heard with real regret that your health is still so weak that absolute repose of body and mind is necessary before you can be completely restored.

"Persigny has, in fact, given me details of your condition and of your wishes which induce me to advise you to put all business on one side for a short time. On the other hand the interim at the Ministry of Public Instruction cannot be further prolonged, so that it becomes necessary that you should make up your mind. You will understand how much it costs me to separate from one who has given so many proofs of his devotion to the country, and I hope that outside the Ministry you will still retain the same attachment for me.

"Receive, dear Monsieur de Falloux, the assurance of my high esteem.

"Louis Napoleon B."

The President, who was never in a hurry, and who could not have any doubt of my resignation, even before it reached him in writing, would not have shown so much eagerness that the interim of M. Lanjuinais should cease had there not been some as yet unacknowledged motive, which, however, did not appear to me very difficult to guess. I had not left M. de Tocqueville in ignorance of my rapid passage through Paris, and, with his usual kindness, he came at once to see me. I thought that he was going to announce to me the new ministerial combination, but he at first seemed to have no such idea in his mind, having simply come to ask me, in the name of my former colleagues, what successor to the Ministry of Public Instruction I thought of proposing to the President. We discussed a few suitable names, and I particularly recommended M. de Vatimesnil, adding, "But are M. Barrot and M. Dufaure quite sure of the President with regard to themselves?"

"What do you mean?" asked M. de Tocqueville, with an air of great astonishment.

"But, my dear friend, let me remind you of what we have discussed together a hundred times, viz. that the President looks upon M. Barrot as simply a parliamentary metaphysician, without any broad or practical views, and that he can scarcely keep civil to M. Dufaure, who, without intending it, never loses an opportunity of being disagreeable to him. I have never received any confidences on this point, you may be sure, and I only speak from personal observation,

but I shall be not less surprised than pleased if the ministerial changes end with me."

M. de Tocqueville, when once his attention was awakened, at once shared my anxiety, without believing, however, that the situation was desperate. I added, "I have not taken leave of the President yet, and am going to do so presently. Questioning him is never the best way of discovering his thoughts, but I promise you that if I discover anything I will let you know immediately."

I then went to the Elysée at once. The President was going out to ride, so he received me standing, and excused himself by saying—

"I should like to thank you in your own house and to see Madame de Falloux. I will call upon you both on my return from my ride. I want to talk over the situation with you."

I returned to the Ministry to wait for him, and announced his visit to my wife. We waited for him until the end of the day, but he did not come. I had not asked for the promised visit or conversation, so I did not return to the Elysée, having done all that etiquette required, and on the following day I left Paris for the south, rejoicing in my liberty like a schoolboy in his holidays.

After thirty years I can recall with delight my journey from Marseilles. I had got on to the box of my carriage, in order to better enjoy the landscape and to breathe the air from the sea under the rays of the Provençal sun. Whenever my thoughts revert

towards this period I can always see with an enchantment that never fades the great pines which surround Frèjus, the descent of the Esterels, where I met Lord Brougham riding, the environs of Cannes, and lastly, near Nice, the oranges and aloes growing in the open ground, which so remind one of Italy.

While I was revelling in the first enjoyment of freedom, political affairs entered unfortunately upon that stormy state which never ceased until the Coup d'Etat of the 2nd of December.

Not having learnt anything at the Elysée or at home, I had not been able to transmit any information to M. de Tocqueville, and the abrupt dismissal of the Ministry found him quite unprepared. M. Barrot was too optimist to foresee any backstair actions, but he was too honest and, in the noblest sense of the word, too disinterested to be much irritated or annoyed by them. M. Dufaure, with his eyes almost constantly and almost exclusively fixed upon himself, did not take into account the affront he had offered to the President and to the Assembly, by invading with his friends, however distinguished they may have been, a Cabinet to which they were not according to parliamentary rules called. M. de Tocqueville and M. Lanjuinais were enabled, through the instincts of natural courtesy, to extend the circle of their loyal connection day by day. M. Dufaure never felt the necessity of doing so, and would not give himself the trouble; his lofty and upright intentions sufficed to him. He was a Léon Faucher, infinitely more elo-

quent, but perhaps even less gracious. I cannot recall without laughter how he nominated a sub-prefect at Segré (my own division), and did not think it even necessary to inform me of the fact before publishing it in the *Moniteur*. I might have believed that he had never forgiven our nocturnal interview before the formation of the Ministry if I had not received from him the following note, which gave me the prospective pleasure of having obtained the restoration so greatly desired by the Angevins of the historical statues of which Anjou had nearly been deprived.

"Paris, the 14th of July, 1849.

"My dear Colleague,

"I have to inform you that, in conformity with the orders which I have given, with the approbation of the Council, your four venerable Plantagenets have just left Paris by the Orleans railway, and will probably reach Fontevrault to-morrow.*

"With every assurance of my esteem,

"J. Dufaure."

The presentiment which the President's letter had awakened, his silence at the Elysée, his promised visit, which was only an expedient to elude conversation, was very soon realised. After hesitating, not as to his intentions, but as to the choice of the time, the President resolved not to separate from M. Barrot without giving him a visible proof of the gratitude which he owed him. M. Barrot, who had passed his life in Opposition, was not even chevalier of the Legion of

* This referred to the statues from the abbey of Fontevrault, which the Museum at Versailles wanted to take, but which were restored to Anjou.

Honour. A decree nominated him successively chevalier, officer, commander, grand officer, and grand cross of that order.

M. Barrot, who could not account for his dismissal, refused to sanction this himself, and nobly refused the exceptional promotion. As to M. Dufaure and the other members of the Cabinet they only received a cold expression of thanks.

The formation of the new Ministry, in which men like MM. Achille Fould and Rouher, who were afterwards to occupy such high functions under the Empire, was followed by the passing of the Education Bill for which I was responsible, and which, after a debate in which it was warmly supported by M. Thiers, was adopted by a majority of 399 to 237.

The climate of Nice and complete rest completed my recovery from the fever, but did not restore the strength which no climate and no rule of life could ever give back to me. I soon became resigned to this state of health, and the presentiment which I had from the first was not mistaken. I said to my friends, "I have a malady which does not kill, but which prevents one from living." This is the peculiarity of all nervous complaints, and now I have only to accustom myself to it. Unable to bear the least noise, not even of a double conversation carried on in the room at the same time, not even of music, one of my greatest pleasures, unable to bear the brilliancy of the sun, or even of a lamp or candle without a shade, sleepless the greater part of each night, getting up more fatigued

than I had gone to bed, was not this condition apparently created expressly to interdict all public life? This was the malady to which I was subject without interruption from my thirty-eighth year. I hope that I never complained bitterly to any one, and I did not complain in my own heart. I can scarcely say that I have said more about my health than I have thought about it, because I was often obliged to invoke it as an excuse for duties incompletely discharged or omitted altogether. I had never reckoned greatly on my own strength, and I was not surprised at seeing it prematurely break down. When at work, I realised how much earnestness of purpose had been lacking from my youth and studies. I might have had the complacency to believe that I was called to do something great until I was able to compare myself with others. When I saw greater and more deserving men than myself, I felt that success had overburdened me, and I considered it a very undeserved favour that I should have occupied for some time, and not too unbecomingly, a position too high for me.

My sojourn at Nice was troubled by a bitter sorrow. I could not be present during the last moments of my father, who had been a martyr to gout for a long time, a severe attack suddenly proving fatal. This was an additional reason for holding aloof from all social life, and I only saw a few very intimate friends. These were M. Sauget, the former President of the Chamber of Deputies, who displayed in the simplest conversations much elevation of heart and eloquence of

language; Paul Delaroche, who had just lost his wife —Horace Vernet's daughter—and who was seeking consolation for his grief in the religious inspiration of his last picture and the Christian education of his two young sons; the Marquis de Châteauneuf, President of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, great-grand-nephew of Madame de Sevigné, and his wife, who were surrounded by a numerous family, the members of which outdid each other in amiable qualities and virtues.

When I had nearly regained the modest equilibrium of life that now remained to me, my friends complained of the prolongation of my absence and urged me to return to the Assembly.

For some time I resisted the most affectionate appeals, but when they coincided with the coming of spring I yielded. Nevertheless, I returned by a round-about route, which enabled me to see an old friend, and to re-enter the parliamentary whirlpool rather later.

My daughter's health also required the climate of Nice. I left her with her mother and with M. and Madame de Caradêuc, and I went alone to Turin, by the steep route of the Col de Tende.

The friend whom I was going to see, and whom I met again with real pleasure, was the Austrian Minister to King Victor Emanuel, Comte Apponyi. He had married, at St. Petersburg, the good and beautiful Annette Benkerdorf, and they both had found at the Piedmontese Court, as they afterwards did in London and Paris, an exceptionally congenial position. Pied-

mont was then commencing the evolution which it has since carried so far, but it had not as yet broken with any of its old traditions, and the representative of Austria enjoyed a marked preponderance in its capital.

Rudolph Apponyi well knew that my visit was not to the diplomatist, but to the friend of my youth, with whom I was anxious to pass a few days in the full enjoyment of his pleasant family life. We had both reckoned without the Minister of France, M. de Reiset. It was known that I had voluntarily left the Ministry, and was on good terms personally with the President. Since my departure I had not given any signs of political life; therefore the people who did not know me might have inquired whether, on my return to the Assembly, I should take my seat behind M. Berryer or nearer to the ministerial bench. M. de Reiset, perhaps, leant towards the second hypothesis. He pressed me to be present at a brilliant dinner to meet the principal members of the Piedmontese Cabinet, and moreover informed me that Victor Emanuel, hearing from him how brief my visit to Turin would be, expected me at a private audience at noon on the following day. I could not disguise my surprise, bordering on displeasure, but it was impossible to refuse the unexpected honour that had been prepared for me.

The struggle already commenced with Rome was obstinately supported by a then celebrated legist, Signor Siccardi.

Out of the old Austrian Josephism and our old

French Gallicanism the keeper of the Piedmontese seals had compiled a certain legislative work which was called the Siccardi laws. Messrs. d'Azeglio, Cavour, and Balbo were the principal political personages at that moment, but Count de Balbo was much the most moderate of the three. He was exposed at once, like all men of his character, to attacks from the Right, directed by Count Della Margarita, Charles Albert's former minister in his Austrian phase, who accused him of leaning to the Left, and to attacks from the Left, which considered him still too faithful to the Right. In this contest the young King, Victor Emanuel, appeared equally desirous not to separate from France and to avoid open war with Rome. This was the position which he at first assumed at the opening of our interview. However, I did not want the unforeseen honour which was accorded me to be quite unfruitful, and I ventured to say to the King, "Your Majesty sometimes scandalises the French Republic."

"Reassure yourself, reassure yourself, Monsieur de Falloux," he replied in a tone of conviction, "all revolutionists are rabble. I know them well and I will never go hand in hand with them."

Later on the revolutionists disguised themselves as Italian patriots. The King accepted them under this name, and everyone knows what was the road they followed together. Moreover, Victor Emanuel was already leading a private life little in harmony with his education or with the examples always before his eyes. An intrepid soldier on the battlefield of Novara, he never

for a single day wore mourning either for his father or his defeat, but returned immediately to Turin to abandon himself to consolations which were suited neither to the King, to the son, nor even to an Italian deeply moved by the sorrows of Italy. His features and gestures were vulgar, although the pose of his head and the accent of his voice retained something of the pride of his race. His brilliant eyes were shrewder than his language, and without foreseeing at that time the events that were to mark his reign, it was easy to guess that this Prince, although deprived of the genius that creates circumstances, would not at all events lack the instinct that knows how to use them to advantage. He speedily tired of Signor Siccardi's procedures, and preferred Cavour's infinitely bolder and more ambitious course.

Several official dinners with the Ministers of France and Austria, and all my conversations with the influential men whom I had opportunities of meeting, confirmed the impression that the King had given me, viz. that the fate of Italy was far from being settled. From Turin itself I wrote to my brother, who was then at Rome, "It is not for me to say whether you at Rome can make any arrangement with this country or not; but if you can, make haste, and do not deceive yourselves as to the efficacy of dilatory measures."

Would my advice be followed? I only know that it was not to Cardinal Antonelli's taste. The Cardinal thought it clever to meet strategy with strategy, to prolong the discussion instead of closing it, to envenom

instead of softening the dispute, to afford pretexts to those who did not ask for anything better, and to defy the memories of the past instead of casting a foreseeing glance over the menaces of the future. I left Turin, not assuredly with the alarm of a prophet, but with the anxiety of a man who had recently had experience of the chimeras that were being cherished around the Sovereign Pontiff and of the projects that were being hugged everywhere else.

During my six months' absence I had time to reflect upon the situation of our unhappy country, and the result of these reflections was to me abundantly clear. France, which had never been naturally republican, was disgusted with the trial to which she had momentarily consented, and the Republicans alone were responsible for this state of the public mind. The Monarchical party had loyally aided in the trial of the Republic, first because immediately after February 24th nothing else was possible, and afterwards because if the supporters of the Monarchy had behaved differently they would of themselves have diminished the value of the experiment. They would have been reproached with all the troubles and ruin that followed, while by leaving the field free to the Republic, and even by giving them sincere assistance, they reaped the inevitable benefit of the following alternative. Either the Republicans would give security and prosperity to the country, in which case so much the better for the country and for themselves, or else the Republicans would fail through the innate defectiveness of the Republic,

through the violence and blindness of its leaders, in which case we should be clear of all reproach and be able to say to all parties, "What more do you want? Why are you still waiting instead of resuming the natural course of our national inclination and the destiny of France?"

Such was really our situation in 1850, such was the language we had a right to hold. The Republicans alone had attacked the Republic and had rendered it odious; we alone had defended it and made it live in spite of them. But could we deceive ourselves on this account, could we ascribe to the country feelings that it did not possess? The country had answered this itself. On the 10th of December, 1848, France had given an immense majority to the most anti-Republican candidate which she then had at her disposal, Prince Louis Bonaparte. In the month of May, 1849, she had elected Monarchical partisans of every shade of opinion, and placed the Republicans in so marked a minority that the latter, with their usual inconsistency and impetuosity, had appealed from universal suffrage to the affray of the 13th of June. Finally, in 1850, Prince Louis Bonaparte appeared weary of the part of President of the Republic, and easily allowed other designs to be suspected. From this time the question was no longer between the Republic and the Monarchy, it was inevitably between the true and the false Monarchies.

Under these circumstances my choice could not be doubtful, and my patriotism was solely devoted to

restoring the future of the Monarchy by a reconciliation of the House of Bourbon. I considered that the supreme peril was no longer from the Republic, morally discredited and numerically vanquished, but from Cæsarism, in the hands of a prince who was all the more dangerous because he saw no danger in anything, and because he retained while in power the unconscious audacity of an incurably adventurous spirit.

Unwilling to leave any one the shadow of a doubt as to the political course that I intended to take, I entered my name, on the day after my arrival in Paris, at the club in the Rue de Rivoli, where the Legitimist Members of the Right assembled, and in the Assembly I resumed my place not far from M. Berryer by the side of M. de Rességuier. Moreover, I abstained from presenting myself at the Elysée. This done, I prepared to continue my journey to Anjou, where my father's death and my brother's absence—for he was now definitely settled in Rome and had abandoned to me the administration of our joint heritage—made it urgent for me to go. I also went there to see my mother, who was already suffering from the cruel malady that carried her off a few months later.

It was not while in Anjou that I was likely to lose my interest in the monarchical question, but the problems which had to be solved before it could be settled were very complicated.

Immediately after the February revolution the party

which had been vanquished divided into two very distinct fractions, like the House of Orleans itself. King Louis Philippe, whose possession of unquestionable although somewhat limited political genius no one can deny, lived at Claremont, near London, under the name of Comte de Neuilly, surrounded by his family, visited by a few friends, speaking to all calmly and without reluctance of the events which had led to his deposition. He never hesitated about repeating how much it had cost him to allow the crown to be placed upon his head, that he would never have consented except that a regency, always difficult in France, appeared impossible to him at that moment, and because the sovereignty was presented to him as the only means of preserving the monarchical government. While thus defining the nature of his acts in 1830, King Louis Philippe was wont to conclude by saying that henceforth nothing of the kind existed, that the crown of France had never ceased to belong to the head of the House of Bourbon *by right;* that *in fact* the Count de Chambord was the only one now in a situation to claim and wear it; that the interests of the country and right seemed to him to be as closely connected since the 24th of February, 1848, as they had appeared to him divorced on the 7th of August, 1830.

The Duchesse d'Orléans thought otherwise. She attributed her father-in-law's opinions to age and above all to his personal disappointments. For her part, she considered that her position as mother and

Regent imposed other duties upon her, and she could not dispose of her children's future before they were old enough to decide for themselves as to the sacrifice demanded of them. One day in London M. de Montalembert said to her—

"What right can the Comte de Paris have to the throne in the eyes of your Royal Highness beyond the traditional conditions of the hereditary principle? Why in that case should not every other prince of the House of Orleans, old enough and clever enough to seize the direction of his party, at once have the same right?"

The princess replied with much vivacity, "My son has no rights, but he has claims, and that is enough."

Queen Marie Amelie, the Duc de Nemours, and Princess Clementine, it was said, openly shared the King's opinions. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale appeared more inclined to sympathise with the ideas of their sister-in-law, and above all set themselves to avoid doing anything that could jeopardise their nephew's future; a personal disinterestedness which carried its own justification with it. The same differences were noticeable among the leading men of the previous reign. M. Molé, M. Guizot, and all the members of his last Ministry placed themselves behind the old King; M. Thiers and his friends, Generals Changarnier, de la Moricière, and Bedeau, companions in arms of the Prince de Joinville and of the Duc d'Aumale in Africa, readily ranged themselves on their side. M. Thiers

was inexhaustible in epigrams against M. Guizot and the Princess de Lièven, whom he called the Father and Mother of the fusion. This was easily explained in M. Guizot's case by the recollection of Ghent, and in M. Thiers by that of Blaye. However, M. Thiers showed some anxiety not to break up the Conservative union, and when warmly urged on this subject he at once answered, "It is not my business to make the fusion. It would not suit either my antecedents or my taste, but when it is made you may believe that it will not find an opponent in me. On that day I shall say, 'Long live the King, in spite of all!' For the Republic is impossible in France, and neither personal dislikes nor personal satisfactions will ever make me either a Republican or a Bonapartist."

Around the various leaders were grouped subordinate ideas and plans. All cried, "There must be a strong power! France cannot dispense with a power!" And upon this they heaped chimera after chimera. Some affirmed that the Republic would change its nature if the presidency were confided to a prince of the royal blood; others considered the reversal of the existing rule too dangerous, and flattered themselves that they would elude the Empire by prolonging the President's power for a few years.

The leisure of country life enabled me to review and weigh these various theories, and from day to day I felt more convinced of their inconsistency and danger. I unceasingly repeated it to my friends on the Right, but a sustained correspondence wearied

me, and I was anxious to economise my strength, so I wrote once for all my ideas upon this subject, sending this short article to the *Union de l'Ouest*, which I then had under my control. A great many monarchical papers afterwards copied it, and I yield to the temptation of quoting some passages here—

"A young man once went to a celebrated painter, and said to him with some embarrassment, 'Sir, I have come to ask you to take my portrait. I intend it for a person whom I love. Will you kindly make it as little like me as possible, in order not to compromise her?'

"This naïve request is recalled to mind whenever we hear political men, high in position and still too numerous, repeating in every key, 'We must restore a strong power; we must bring France back to the idea of power and reconcile her with power!' Then, when asked to define this power itself, they stop short, hesitate, and then endeavour to trace a picture bearing as little resemblance to the original as possible, in order not to compromise those to whom they are applying or themselves!

"Power, according to their definition, is power, and that is all. Beyond this brief definition, above or below it, nothing! and whoever asks for a little more is a man impassioned by party spirit.

"Well, we who are essentially men of power, friends of authority, we must nevertheless protest against these theories of the most dangerous and unreflecting materialism. For us, power lies not only in the fact of command, it also lies chiefly in the right to obedience. Ah! you think that one must be prejudiced or a philosopher to ask power for an account of its origin, of its conditions, of its future. Alas! alas! look around you, interrogate the most common symptoms as well as the most elevated theories. You will get the one answer, 'Like power, like people; as is the power so will be external greatness, internal prosperity; a solid power, a durable people; a power in distress, a people in decadence.'

"Interrogate history, you disdainful sceptics, and say once more, 'What do the conditions of power matter to us?' No,

the first power that comes will not give the external development or the internal security required by a great nation. Every power that is not a real institution is for us the first haphazard power that comes; it has all the same vices, all the same impotence, all the same dangers.

"And where, in fact, do the minds that we have called materialist and unreflecting stop? What combination finds favour among the peremptory and arbitrary friends of power, but of power without an origin, or without a seriously considered future? The presidency transformed haphazard according to the wish of the moment to ten years, to fifteen years, for life, is an auction, but of little value for these profound politicians. Years are added to it, as they add centimes at a village auction for a few feet of wall or an acre of land.

"In that respect at least we shall be as sceptical as our adversaries. Yes, a decennial presidency, or a life presidency, are of little consequence to us; and why? Because, in reality, they amount to the same thing. You cannot be sure that the life presidency will last ten years; you do not know that the ten years' presidency may not last a lifetime. You throw yourselves, like blind men, into the arms of circumstances. Circumstances will lead you as they lead themselves, how they can and where they can; neither one nor the other of these combinations can save the country, and in the meantime cannot even have the merit of blinding or deceiving it.

"Let us imagine a decree of the *Moniteur* ratified by an unanimous Assembly, and informing France, perfectly accustomed to such adventures, that henceforth she will be governed by a president for life. We say for life at once: since we are only dealing with suppositions we may as well chime in with our adversaries' views, and carry from that basis the opposite demonstration as far as it will take us. We will suppose, then, the decree to appear in the *Moniteur* to-morrow, Tuesday. From that day you possess every guarantee of solidity and duration that you require from power. But if, on Wednesday, the President rides a stumbling horse, like Sir Robert Peel's, or if he drives in a carriage and the horses run away, as they did with the unfortunate Duc d'Orléans, if he is stricken in the flower of his age by a sudden malady, like the Count de Chambord's brother-in-law, who recently died at Prague, without even having time to receive the embraces of his family, how long will your power,

your security, have lasted, or that of commerce or of diplomacy? You have decreed the power for thirty years, God has broken it at the end of thirty days. What resource has your knowledge or your pride discovered against God? Who has authorised you to believe, to promise, that the accidents which strike suddenly and on all sides the most eminent political men, royal heads upon which rest the utmost ambition or love, that these mysterious and terrible laws, which have alarmed, instructed, and governed the world since its creation will respectfully, infallibly spare your work?

"And you believe that our merchants, who risk their vessels and their fortunes at the two extremities of the ocean, will be so short-sighted because it pleases you to affect short-sightedness? And you believe that a neighbouring people will suspend their international transactions or subject them to your convenience, because you have neither the courage nor the logic of real patriotism? Ah! undeceive yourselves, if any there be amongst you who have succeeded in deceiving yourselves, as to such ephemeral illusions, so little worthy of a great nation or of real statesmen. . . . .

"Yes, the Republic or the Monarchy, each of these two forms of society being responsible for its own work and judged by its own fruit; yes, the Republic, if you have not courage for the Monarchy; yes, the Monarchy, if you have not courage for the Republic; but for love of our country and for love of ourselves make no spurious attempts, no shameful miscarriage. Interrogate your hearts, probe your consciences with resolution; if a nation like France can live under a Republic, let us be good and sincere Republicans. If the Republic is a deathlike state for such a nation as France, put all palliatives on one side, and act for your country as you would act for your mother or for your friend in danger. Do not endeavour to create an intermediate state between illness and health. Do not mix poisonous with healing plants in the cup from whence you pretend to extract a remedy, or else endure in anticipation the maledictions of the invalid and the frenzy of the malady. Your punishment will never equal your guilt."*

When returning to Paris under the empire of these ideas, I sought for some conversation with M.

* *Union de l' Ouest*, 15th July, 1850.

Thiers, who, throughout all this, affected a kind of neutrality.

"Do not flatter yourself," I said to him, "that we will accept your passive part; and do not even flatter yourself that you can make us believe in it. The Duchesse d'Orléans is too distinguished a woman not to realise the value of your counsels and not to call for them. You are too good a patriot yourself to refuse them, or to stand apart folding your arms when our unhappy country is in distress."

"It is easy to see that you do not know the Duchesse d'Orléans," replied M. Thiers in the most decided tone. "This princess is so resolute and so invincible in her maternal ambition that she only consults those whom she knows beforehand will agree with her opinion. She listens very little to me because on certain points I venture to contradict her. At this moment," he added, with an imperceptible movement of the shoulders, "she only listens to Lasteyrie and Mornay, because they never contradict her. If you succeeded in converting those two and me also she would sooner call up her hall porter and ask him for his opinion than listen to any of us."

"If this is true," I replied, "you are freer than I imagined to study the interests of France with all the independence natural to you. Make up your mind, therefore, I pray you, and without further delay. Have you any personal prejudice against the Count de Chambord? That would be unworthy of your sagacity, and the future cannot be a subject of

the least doubt to you. If the Comte de Paris returns alone, all the kind attentions will be for me, if it is the Count de Chambord, they will all be for you."

"Ah, my friend!" cried M. Thiers, with an accent of emotion that he rarely showed, but which was all the more touching in consequence, "reassure yourself, I have no anxiety on my own account. I know too well that in France the further power is shifted to the right, the more must institutions be moved to the left. If you do not believe me talk to Changarnier; you will see whether he will speak of my feelings and my influence in different terms from my own."

General Changarnier, as commander of the army in Paris, inhabited the wing of the palace of the Tuileries which overlooks the Rue de Rivoli. He did not hesitate, I even think that in his position he did not restrain himself enough in speaking very cavalierly about everything, particularly about what passed at the Elysée. He liked to tell everybody that he had only to concern himself with what affected his military duty and his honour. That was true in many respects, but in any case he held his command from the President, and the President could deprive him of it by a stroke of his pen. I was therefore as much surprised as alarmed when, lunching at the Tuileries soon after my interview with M. Thiers, to hear General Changarnier, who had a numerous staff at table with him, and who was waited upon by servants attached to the palace

and not to his person, express himself with as much warmth of language, as if he were in the most confidential tête-à-tête. He was full of energy, and scarcely put a button upon the point of his foil. The President, his gallantries and his debts, furnished him with an inexhaustible theme of conversation.

After luncheon I waited until the guests had left, and then commenced the conversation with the General that I had been longing for. The preliminaries were short on both sides, and we quickly reached the important point of the question.

"The present situation cannot last long," I said, "the Assembly will soon be threatened. You will be dismissed, and we shall then be launched into adventures which will find us utterly powerless unless we can first show the country that the Monarchy is prepared and is ready to save it."

"I think just as you do, my dear friend," replied the General, "except on one point. France requires a transition, which can only be undertaken by a military government. Our unhappy country requires three months of dictatorship, which, however moderate it may be, will have to brave unpopularity which ought not to be entailed by a return of the Monarchy. This temporary omnipotence is, believe me, the outcome of my devotion rather than of my ambition. I give you my word that I only wish for the Monarchy. I only wish for the legitimate and real Monarchy. The Duchesse d'Orleans knows this well. In fact, go

to London, and there tell them what you have just told me; repeat, too, all that I have said to you, and add, 'Your Royal Highness is a woman, you can do nothing with the army without Changarnier; you will not have either Changarnier or the army for any purpose except that of an open restoration of the Monarchy. You will not even have a majority in the Assembly.' Speak with your tone of conviction. Her brothers-in-law will second you better than you suppose, and you will see whether, when putting his hand in yours, as he does at this moment, Changarnier has been sincere."

On the following day, during the sitting of the Assembly, he took M. Berryer on one side and said to him, "Believe me; make Falloux go to London."

I did not for an instant dream of following this advice. To do so would have required an infatuation which, thank God, I did not possess; but I believed then, and I still believe now, that this counsel was sincere in the mouth of the giver. General Changarnier did not ruin himself, and did not ruin us, through intentional duplicity unworthy of his great heart. He was supremely loyal, but he was supremely presumptuous, and through this weakness, which was accompanied by the highest qualities, he ruined his own fortune and that of France. He had the soundest ideas on the Monarchy; he would not place the crown on any but the head that ought to wear it, but he wished to place it there himself; he wished for France to see and the Prince to know that he did it. He was

anxious that one single page, but that a page of the history of France, should bear his name. This was not, perhaps, too ambitious, but it entailed too much delay in a situation so critical as that in which we were placed. His fault was an excess of confidence in himself—a fault which he long and truly expiated. His fault was an error, and never a treason.

However that may be, the hour of great events had not yet sounded, and one of my recollections of Nice comes sadly back to my memory. A foreign merchant wishing, before the season, to buy the coming harvest of olives from a peasant in the neighbourhood, "Patience," replied the peasant, "the oil is not yet in the olive, it is only in the olive-tree." It was the same in France during the autumn of 1850 with all the political harvests, and I am not even quite sure that the oil was in the olive-tree!

END OF VOL. I.

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